Folk Songs of Many Peoples

VOL. II

FOLK SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

With English Versions by American Poets

Compiled and Edited

by

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD

Volume Two

There I beheld a book
With golden leaves clasped with two chrysolites
Inscribed, "Of Humble Folk, Their Lives."
Whatever was writ there might no man know;
But when one opened it, headlong there came
A flood of simple, importuning song—
Lays of the throstle and the soaring lark,
With now and then a note from nightingale. ...
. . . We might have had pure joy of nightingales
But for the mourning of unnumbered doves.
—Images of a Mystic.

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FOREWORD

UNDER the title of *Folk Songs of Many Peoples* the editor has not limited her choice to folk songs alone, but has included composed songs, upon which time and popular favor have set the seal of approval.

Folk songs have no beginning and no end. They reflect, in a measure, the inherent character of a race. A tune may be caught up from the gleaner in the field and retained in the heart and memory of others who repeat it with added phrase and meaning. The same song may have many variants. Handed down from one century to another, in time we find it adapted to contemporary scale and rhythm. *There is a tavern in the town,* and *For he's a jolly good fellow* are both modern titles belonging to songs with long pedigrees. They have been sung for generations in different countries with different words and varying rhythms.

Free beauty is not bound
To one unmoved clime;
She visits every ground
And favors every time.[1]

If songs could be mapped in color like geographical limits, if they were in no greater state of flux than zones of climate—the collector would feel more secure in racial divisions. But folk songs cross national boundaries like seeds upon the wind. Having life from the emotions their natural soil is the human heart and their field the world.

Where good tunes fall they persist and flourish. In this collection they have been set down in one place rather than another with regard to the language claiming them, and this not by arbitrary opinion but by the judgment of majorities. Such choice asserts no ethnic origin and only follows popular estimates. In border countries, the Balkans, for example, Teutonic influence has been so powerful that many of the most familiar seem purely German in content.

That part of our people which is European by culture or descent sings easily. English stock in America inherits English tastes and convention in music. With Herder, pioneer of folk song collectors, and with Mozart and Haydn, the majority consider that the essence of a song is music, not coloratura or word painting, that its perfection lies in the melodious swing of passion and sentiment best described under the old name of tenor or tune, the one thing in music that cannot be taught.[2] Melody, therefore, has been the deciding factor in making the final choice of songs for this collection. Explanatory notes may be missed but they could not have been added with any completeness except at the expense of the music. When possible the accompaniments have been transposed to easy singing keys. A place has been sought for this collection upon the home piano rack rather than on the library shelf.

[1] *Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age. A. H. Bullen, London, 1887.*
[2] *Voices of the Nations—Gottfried Herder, 1776. See The Sponsor of Folk Songs, by Theodore Nunnes, Temple Bar. 1897.*

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Choice has been narrowed by eliminating hunting, drinking, war and student songs, as well as the curiosities of folk music of interest mainly to antiquarians. The whole may fairly be grouped under songs of country, praise of the home-land, the beauty of its women and the valor of its men; songs that accompany rustic labor in its tasks, and dances. Carols of Christmas and the New Year have been included, also a few examples of hymns and religious festival music, and finally songs of sentiment, veiling and revealing love in its most naïve manifestations.

Nor has the editor's judgment been the sole arbiter. Final decisions were made by foreign-born singers familiar with their music. The best known and most loved songs were chosen in preference to the local and less familiar and the merely curious. While many melodic gems of pure folk value disappear under this weeding, the remainder, it is hoped, will prove national in type.

The greater part of the collection, as far as is known, has not been previously translated into English verse from the original languages, and many unwritten songs have been taken from the lips of singers here and abroad. It is to the foreign-born that the editor feels most indebted. They have poured forth hoarded and remembered melodies freely, concerned only lest among so many voices their own songs should be unheard.

In the first volume we have placed songs from the Baltic countries, the remote, crystalline melodies of Esthonia, Finland, Latvia and Lithuania; Slavic songs, expressing the melancholy Russian temperament, the naïve and individual genius of the Czecho-Slovaks, and of the fanciful and fiery Pole. The songs of the Jugo-Slavs reflect the varying emotional history of the people under their different governments, the dominant key being minor. Bulgaria offers a wealth of delicate, fanciful airs. The unusual rhythms and colorful melodies of Hungary are fully represented.

The second volume includes songs from Scandinavia, elemental expressions of a sturdy race; the swinging, passionate airs of Italy; the individual and classic melodies of the Greeks; songs from Roumania and Albania, a curious blend of Slav and Oriental influence, with marked impressions of the Latin races. Much music unfamiliar to Western ears will be found in the selections from China and Japan, Armenia and Syria, and India; these songs have been selected from a wealth of material offered by natives of these particular countries and are full of interest and charm to music lovers. We have avoided duplication from English, French and German sources by using transplanted examples which have taken root in America. These have been found in the mountain regions of the South, among the French Canadians of New England border states, and the German-American immigrants.

In the same manner we have interpreted the rich and varied music of Spain and Portugal as transplanted from those countries to South America. Singers will find a number of rare and beautiful melodies, including songs from Mexico and the Central and South American states. America's contribution consists of Indian, negro, cowboy, Creole and early popular music beginning with the songs of Stephen Foster.

Simple songs are we—romances—
All of light and easy measure;
What one either sings or dances,
Hums or whistles at his pleasure.[3]

[3] *Charles T. Brooks.*

INTRODUCTION

For my own part I would much rather have written the best song of a nation than its noblest epic.[1]

THIS collection of songs begun twelve years ago in Southern Europe finds its completion in the editor's own country. Apart from interest to folk-lore students and music lovers, these more than three hundred songs of the people, interpreted by over threescore American poets, should have a peculiar value for our foreign-born citizens. The music is their own, but the voice is the voice of America. Through this voice they may learn how lovingly the English word lends itself to songs of home and the heart, of meeting and parting, of May time and mating, to the beat of the oar, the lilt of the dance, perpetually recurring themes the world around.

As the foreign singer begins to comprehend the words they will enlarge and beautify his speech. If he takes other folks' tunes to heart they may rid him of many racial ill-humors. Pure folk lays teach the oneness of mankind; they are notes of common joys and common grief. Harmonized in a single tongue, clothed in words of universal context by world poets, they become a real Esperanto.

Time and place seem opportune for such a work. The new migration has the United States for its goal. Through every port polyglot peoples are entering.[2]

The immigrant, after he has passed the wicket gate of the port, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, enters "The Interpreter's House." There linguists translate only material wants. At the call of spiritual needs they are dumb. But the immigrant's most cherished possessions are least material. Every knocker at the gate bears with him a bundle of dreams and memories invisible as the angelic roses of St. Cecilia. Mingled with his memories are the songs he loves best; expressions of the most comforting of the arts; songs of labor and play, patriotism and devotion; and prized above all are his songs of love.

One sweet word,
The universal language of the muse's grove,
Motive of all true melody.[3]

There are rare stuffs in the invisible bundle; melodies to enrich our own inherited store with moving words to give them life and spirit. They should be sung in American homes. They should be heard in the music of the future. Folk songs strike a common chord which may yet lead mankind into the unity of a saner world.

Music is the Ariadne, sad or smiling, who explores by means of her harmonious thread the labyrinth of souls.[4]

"WHY do you run away from life?" demanded Jean Christophe of the French composers, "the public are sick of your harmonized neurasthenia, your contrapuntal pedantry!" How strangely this question of Romain Rolland reminds us of other times, when the contrapuntal artists of England, after the affair of King Charles' head, fled to France carrying their music with them. Rustic England did not miss them; people gladly went back to their Elizabethan tunes and morris dances.

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[1] *Edgar Allan Poe.*

[2] *"The Saturna arrived today, bringing one thousand immigrants belonging to eighteen nationalities. The ship was a floating babel of strange languages." New York Times, January 10, 1921.*

[3] *Some masterpieces of Latin poetry—Propertius—translated by William Stebbing, London, 1920.*

[4] *French music of today—G. Jean Aubry, London, 1919.*

Rolland proposes an easier method of ridding France of the descendants of these émigrés with all their works. His hero, Christophe, will write an opera with a pastoral symphony containing the "airs of the fields and the blithe serenity of lutes, oboes, and the clear-souled folk songs of old France."

Let young American composers follow his example. They will not be limited to aboriginal Seminole or Sioux motifs, nor be forced to use later imported instruments of hullabaloo and hurly-burly. But they may draw from the invisible bundles of as many as sixty races living in America, whose voices are to be heard around the melting-pot.

With the French composers do you seek for new threads to weave into new-world symphonies? You may gather them here dyed in the purple imagery of the East, with silken strands of rare spinning that Confucius praised and Persian airs that Mahomet banned.

You need but enter a New York street to find in the possession of some living son of David another thread for a longer quest and a different pattern. With this magic your caravan shall pass by the sepulchres of Babylonian cities and approach some green oasis in the sands of Arabia. There the songs of a camel-driver will greet you, echo of the same Western voice and unwinding the same mnemonic thread of lamentation. The camel-driver unconsciously wails of sorrows in labor, prophesying griefs yet to be endured. How these Mosaic threads wander! Another one may leave the windows of King David's palace in Jerusalem as a Passover hymn and enter our Western world on the wings of folk song.[5]

Preferring other threads for an opus Anglo-American, somewhere in the mountains of Kentucky the composer will hear a ballad with refrains of unhappy love. Pure English or perhaps Scotch, he imagines, until the thread is followed overseas. There the wandering melody of the sixteenth century, variously apparelled, after a stay in the British Isles, may cross the channel and turn into a *ballade,* sung before courts when England was a literary province of France; then reverting to type as a *chanson populaire,* be still earlier denounced from medieval pulpits as a survival of old heathen ditties which it was acknowledged the folk could not be broken of singing.[6]

Sir Walter Scott, in a conversation with Washington Irving in 1835, compared English national music to a harlequin's jacket made up of foreign scraps, and found his own Scotch songs legitimate and untainted because with the Welsh and the Irish they had descended from the ancient Britons.[7]

Let this narrow view serve as a needed warning to Americans against musical chauvinism. Whatever English poetry or song inherited from its continental invaders, Romans, Saxons, Danes or Normans, was for enrichment, and by so much as our legacy is greater and our population less homogeneous than the British Isles, future composers may profit by the difference.

The labor of rescuing folk songs from oblivion has occupied governments and the scientific societies of Europe. Many liberal patrons of music have contributed funds to further this research, notably the late Charles Crane of Chicago, through whose generosity Madame Lineff was enabled to complete her great collection of Russian communal songs.

There is no American music in the strict sense and can be none, declares Krehbiel, the well-known authority on folk music. Every element in our population must have its own popular musical expression and no one element can be set up to be more American than any other. A continent cannot be enclosed within a Chinese wall. Our art must face outward and welcome those who come bearing civilized and civilizing gifts.

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[5] *During the Passover season, in every part of the world some voice may be heard chanting the Hallel, the Psalmist's psalm of praise. In the 16th century two new verses were added, with a new German air. The first verse carried a mystical meaning under the Hebrew title—Had Gadya—meaning "The One Kid," or the Jewish people. This was a cumulative folk song corresponding to the "House that Jack Built." The original German air passed from one country to another, even as far as Siam. To this day in Pennsylvania towns settled by Germans, children will pass singing, "Der Bauer schickt den Jokel aus," one of the hundred variants of this Passover hymn.*

See Jewish Encyclopedia under Had Gadya. Also J. B. Stoudt, Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, 1915.

[6] *Some aspects of the medieval lyric.—E. K. Chambers, London, 1907.*

[7] *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey—Washington Irving, London, 1835.*

WE cannot fail to recognize the tie between the creative genius of the people who have no idea of musical grammar and the highest modern composition. Madame Lineff characterizes the relation between them as that of mother and child. *The Bulina,* the musical epic of her people, evolves into the recitative in opera, into romance and instrumental music.[8]

Cecil J. Sharp, in the London *Morning Post,* discussing this subject in December, 1906, would magnify the composer's debt. He declares that history provides not a single instance of a national school of music founded upon anything else than national folk music.[9]

Bach, the father of modern music, wrote country airs and dances into his *Bauern Cantata,* 1742. In his *Well Beloved Symphony* the memory of shepherds and pastoral scenes seems to set his mind welling to the same lovely themes.[10]

Beethoven began to draw thematic designs from Russia before Tchaikowsky revealed the soul of his people through their songs. Earlier than Tchaikowsky, Glinka revived their flexible melodies and free rhyth ns and he was followed by a long line of composers from Borodin to the present time.

Schubert's *Divertissements à la Hongroise* contain a succession of real national tunes, one of which the great song writer took from the lips of a maid singing in her kitchen. Liszt repaid Schubert's debt in the Gypsy songs of his *Rhapsodies. Mozart's Magic Flute* betrays similar influences. Grieg listened in his northern solitude and wrote down much that the humblest taught him. What Mendelssohn borrowed from the land of Burns was more than repaid to the world by Moore. In his first days Wagner confessed to finding his new jewels in the same old gold. This one may see in the *Flying Dutchman.* Dvořák has done the same service for Bohemia as well as for the songs of the American negro. In Paderewski's *Mazurkas* and *Fantasias* the people dance in peasant fashion with the clatter of heavy soles. The folk song enters deliberately into the instrumental music of the younger French school, especially of Vincent d'Indy, declares the critic, Philip Hale, who also finds French operettas of the eighteenth century "stuffed with folk tunes."[11]

WHO shall assess the debt of the Christian church to the people for its devotional music? There has always been conflict between plain song and folk song, between the effort of rigid churchmen to keep their music in the old modes and the desire of the people to favor St. James' advice: "Is there any among you afflicted? Let him pray. Is any merry? Let him sing songs!"

The struggle doubtless began in the catacombs of Rome. Early Christians must have taken their tunes wherever they could find them, from temple worship or from Greek and Roman street songs. In the fourth century the conflict between ecclesiastics became intense. A Constantinople crowd was so captivated by the music of heretic processions that orthodox clergy were obliged to imitate the example of their rivals. Many thus drawn to the church through curiosity remained and were baptized. Hasty conversions like this provoke Dr. Burney to say that English parochial music of 1776 was more likely to drive Christians with good ears out of the church than draw pagans into it.

Later we see Pope Gregory banishing the *Canto Figurato* from cathedral service as too light and dissolute, while reformers, though allowing the people to sing with one voice in a plain tune, objected to antiphonal responses, as they said, "tossing the psalms from one side to the other of the church with intermingling organs."

Luther wrote in 1524 to a friend informing him that he meant to make psalms for the common people. The same year the Reformer published his *Kirchenlieder* set to popular melodies. In his preface to the hymn book of 1530, Luther declares music to be "the beautiful and heavenly gift of God. Next to theology, with my small ability to judge, I would set nothing higher." His *Ein' feste Burg* has been used as the foundation of various pieces of music, such as Bach's *Cantata,* Mendelssohn's *Reformation Symphony,* Wagner's *Kaiser Marsch* and in an overture by Raff. It was largely employed by Meyerbeer in *Les Huguenots.*

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[8] *Peasant songs of Great Russia—Eugenia Lineff, Moscow, 1905.*

[9] *"I cannot withhold the criticism that the educational authorities of the large cities of the United States are too ready to ignore the educational and cultural value of that national heritage of song which every immigrant brings with him to his new home."—English folk songs from the Southern Appalachians, collected by Oliver Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, New York, 1917.*

[10] *Sebastian Bach—Sir Hubert H. Parry. London, 1918.*

[11] *Modern French Songs. Philip Hale, Boston, 1904.*

In France, psalmody found a poet sixteen years later in Clement Marot. Like Luther he took his tunes from the favorite songs of the times. These were the French airs in mixed meter that plagued our Pilgrim fathers. The first Plymouth congregation sang from the Ainsworth edition of the Psalms. Other congregations of the colony preferred the Bay Psalm book, compiled by a chorister at St. Paul's and reprinted in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1640. The meters used were simple, being known as single common meters. The hymn-book battle lasted for seventy years. Then one day in June, 1692, to quote from the church records, the Plymouth pastor "stayed the congregation and propounded, seeing that many of the Psalms which we now sing had such difficult tunes that none in the church could sett, would not they consider some way of accommodation?" A music committee was appointed. When it reported the following August and recommended the book with the easier tunes, "not one brother opposed the conclusion." If any Plymouth spinster sighed for the French 134th Psalm which she may have been singing for seventy years, she kept silence. Doubtless she sang *Old Hundredth* from the new hymn book with great fervor without realizing that the tune was once a popular air.

These interchurch wars make melancholy reading for music lovers in America. They mark the beginning of a great decline in the aesthetic taste of the colonies, which seemed unaffected by the contemporaneous revival of music and learning in the mother country.

Our forefathers were engaged in rearing the strong pillars which should support the state. The vine which was to twine around these pillars and lend them grace was left for later hands to plant and cherish.[12]

Volumes have been written about the elevation of certain popular airs to the ecclesiastical peerage. Does it excite less religious emotion in a congregation uniting to sing Wesley's Advent Hymn, *Lo, He Comes in Clouds Descending,* to know that Olivers, the composer, adapted it from an Irish air he heard whistled in a London street! Such an affirmation goes back to Scott's idea that a good song can be tainted by its origin.

While Queen Mary was still on the throne an Edinburgh Scotchman showed his contumacy by putting together a collection of "Godlie songs with divers other ballads changit out of prophane songs." How did he change them? Let Dr. Geddes (1683) also an adapter of hymns for his parish, answer. "We choose the part angelical—the tune—and leave out the diabolical.

FOLK SONGS play strange tricks upon memory and imagination alike. A famous collector once said that in every country he visited he found himself listening for echoes of the songs he had left behind him. The editor herself is haunted occasionally by unmated or mismated songs, married to unworthy words or to unsuitable tempos—a love song masquerading as a song of war or a dance tune out of step. Hymn makers for the Salvation Army are trained to make the most and best of such tunes. They travel around the world in search of them, making apparently impossible contacts between East and West.

One of these protean melodies has clung to the editor's memory for years. Lately, in searching for "the oldest folk song"—another rainbow quest—she chanced upon this passage from Maspero. "I consider," says the French explorer, "that Egypt must be regarded, if not the original home of folk tales, at least as one of those countries in which they earliest assumed the form of actual literature."[13]

This suggested ridding oneself of the haunting, tormenting melody by a bold experiment. Why not wed it to an ancient folk theme, one well within the comprehension of a native of modern Egypt? The haunting melody was rightfully in use in the first volume of our *Folk Songs of Many Peoples,* where it appears as a Slovak love song under the title of *Sadla Muska.* Effectively as the Slovak text has been rendered into English, the melody itself seems to warrant another theme, bolder and sung in a different tempo.

Maspero has deciphered one tale of the 12th Egyptian Dynasty, about 2400 B.C., which is replete with folk interest. In papyri, discovered in the last century, it is variously described as the lamentations or complaints of Sekhti, the learned and eloquent Egyptian peasant. Of these laments, Petrie, another Egyptologist, says, "There is not a single point of interest which might not be true in modern times. Every turn in it seems to live as one reads it in view of country life in Egypt."[14]

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[12] *The Psalmodies of Plymouth. S. L. Thorndyke in Colonial Society of Massachusetts Proceedings, February, 1894.*
[13] *Popular stories of ancient Egypt. Sir G. Maspero, London, 1892.*
[14] *Egyptian tales, translated from the papyri, 4th to 12th dynasty—W. M. F. Petrie, London, 1899. See also "Literature of Ancient Egyptians," E. A. Wallis Budge, London, 1914, and "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archeology," June 14, 1872.*

To turn one or two of these complaints uttered nearly 5,000 years ago into 19th century singing and ballad form is an anachronism. It cannot be defended. It can only be tried. Yet every folk song collector knows of scores of examples of the adoption by one country of the songs of another. Malbrough, the only song which Napoleon knew, is an example. Chateaubriand, who visited Syria in the 18th century, heard it sung there by the Arabs. He conjectured that it had been brought to the holy land by the Crusaders under Godfrey de' Bouillon. It certainly requires an effort of the imagination to hear Arab musicians uniting to chant *"For he's a jolly good fellow,"* the English version of *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre.*

The story of Sekhti comes to us in the form of bold, almost defiant, declaration. Sekhti has been treated cruelly. He stands before his oppressors and defends himself. He was the original Egyptian rebel. Perhaps around the salt marshes of Cairo his sayings were chanted in proverbs by Nile ditch diggers and pyramid stone masons. Who knows? Can Sekhti's words translated into another speech be set to a tune which is sung by European peasants? It is a favorite saying of collectors that folk songs have no beginning and no end. At any rate here is a beginning!

THE STORY OF SEKHTI

About 2400 B.C.

The Argument

Sekhti lived near Cairo with his wife Nofrit. One morning the peasant told his wife that he was going to Madinit to sell his salt and skins. On the way he had to pass the estate of Rensi, the high steward of Pharaoh. Suti, the jealous servant of Rensi, coveting the peasant's store, spreads a carpet before him in such a way that the little caravan might with difficulty pass between the canal ditch and a field of wheat. When the animals cropped the growing grain, Suti seized them, beat the peasant with tamarisk branches and even threatened him with death. Sekhti thereupon went to the palace and appealed to the King's steward in nine complaints and in language so lofty and picturesque that the steward was astonished and went and reported it to Pharaoh. His majesty ordered Rensi to take down the peasant's words carefully, induce him to spin them out as long as possible but give Sekhti no satisfaction for his stolen goods. The peasant's speeches cover 400 lines in the Berlin Museum papyrus of which the last fourteen columns are lost. Through two other manuscripts, known as the Butler and Amherst fragments, the story is made fairly complete. The conclusion being lost, it is not certain whether the Pharaoh of his time gave Sekhti back his goods or left him to die in Egypt away from his little farm and from Nofrit and his children.

Sekhti

Sekhti addresses his wife, Nofrit.

Bake me loaves for six days' journey;
Lo, the asses wait!
I must haste with hides to Egypt
Through Madinit's gate.[15]

Suti

Suti sees Sekhti coming on the narrow tow-path bordering his master's cornfield.

Praise to Sebek[16] who hath sent us
Wolf and jackal hides!
Slave! go spread this strip of carpet
Where that peasant rides.

Suti seizes the asses and scourges Sekhti with green tamarisk branches.

Look out, villain, how your donkeys
Trample down my wheat!
Were rare carpets of Madinit
Made for peasant's feet?

Sekhti

He also threatens him with death, the Lord of Silence.

You have beaten me with branches,
Robbed me of my all!
Would you stop my mouth from speaking
In Osiris' hall?

Sekhti makes his complaint to Suti's master at his palace.

Rensi, at the pool of justice,
Thy poor servant kneels;
Sebek nourish thee with reed birds,
Fill thy pots with eels!

Rudder of the Ship of Heaven,
High Wave of the Nile—
When the man steals for the master
Which has greater guile?

Thou art richer than a Pharaoh,
My goods are my breath;
Give me what thy slave has stolen,
Compass not my death.

Stands thy servant like a jackal
Mouthing empty words?
Must the vulture always fatten
On the little birds?

Rensi orders two of his men to drive Sekhti away from his gates with staves.

Avaricious son of Maru!
In thy shadow falls
One more soul,—his dust forsaking,
Who on Ammon calls.

Sekhti, expecting death, appeals to the gods of Judgment in the Hall of Osiris.

I have poured out soul from body,
Washed my linen white;
Where I go all men are equal
In Anubis' sight.

I may sleep, but not forever;
In His judgment place,
When the voice of Thoth shall name us,
Cover not thy face—[17]

[15] *A town near the modern "Ahnas el Medineh."*
[16] *The god of the Fayum, Rensi's domain.*
[17] *For melody, see Vol. I, page 151.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE editor wishes to make acknowledgments to foreign-born men and women of this country for contributions of song and verse drawn from memory and from private collections generously placed at her disposal; also to translators of tested worth without whose aid the collection could not have been completed, and especially to American poets who have given of their best in order that the immigrant may sing his own melodies in the language of his adopted country. She wishes that space would allow individual mention of these co-workers, hundreds in number.

Members of the Foreign Born Department of the National Board of the Young Womens Christian Associations of America have augmented this list. The field, local and foreign language secretaries of the International Institutes of the Young Womens Christian Association have furnished valuable material. These associates have helped by research, correspondence and practical suggestion. They deserve the grateful appreciation of all whom this book will interest. Among these who deserve special mention is Helen Jauncey Kingsbury, whose musical knowledge and enthusiasm have been a constant help.

The editor is under obligation to musicians and composers for their contributions.

The experience of Mrs. Edith Terry Bremer with the many-sided immigration problems has made her appreciative of every resource for mutual understanding between ourselves and the stranger within our gates. She early saw the need for this collection of songs and her interest and support have been invaluable in the furtherance of the editor's task.

The musical collections in the Library of Congress in Washington, the libraries of Boston, Harvard, Philadelphia, Chicago and the public libraries of New York, especially the Forty-second Street and Webster Branch, have been a great resource. Hearty thanks are extended for courteous assistance given by their librarians over a long period.

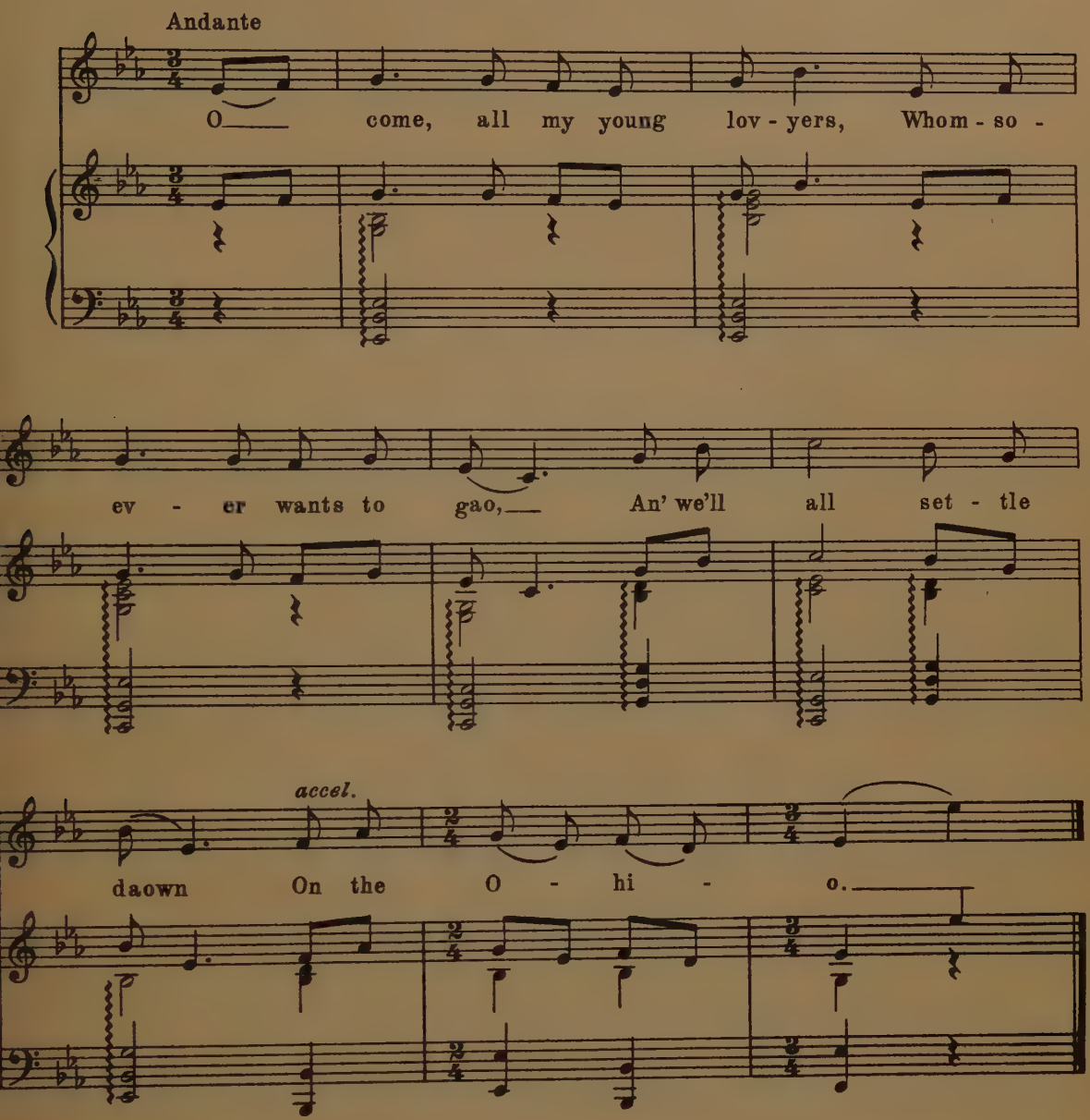
These songs have been edited with permission of authors and publishers wherever known. If any omissions have occurred the editor hopes that the publishers, authors, and singers will overlook them. Upon request corrections will be made in subsequent editions.

FLORENCE HUDSON BOTSFORD.

New York, May, 1921.

FOLK SONGS OF MANY PEOPLES

THE UNCONSTANT LOVYER



The Unconstant Lovyer

O come, all my young lovyers,
Whomsoever wants to gao,
An' we'll all settle daown
On the Ohio.

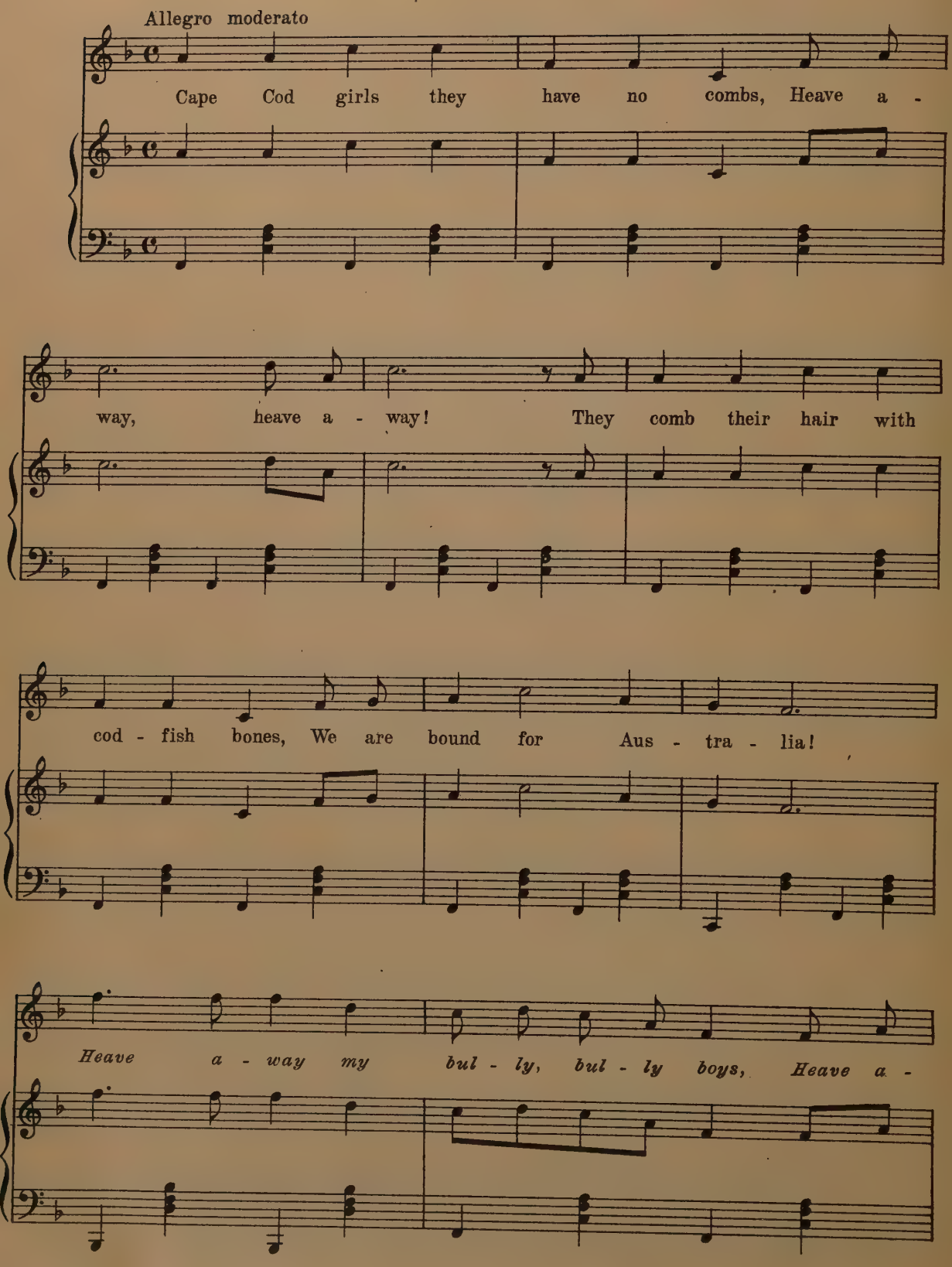
An' we'll chaw aour terbacker
An' smeoke aour pipes
An' eat aour pertaties
Whensoever they gits ripe.

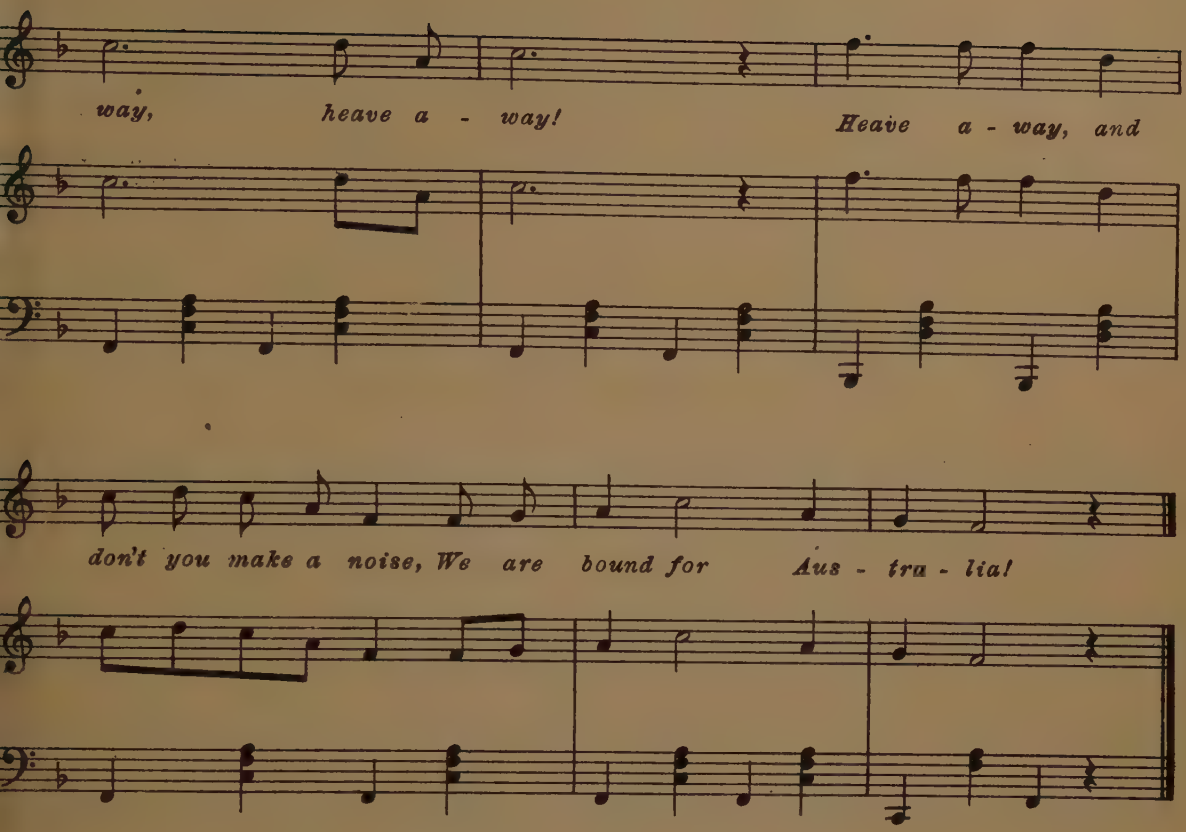
Naow a meetin' are a pleasure
An' a partin' are a grief;
But an unconstant lovyer
Is wusser nor a thief.

Cos a thief he will rob ye
Of all thet ye have;
But an unconstant lovyer
Will tote ye to yer grave!

CAPE COD CHANTEY

Recorded by
Ruth Kimball Gardiner


Allegro moderato
Cape Cod girls they have no combs, Heave a -
way, heave a - way! They comb their hair with
cod - fish bones, We are bound for Aus - tra - lia!
Heave a - way my bul - ly, bul - ly boys, Heave a -



Cape Cod Chantey

Cape Cod girls they have no combs,
Heave away, heave away!
They comb their hair with codfish bones,
We are bound for Australia!

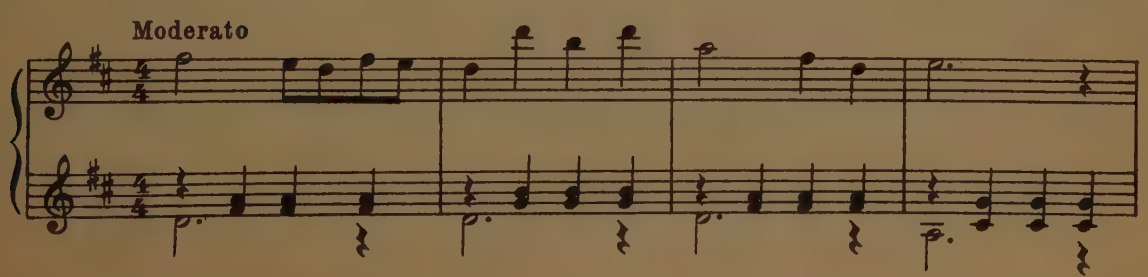
Heave away, my bully, bully boys,
Heave away, heave away!
Heave away, and don't you make a noise,
We are bound for Australia!

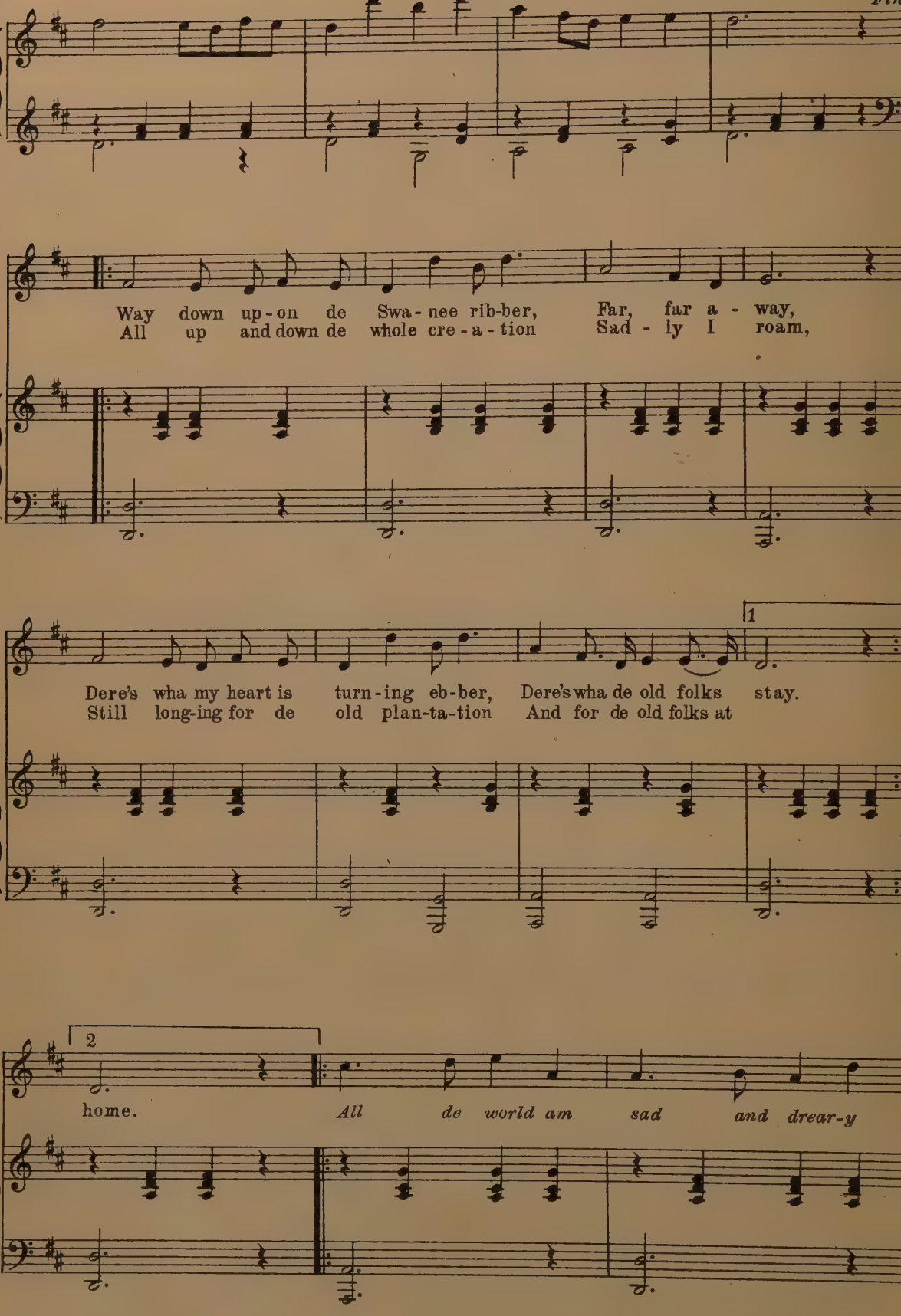
Cape Cod boys they have no sleds,
Heave away, heave away!
They slide down hill on codfish heads,
We are bound for Australia!

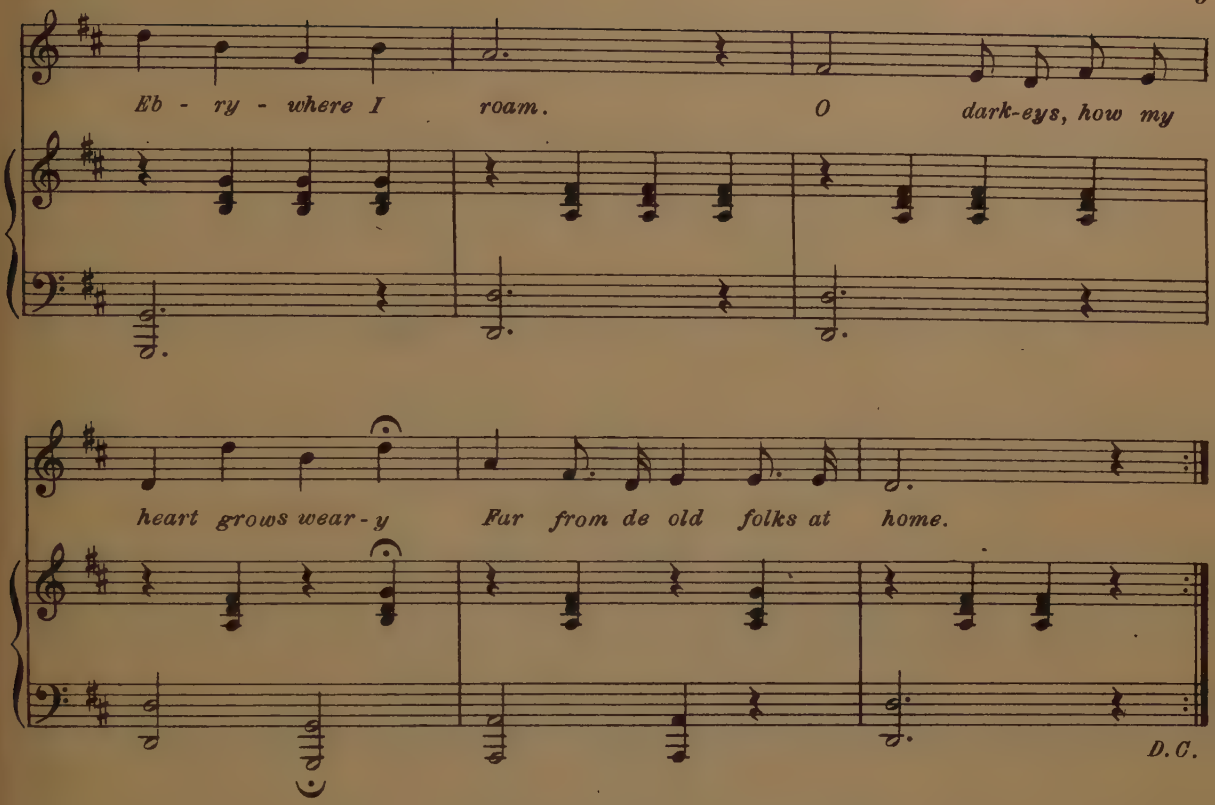
Words by
Stephen C. Foster

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Music by
Stephen C Foster




Way down up-on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a-way,
All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam,
Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.
Still long-ing for de old plan-ta-tion And for de old folks at
1
2
home.
All de world am sad and drear-y



Old Folks at Home

Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation
And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary
Ebrywhere I roam.
O darkeys, how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home.

All 'round de little farm I wandered
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I;
O take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All 'round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

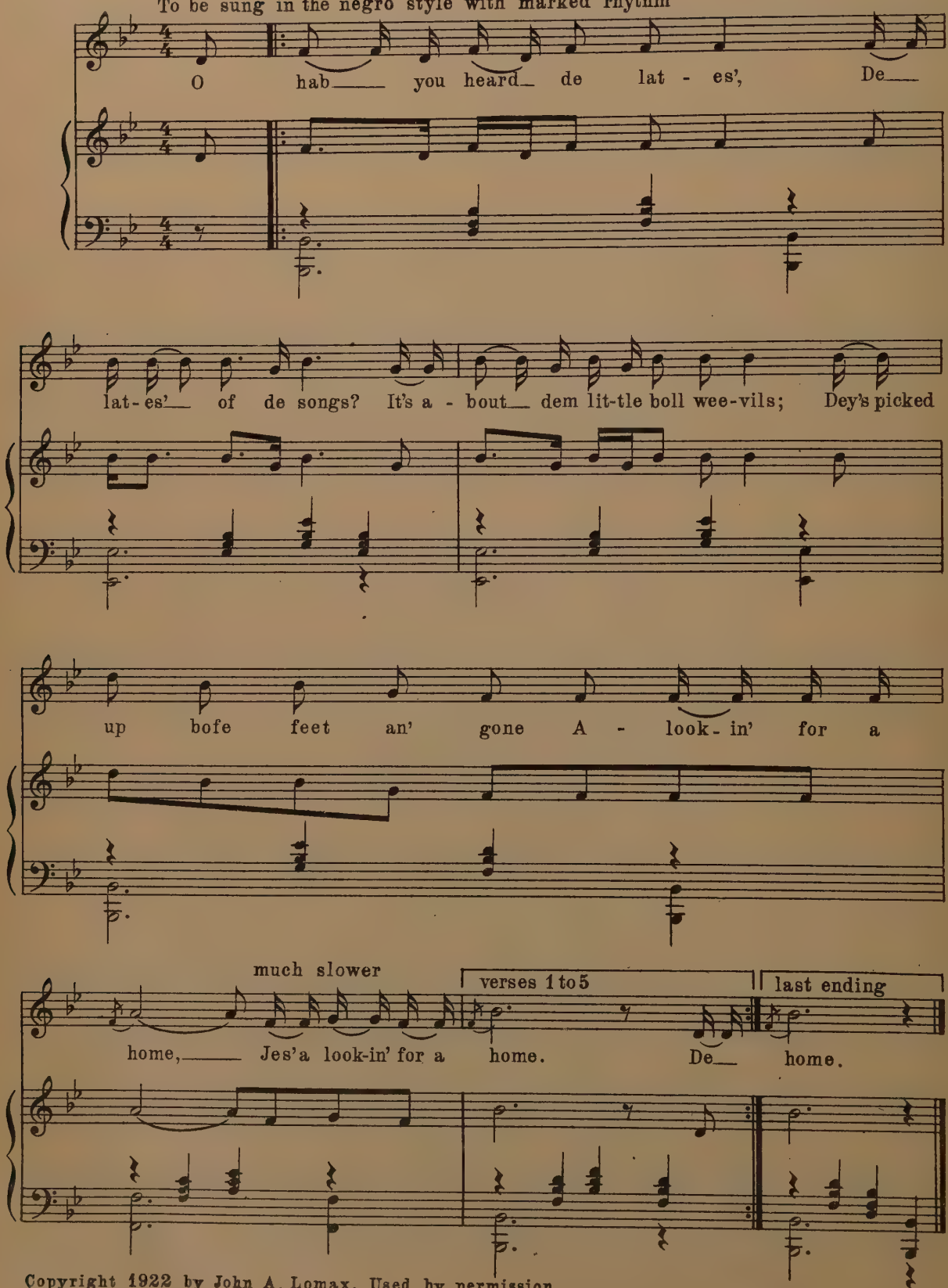
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

DE BALLET OF DE BOLL WEEVIL

Melody and text collected by John A. Lomax

Arranged by Coralie Gregory

To be sung in the negro style with marked rhythm


O hab you heard de lat - es', De
lat-es' of de songs? It's a - bout dem lit-tle boll wee-vils; Dey's picked
up bofe feet an' gone A - look-in' for a
much slower
verses 1 to 5
last ending
home, Jes'a look-in' for a home. De home.

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De Ballet of De Boll Weevil

O hab you heard de lates',
De lates' of de songs?
It's about dem little boll weevils;
Dey's picked up bofe feet an' gone
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De boll weevil is a little bug,
F'om Mexico, dey say,
Come to try dis Texas soil
An' thought he better stay
A-lookin' for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home.

De fus' time I saw de boll weevil
He was settin' on de square*;
De nex' time I saw de boll weevil
He had all his family there
A-lookin for a home,
Jes a-lookin' for a home.

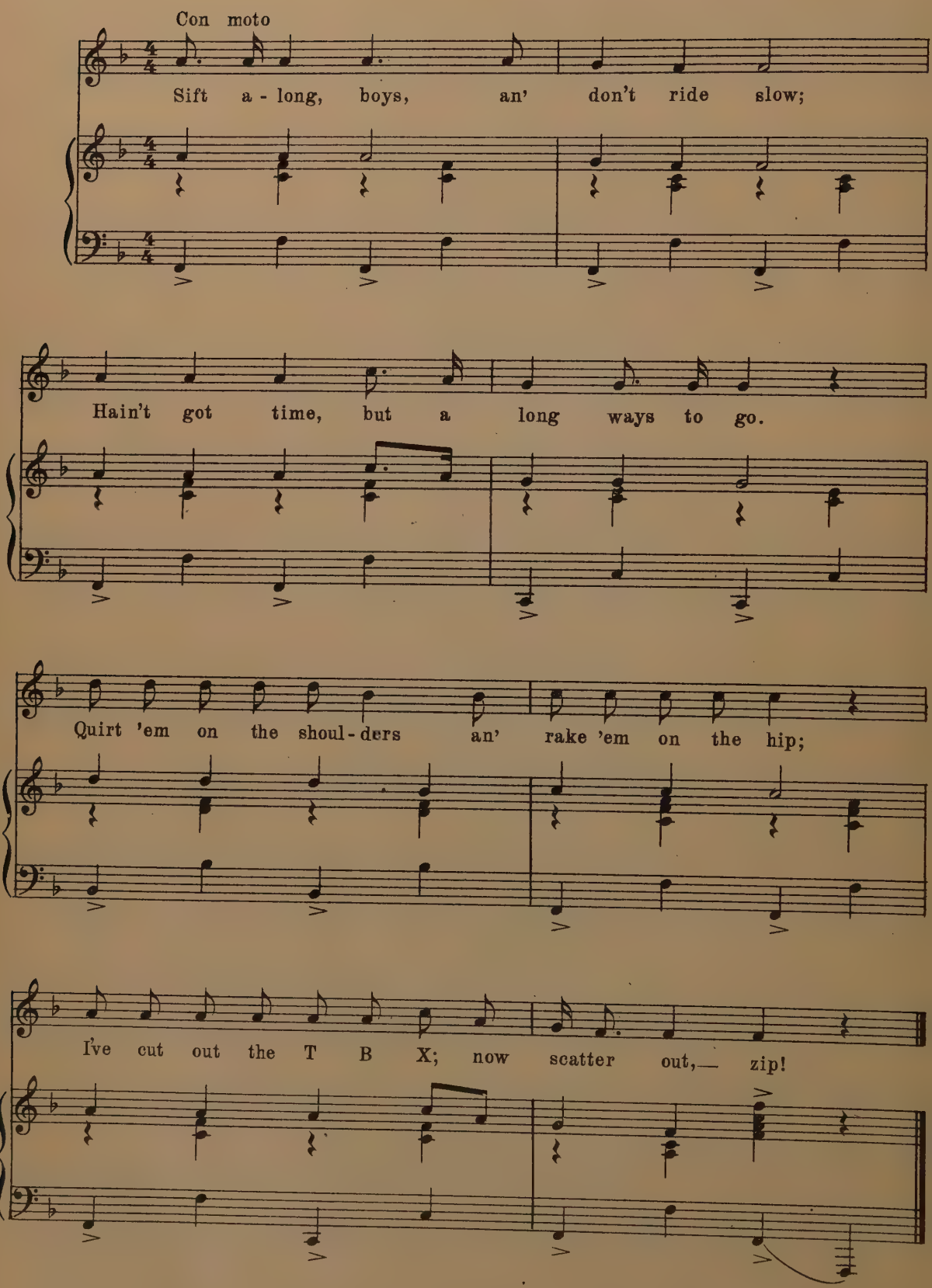
De farmer took de boll weevil
An' buried him in hot san';
De boll weevil says to de farmer,
"I'll stan' it like a man;
It is my home,
It is my home."

De farmer took de boll weevil
An' put him on de ice;
De boll weevil says to de farmer,
"It's mighty cool an' nice,
It is my home,
It is my home."

Den de boll weevil says to de farmer,
"Jes p'ison me ef you dare,
An' when you get your cotton up
I'll punch every square.*
I'll have a home,
I'll have a home."

---

*"Square" refers to the cotton square on the plant.


Con moto
Sift a - long, boys, an' don't ride slow;
Hain't got time, but a long ways to go.
Quirt 'em on the shoul - ders an' rake 'em on the hip;
I've cut out the T B X; now scatter out,— zip!

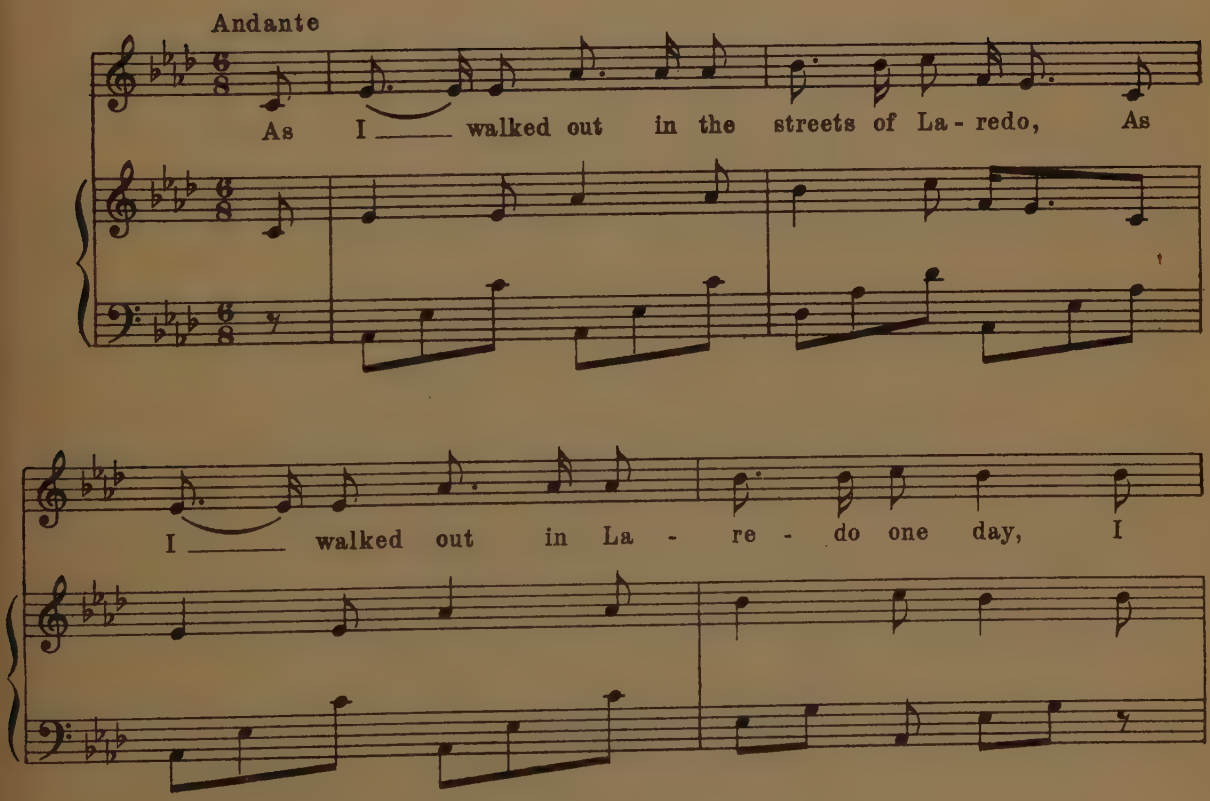
Sift Along, Boys

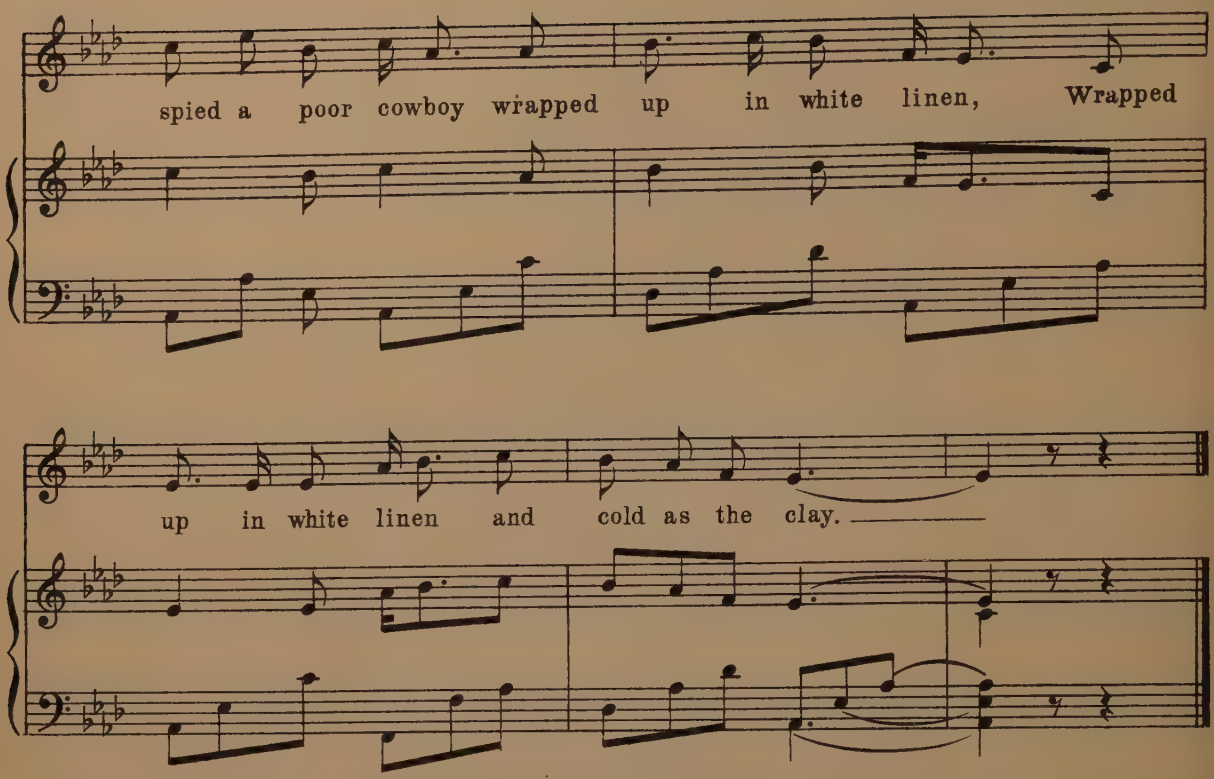
Sift along, boys, an' don't ride slow;
Hain't got time, but a long ways to go.
Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;
I've cut out the T B X; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, all in the rail;
Hog-tie an' brand 'em, then beat 'em on the tail;
Quirt 'em on the shoulders an' rake 'em on the hip;
Whip 'em up an' down the sides; now scatter out—zip!

Bunch the herd, boys, an' don't ride slow;
Hog-tie an' brand 'em an' don't let any go;
Then hit the trail for grub an' watch the pancakes flip;
Lay aside your chaps an' quirt; now scatter out—zip!

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT





The Cowboy's Lament

As I walked out in the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a poor cowboy, wrapped up in white linen,
Wrapped up in white linen and cold as the clay.

O beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly!
O play the Dead March as you carry me 'long!
Take me to the valley; there turn the sod o'er me;
For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy,"
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die.

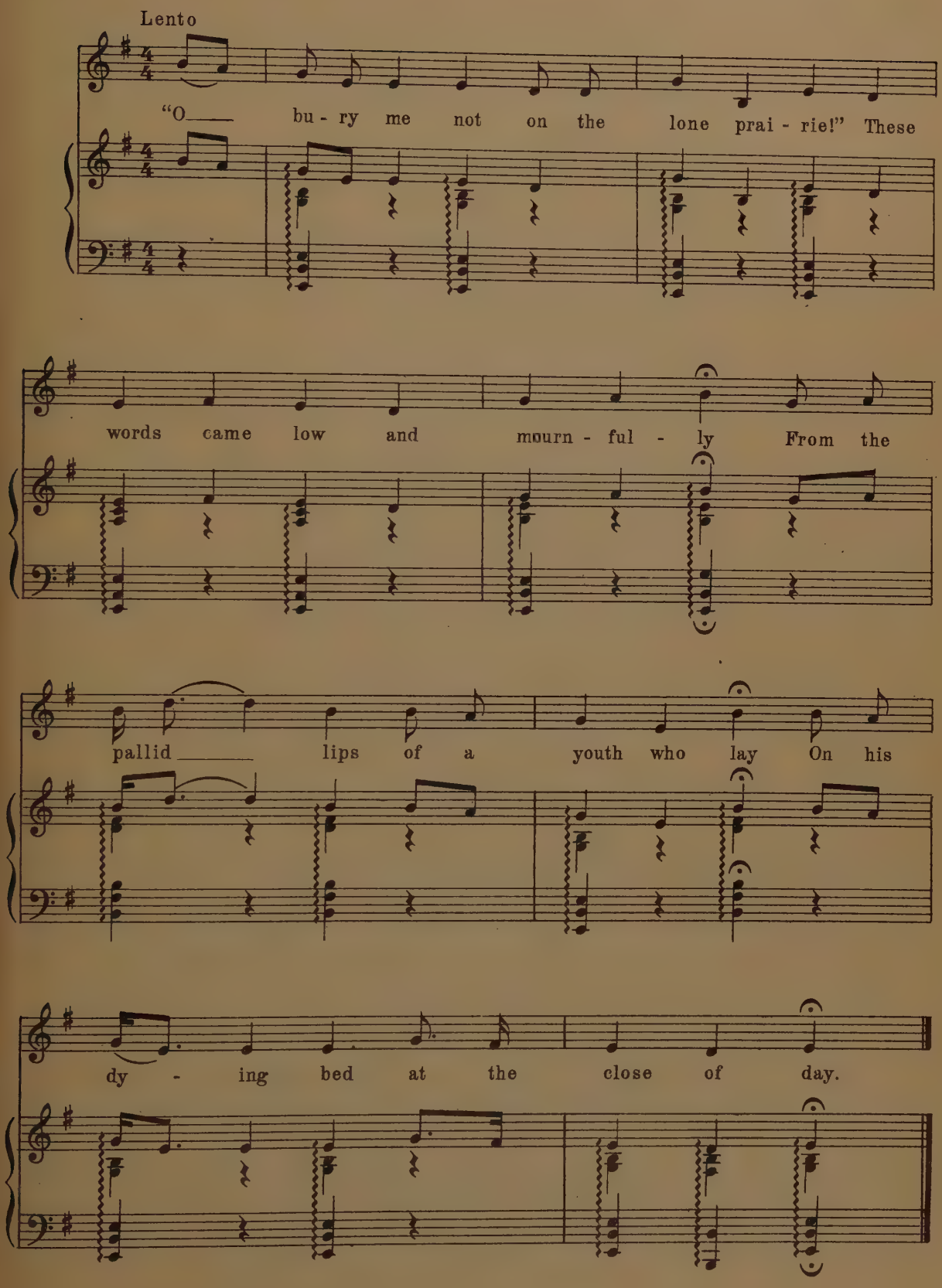
"My friends and relations, they live in the Nation;
They know not where their boy has gone.
I first came to Texas and hired to a ranchman,
O I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"O there is another more dear than a sister;
She'll bitterly weep when she hears I am gone.
And there is another who'll win her affections,
For I'm a young cowboy; I know I've done wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young cowboys,
And tell them the story of this my sad fate;
Tell one and the other before they go further
To stop their wild roving before 'tis too late."

From Cowboy Songs by JOHN A. LOMAN. *Copyright, 1920, The Macmillan Company. Published by permission.*

THE DYING COWBOY


Lento
"O___ bu - ry me not on the lone prai - rie!" These
words came low and mourn - ful - ly From the
pallid___ lips of a youth who lay On his
dy - ing bed at the close of day.

The Dying Cowboy

"O bury me not on the lone prairie!"
These words came low and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth who lay
On his dying bed at the close of day.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
In a narrow grave just six by three;
O bury me not on the lone prairie!

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the buzzard beats and the wind goes free;
O bury me not on the lone prairie!

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
In a narrow grave six foot by three,
Where the buffalo paws o'er a prairie sea;
O bury me not on the lone prairie!

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,
Where the rattlesnakes hiss and the crow flies free;
O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O bury me not," and his voice failed there,
But we took no heed of his dying prayer;
In a narrow grave just six by three
We buried him there on the lone prairie.

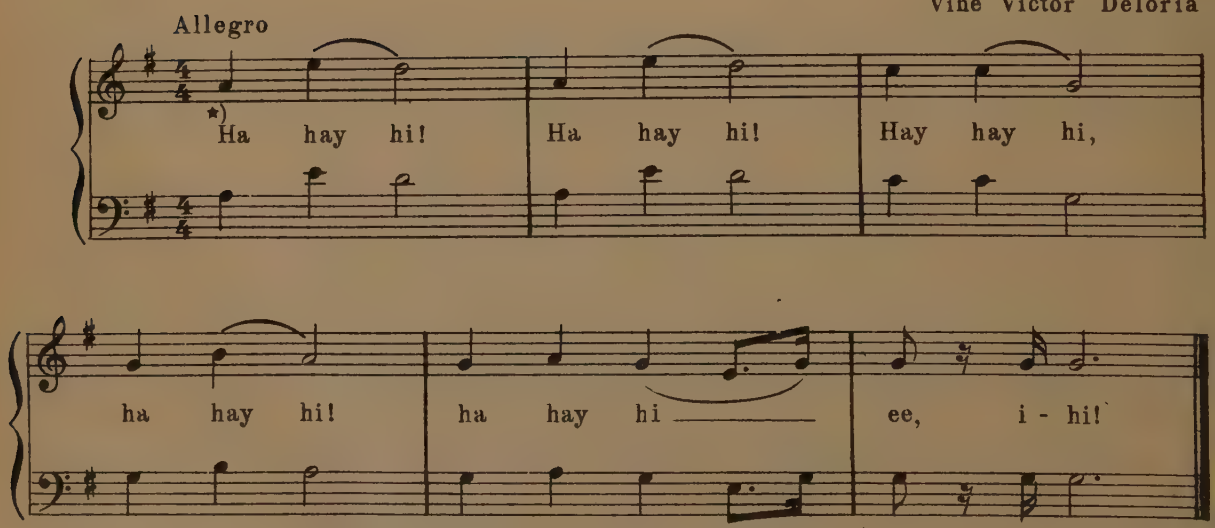
From Cowboy Songs by JOHN A. LOMAX. *Copyright by The Macmillan Company, 1920. Published by permission.*

U.S.A. (Indian)

GAME SONG

(The plains tribes)

As sung by
Vine Victor Deloria



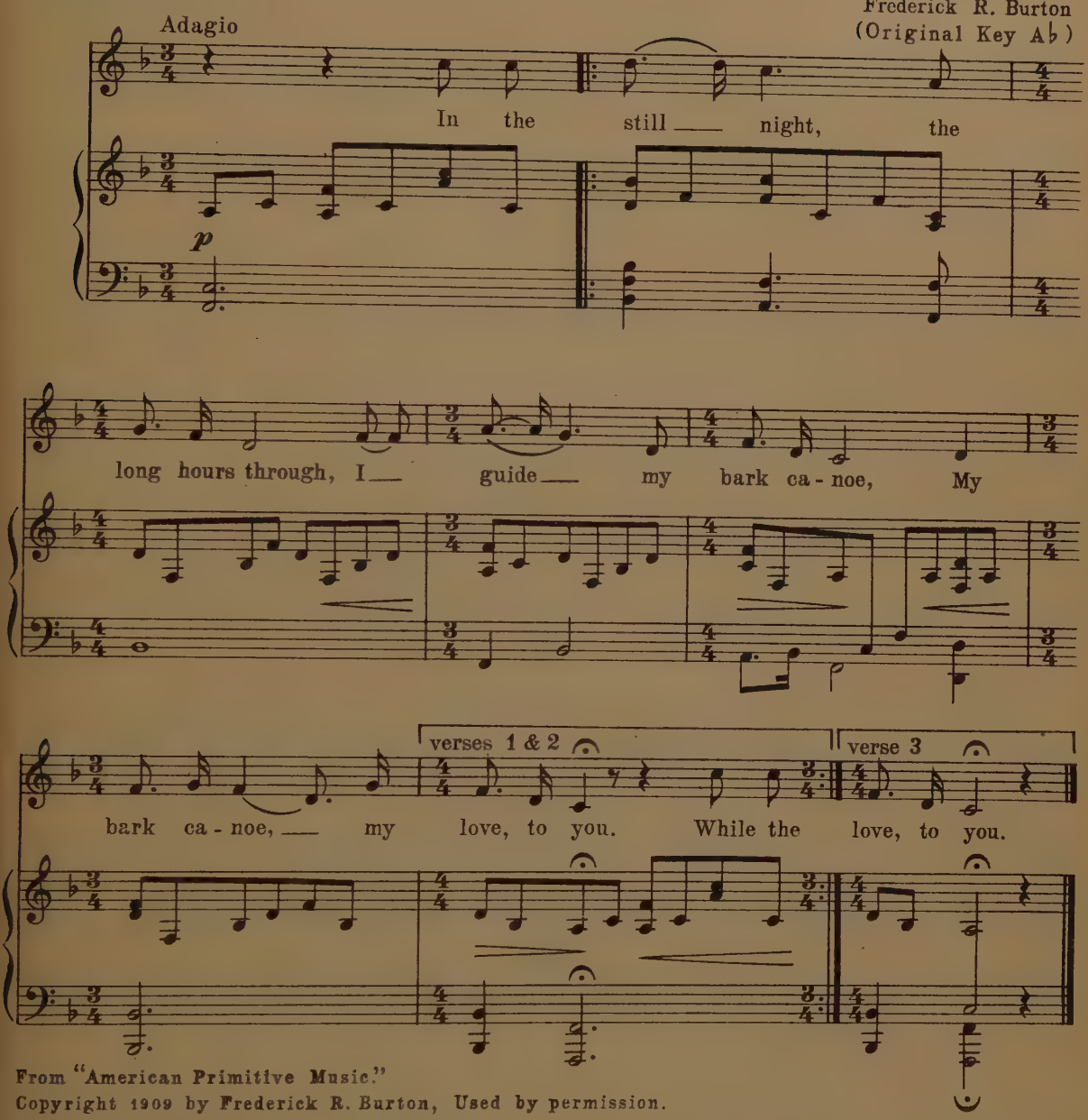
★) The words are meaningless exclamations.

MY BARK CANOE

(Ojibway tribe)

Interpretation by
Frederick R. Burton

Arranged by
Frederick R. Burton
(Original Key A♭)


Adagio
In the still night, the
p
long hours through, I guide my bark ca - noe, My
verses 1 & 2
verse 3
bark ca - noe, my love, to you. While the love, to you.

From "American Primitive Music."
Copyright 1909 by Frederick R. Burton, Used by permission.

Chekahbay Tebik Ondandayan

Chekahbay tebik ondandayan

Chekahbay tebik ondandayan

Ahgahmah-sibi ondandayan

My Bark Canoe

In the still night, the long hours through,
I guide my bark canoe,
My bark canoe, my love, to you.

While the stars shine and falls the dew,
I seek my love in bark canoe;
In bark canoe I seek for you.

It is I, love, your lover true,
Who glides the stream in bark canoe;
It glides to you, my love, to you.

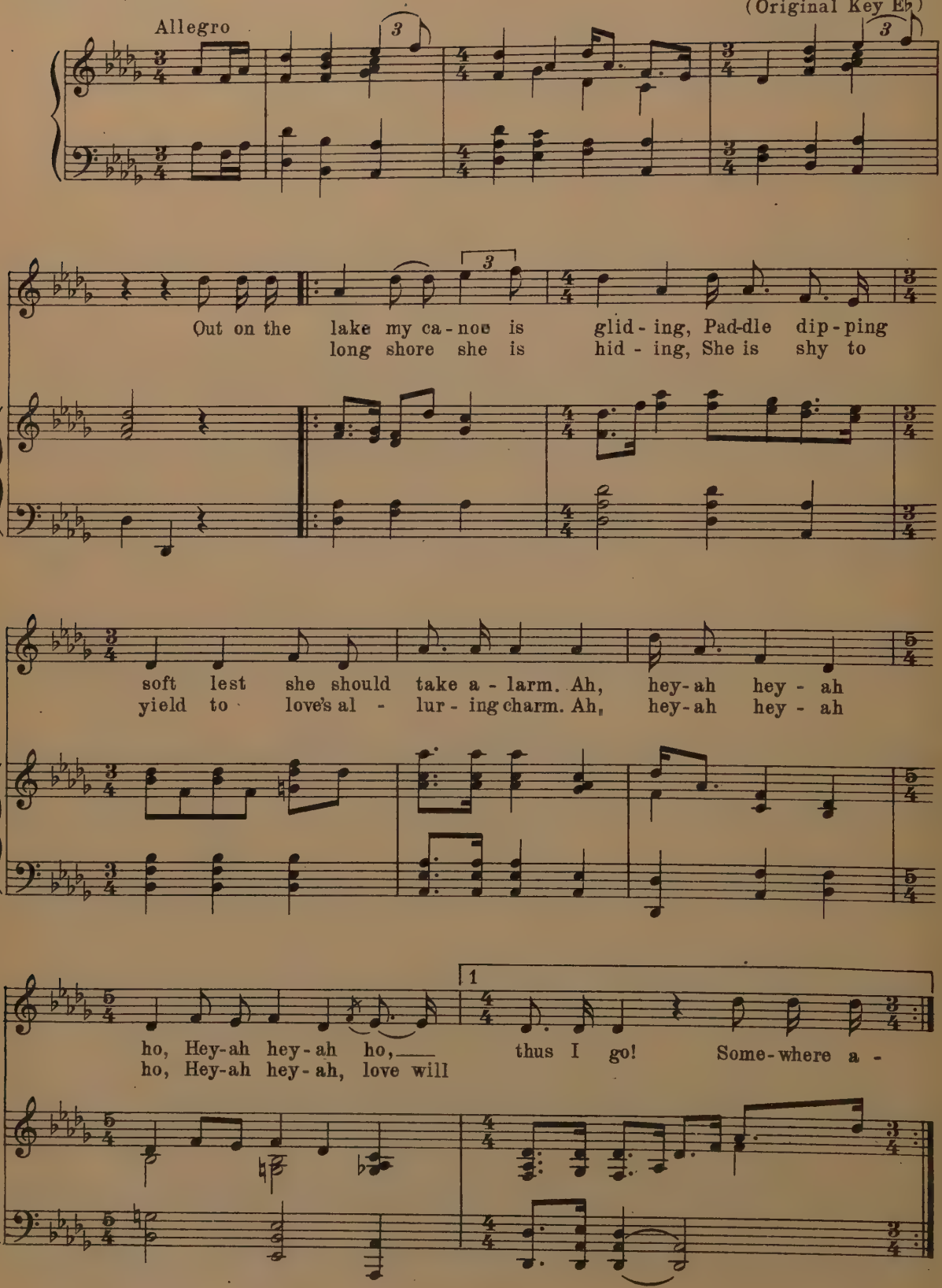
Interpretation by
FREDERICK R. BURTON

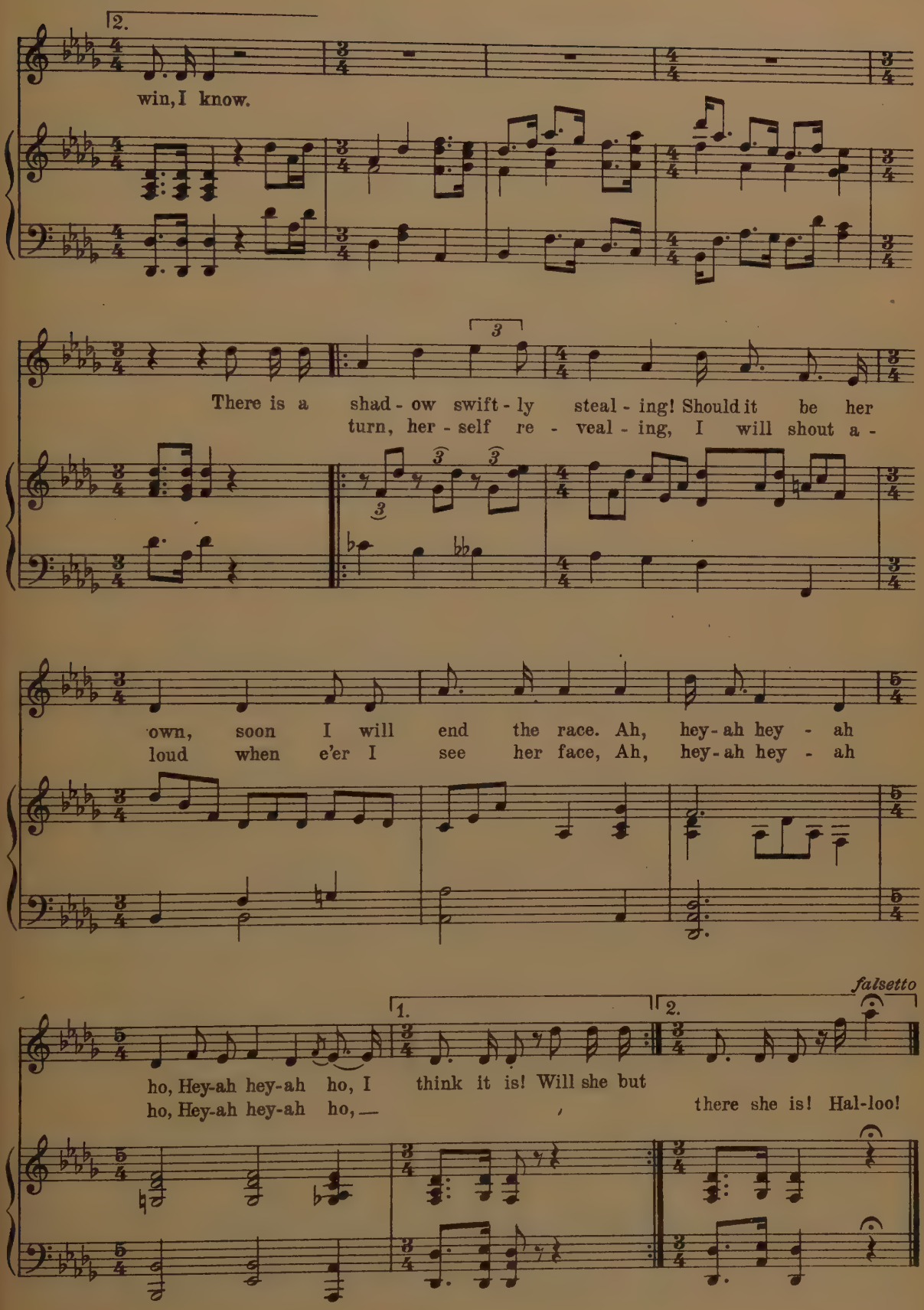
HER SHADOW

(Ojibway Tribe)

Interpretation by
Frederick R. Burton

Arranged by
Frederick R. Burton
(Original Key E♭)


Allegro
Out on the lake my ca - noe is glid - ing, Pad-dle dip - ping
long shore she is hid - ing, She is shy to
soft lest she should take a - larm. Ah, hey-ah hey - ah
yield to love's al - lur - ing charm. Ah, hey-ah hey - ah
ho, Hey-ah hey-ah ho,
ho, Hey-ah hey-ah, love will
thus I go! Some-where a -


2.
win, I know.
There is a shad - ow swift - ly steal - ing! Should it be her
turn, her - self re - veal - ing, I will shout a -
own, soon I will end the race. Ah, hey - ah hey - ah
loud when e'er I see her face, Ah, hey - ah hey - ah
falsetto
1.
2.
ho, Hey-ah hey-ah ho, I think it is! Will she but
ho, Hey-ah hey-ah ho, —
there she is! Hal-loo!

Ayquanahquog Peah Bedahgo Jing

Ayquanahquog peah bedahgo jing
Keegah wahbahmah non kee mah shay mi nay
Ay heyah heyah ho
Heyah heyah ho heyah ho.

Her Shadow

Out on the lake my canoe is gliding,
Paddle dipping soft lest she should take alarm.
Ah, heyah heyah ho,
Heyah heyah ho, thus I go!

Somewhere along shore she is hiding;
She is shy to yield to love's alluring charm.
Ah, heyah heyah ho,
Heyah heyah, love will win, I know.

There is a shadow swiftly stealing!
Should it be her own, soon I will end the race.
Ah, heyah heyah ho,
Heyah heyah ho, I think it is!

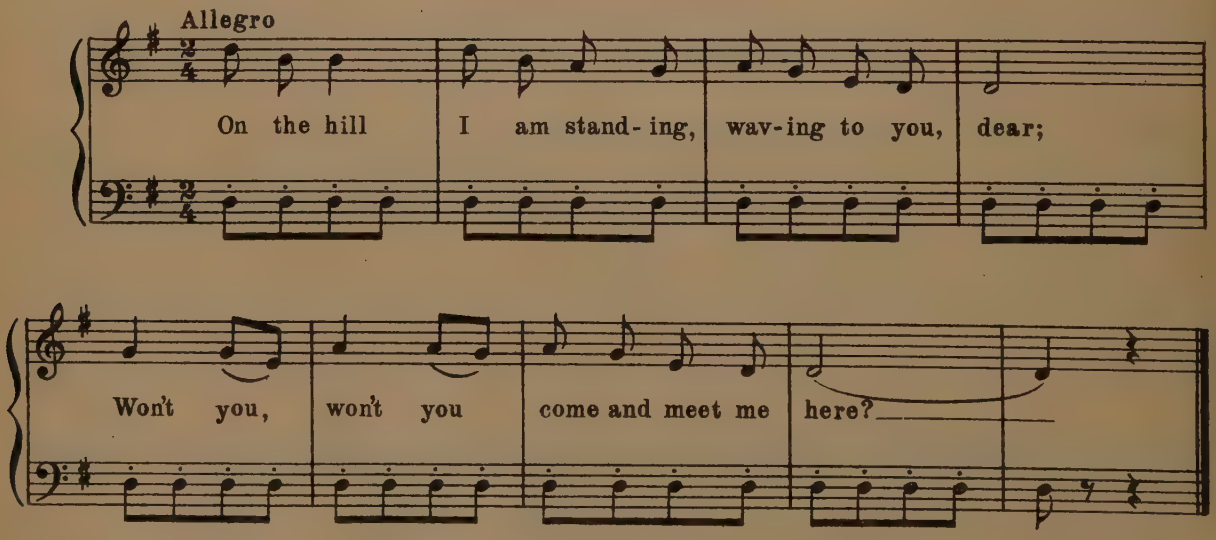
Will she but turn, herself revealing,
I will shout aloud when e'er I see her face.
Ah, heyah heyah ho,
Heyah heyah ho, there she is!
Halloo!

Interpretation by
FREDERICK R. BURTON

THE LOVE SIGNAL

(Dakota Tribe)

Interpretation by
Marguerite Wilkinson



Pahata Nawajiŋ

Pahata nawajiŋ na śina cicoze
Mayaŋ, mayaŋ leciś kuwa na.

The Love Signal

On the hill I am standing, waving to you, dear;
Won't you, won't you come and meet me here?

Waving my blanket to you, far and far away;
Won't you, won't you come to me and stay?

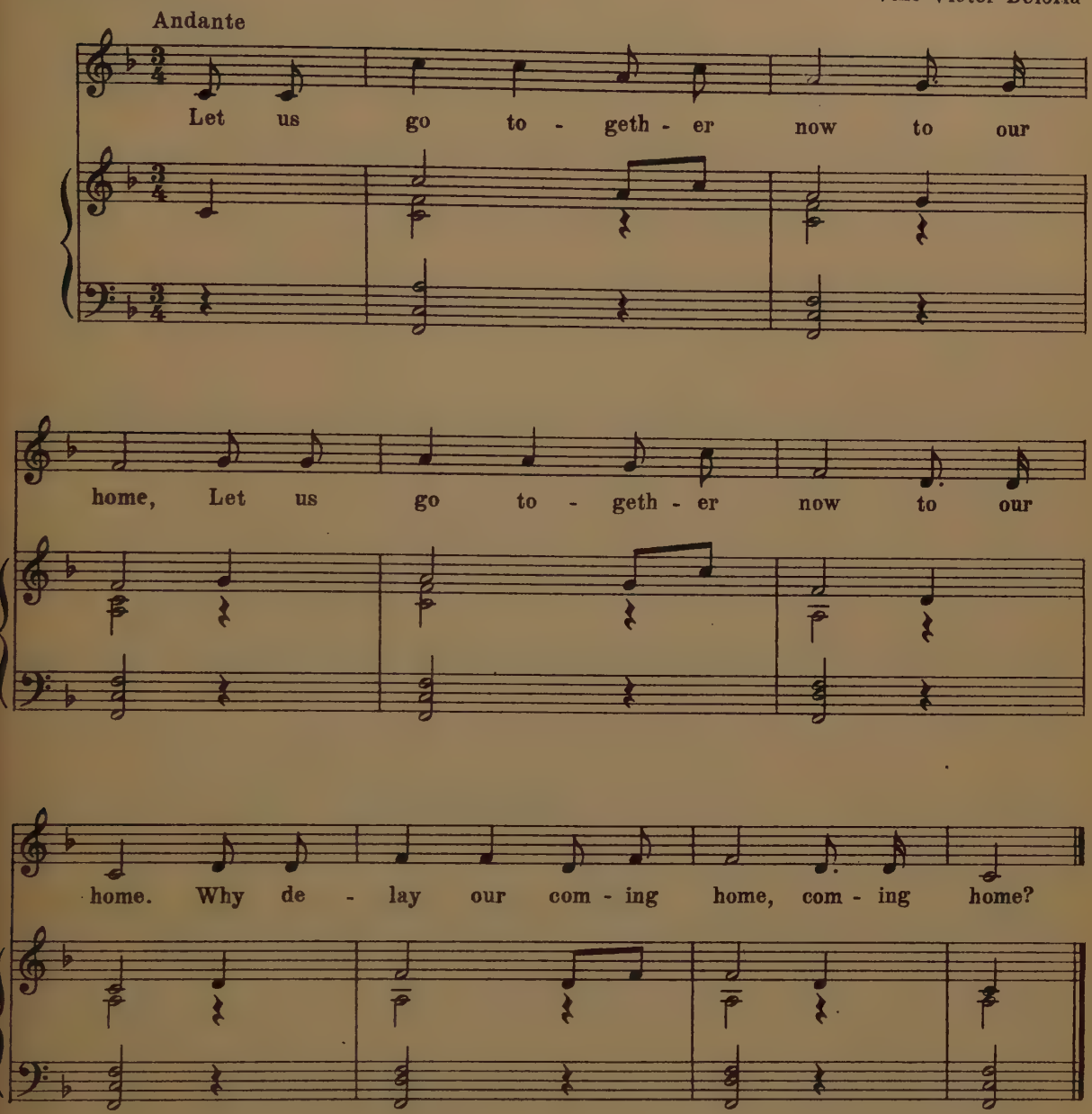
Interpretation by
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

MARRIAGE SONG

(Dakota Tribe)

English version by
Alice Corbin

As sung by
Vine Victor Deloria



Tiyata Uŋgni Kte

Iyayana tiyata uŋgni kte,
Iyayana tiyata uŋgni kte,
Tuwa lehaŋś tiyata gle śni ka

Marriage Song

Let us go together now to our home,
Let us go now together to our home.
Why delay our coming home, coming home?

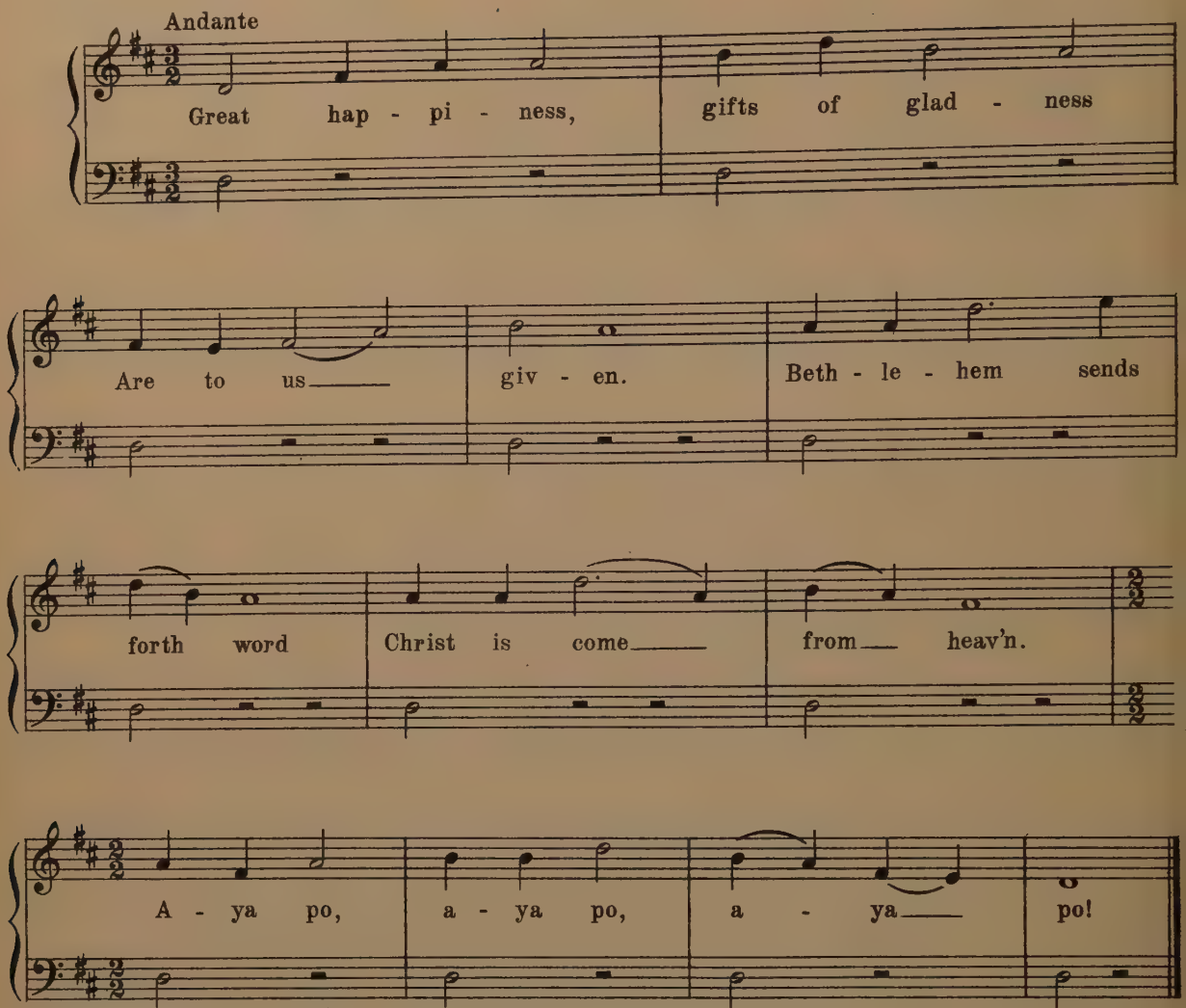
English version by
ALICE CORBIN

AYA PO*)

(Dakota Tribe)

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Air by
George Dowanna


Andante
Great hap - pi - ness, gifts of glad - ness
Are to us giv - en. Beth - le - hem sends
forth word Christ is come from heav'n.
A - ya po, a - ya po, a - ya po!

*) Aya po - - Carry it on

Aya Po

Wowiyuśkiŋ tanka hca wan
Christ yutaŋiŋ ce;
Bethlehem etaŋhaŋ
Wotaŋiŋ waśte,

Aya po, aya po, aya po.

Haŋ, wicahpi waŋ wiyakpa,
Jesus He etaŋ,
Qa iyoyaŋpa ska
Hed otaŋiŋ ce.

Jesus Christ Wanikiya kiŋ
Wowitaŋ waśte
Oŋ ikdutaŋiŋ qa
Woniya uśi

GEORGE DOWANNA

Aya Po

Great happiness, gifts of gladness
Are to us given.
Bethlehem sends forth word
Christ is come from heaven.

Aya po, aya po, aya po.

Bright shines a star with white radiance,
Joy to men bringing;
Peace on earth and good will,
Angel hosts singing.

Jesus, the Lord, sends the Spirit,
His great love revealing,
The good news has reached us
For our sins' healing.

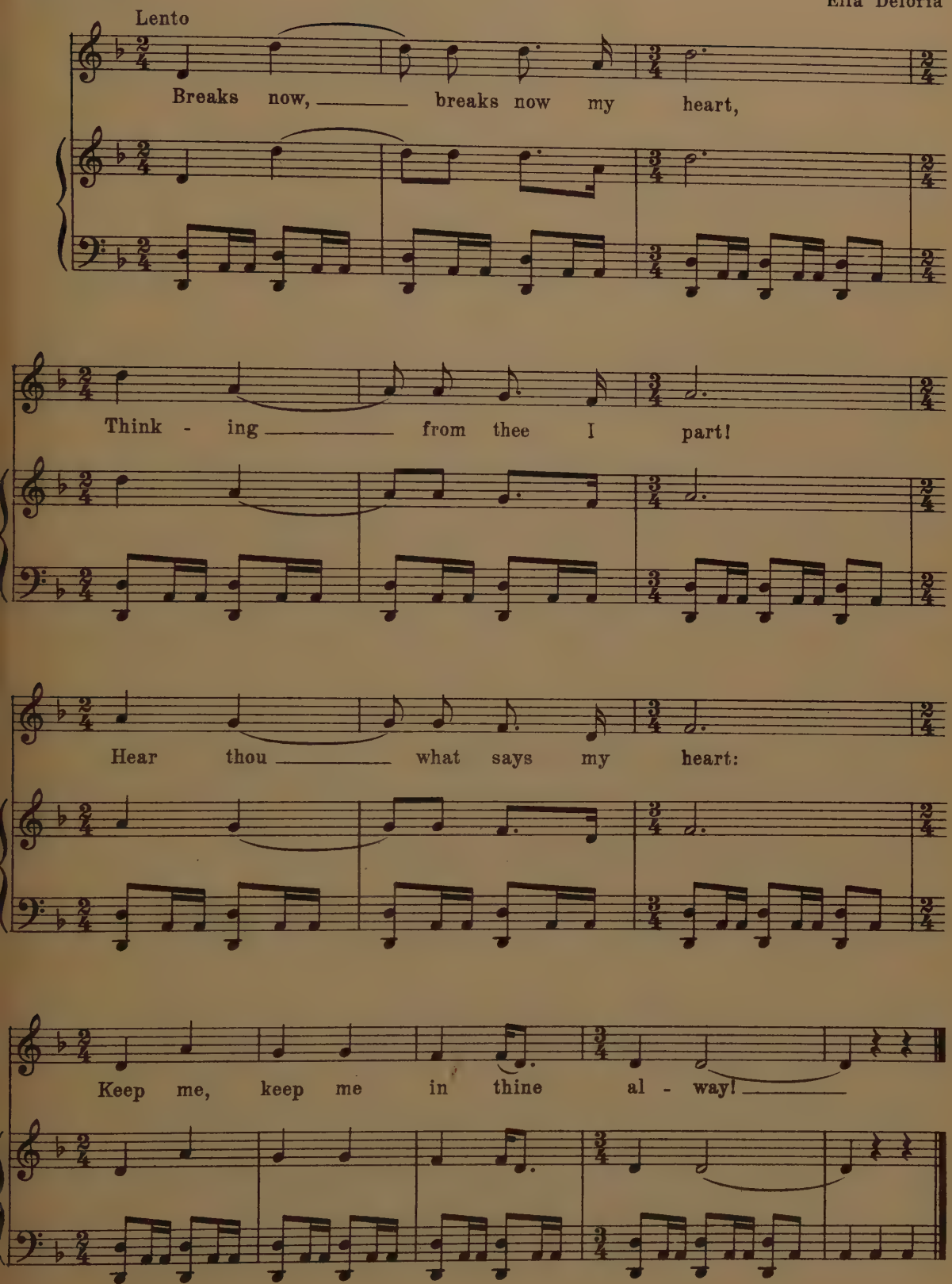
English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

AT PARTING

(Dakota Tribe)

Interpretation by
Mary Austin

As sung by
Ella Deloria



Cąnte Maśica

Cąnte maśica ce,
Cąnte maśica ce,
Cąnte maśica ce,
Ohiąni mi ksuya uą na.

At Parting

Breaks now, breaks now my heart,
Thinking from thee I part!
Hear thou what says my heart:
Keep me, keep me in thine alway!

Dreams now, dreams now my heart,
Weeping, awake I start,
Thinking again we part.
Dream thou, perchance thy dream will stay!

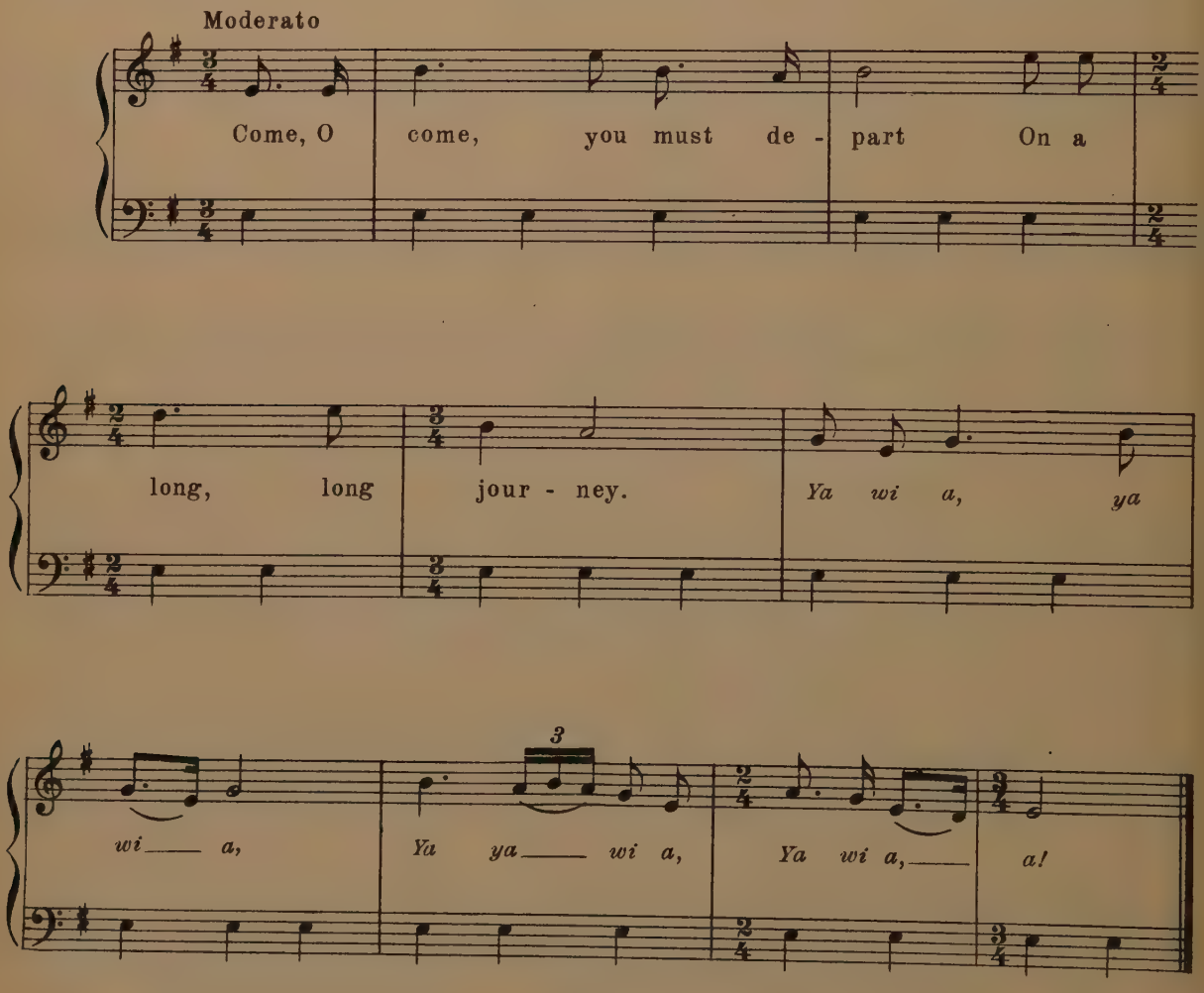
Interpretation by
MARY AUSTIN

English version by
Frances Densmore

FAREWELL TO THE WARRIORS

(Chippewa Tribe)

Recorded by
Frances Densmore



Umbe Animadjag

Umbe anĭmadjag wasûgidijamĭn.

Ya wi a, ya wi a, ya ya wi a,
Ya wi a, a.

Farewell to the Warriors

Come, O come, you must depart
On a long, long journey.

Ya wi a, ya wi a, ya ya wi a,
Ya wi a, a.

English version by
FRANCES DENSMORE

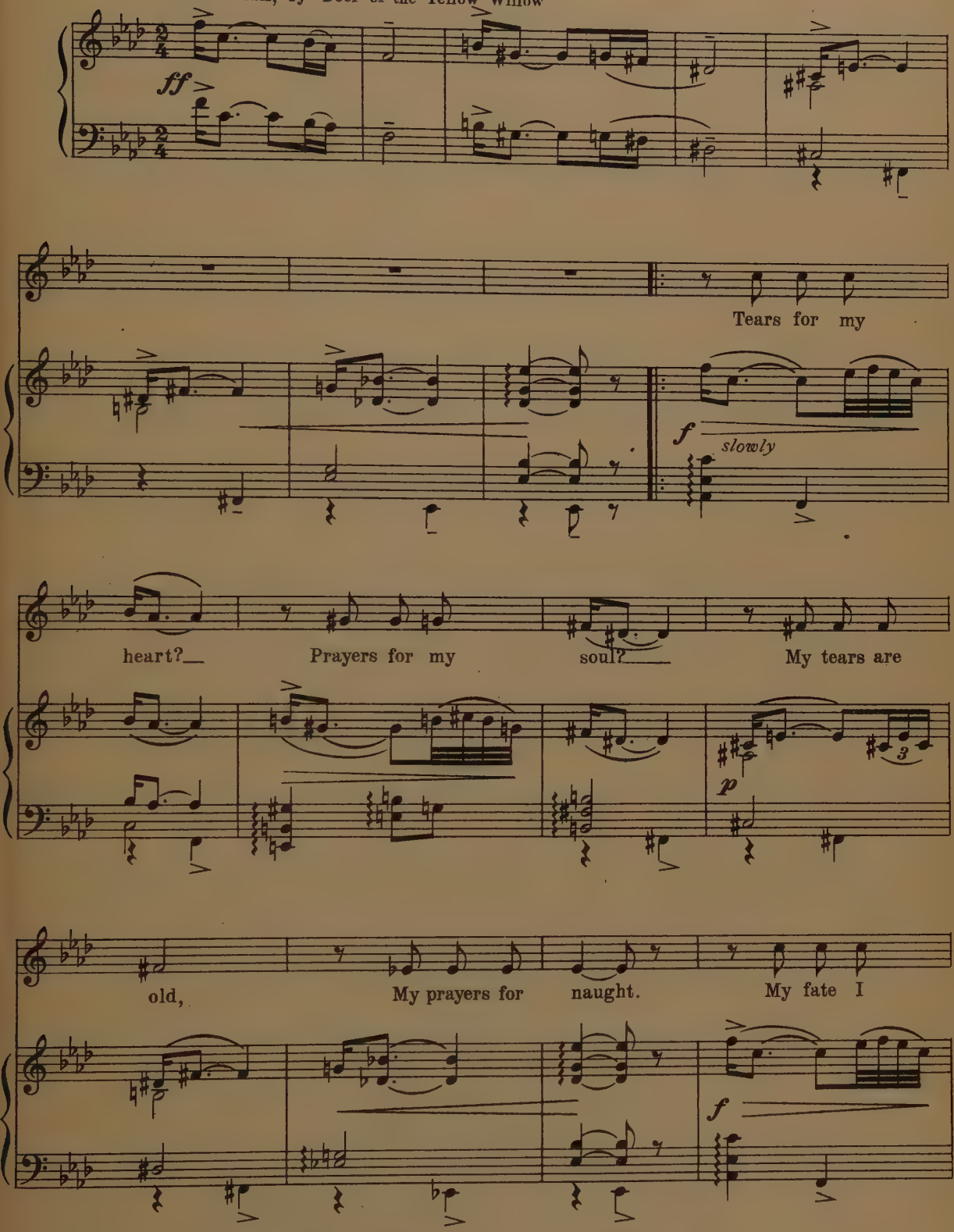
HER BLANKET

(Navajo Tribe)

Lento

Flute call, by "Deer of the Yellow Willow"

Thurlow Lieurance



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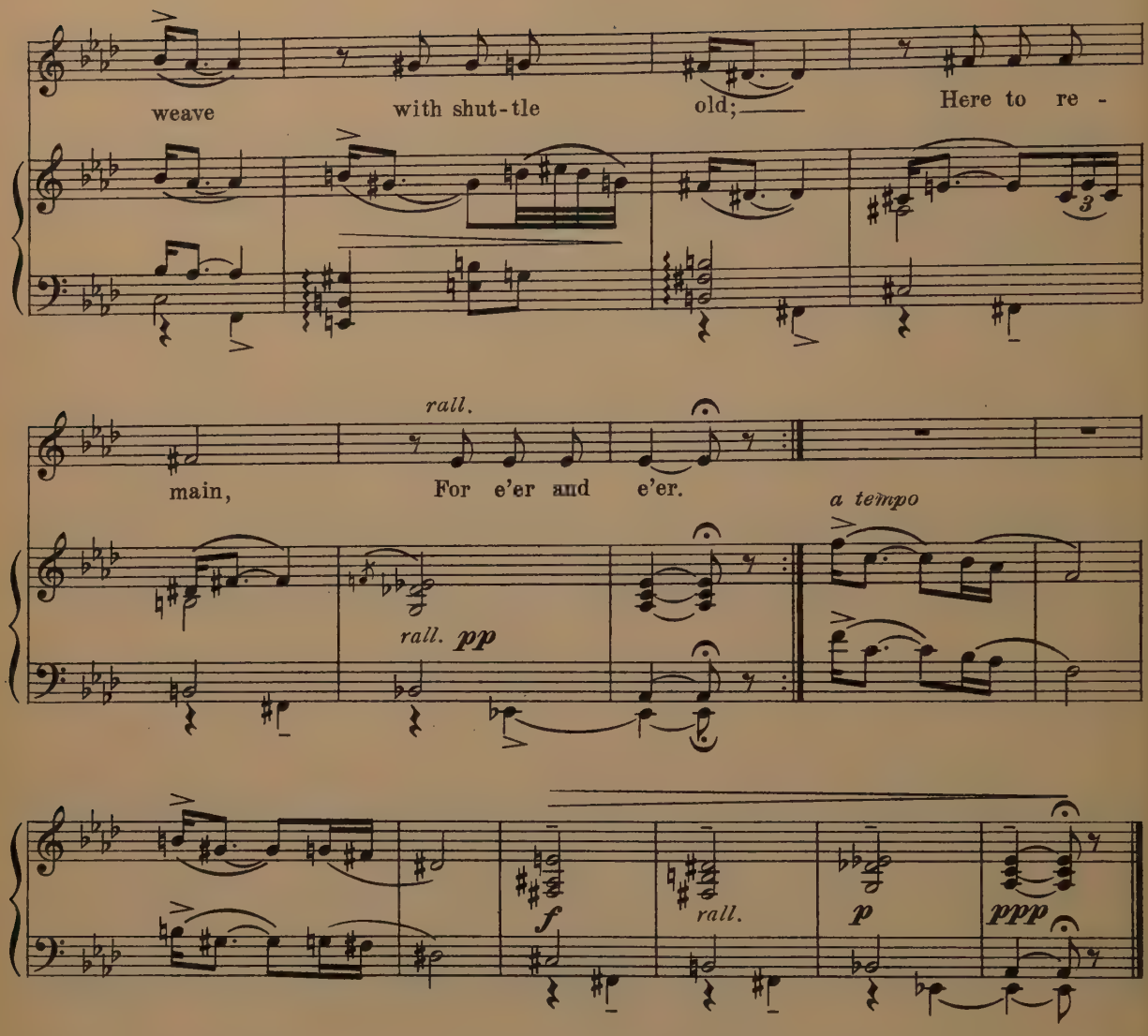
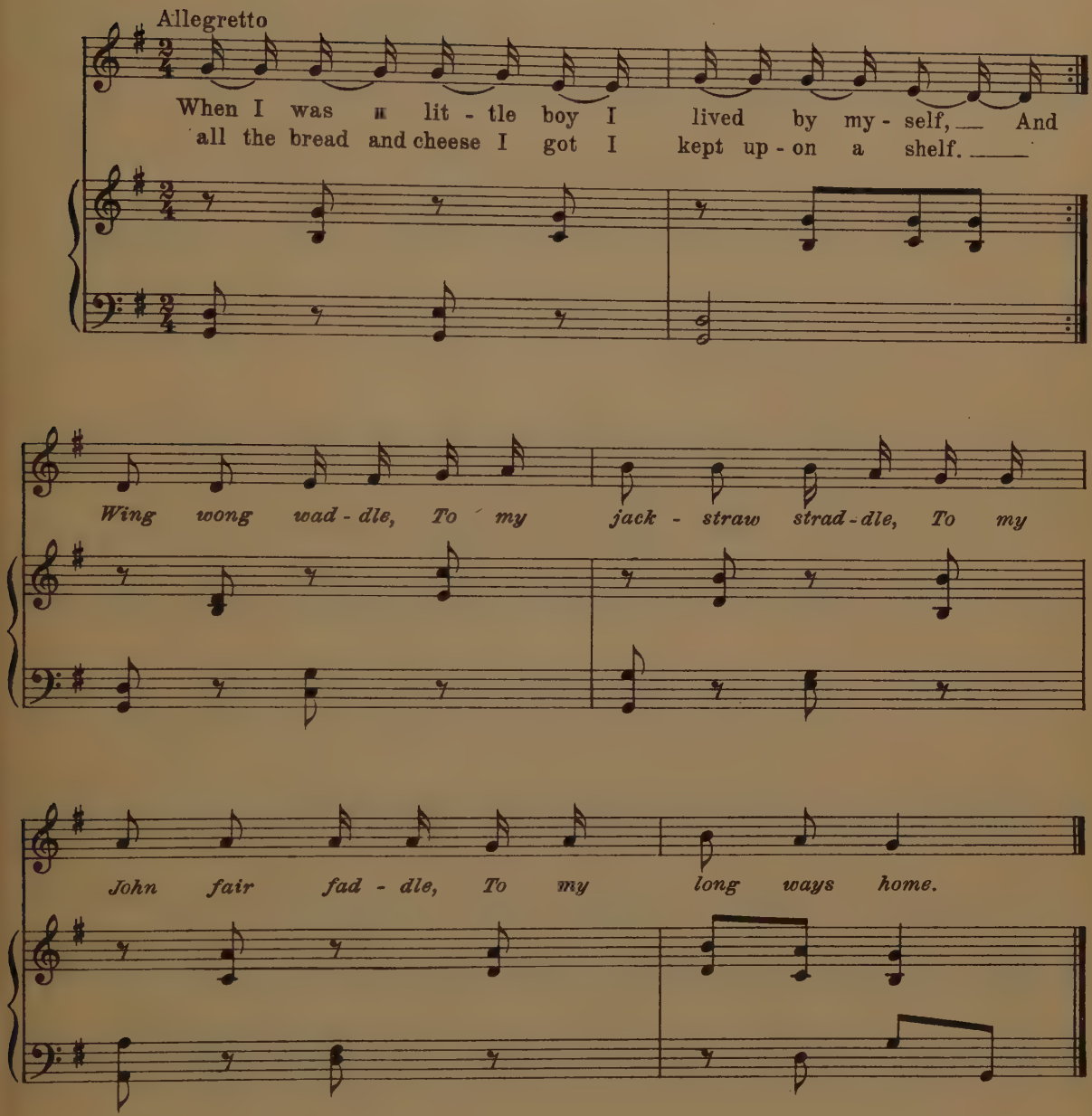


Her Blanket

Tears for my heart? Prayers for my soul?
My tears are old,
My prayers for naught.
My fate I weave with shuttle old;
Here to remain
For e'er and e'er.

My life is written, scarlet and black,
Here to remain
For e'er and e'er.
My love has flown; my tears are old;
The land of ghosts
Calls for my soul.

The text is translated from the Indians' expressions. The Indian woman weaves the events of her life in figures. Her sorrow and her hopes are pictured in the blanket. It is the only history and the only manner in which the Navajo can write his or her life's history.


Allegretto
When I was a lit - tle boy I lived by my - self, And
all the bread and cheese I got I kept up - on a shelf.
Wing wong wad - dle, To my jack - straw strad - dle, To my
John fair fad - dle, To my long ways home.

The Swapping Song

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I kept upon a shelf.

Wing wong waddle,
To my jack-straw straddle,
To my John fair faddle,
To my long ways home.

The rats and the mice, they led me such a life,
I had to go to London to buy me a wife.

The lanes were so long and the streets were so narrow
I had to bring her home in an old wheelbarrow.

The wheelbarrow broke and my wife got a fall,
Down came wheelbarrow, little wife and all.

Swapped my wheelbarrow and got me a horse,
Then I rode from cross to cross.

Swapped my horse and got me a mare,
Then I rode from fare to fare.

Swapped my mare and got me a mule,
Then I rode like a dag-gone fool.

Swapped my mule and got me a cow,
In that trade I just learned how.

Swapped my cow and got me a calf,
In that trade I just lost half.

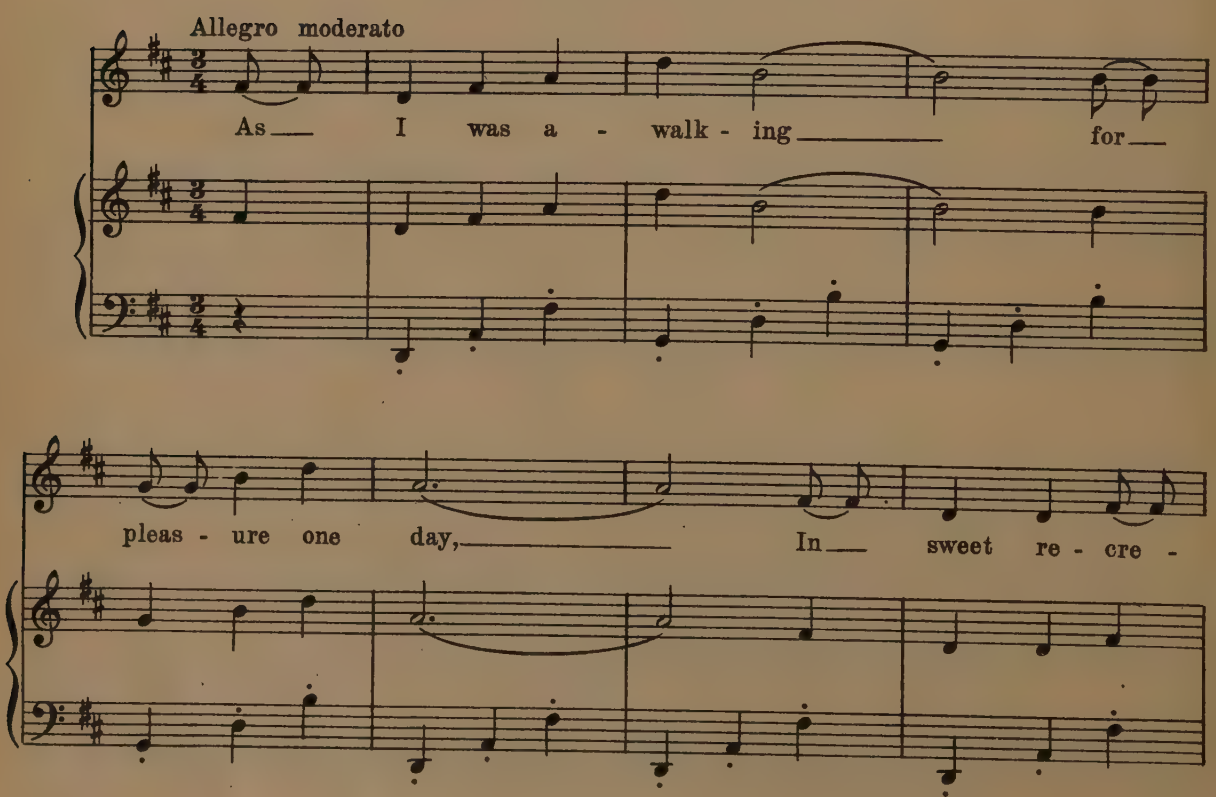
Swapped my calf and got me a sheep,
Then I rode myself to sleep.

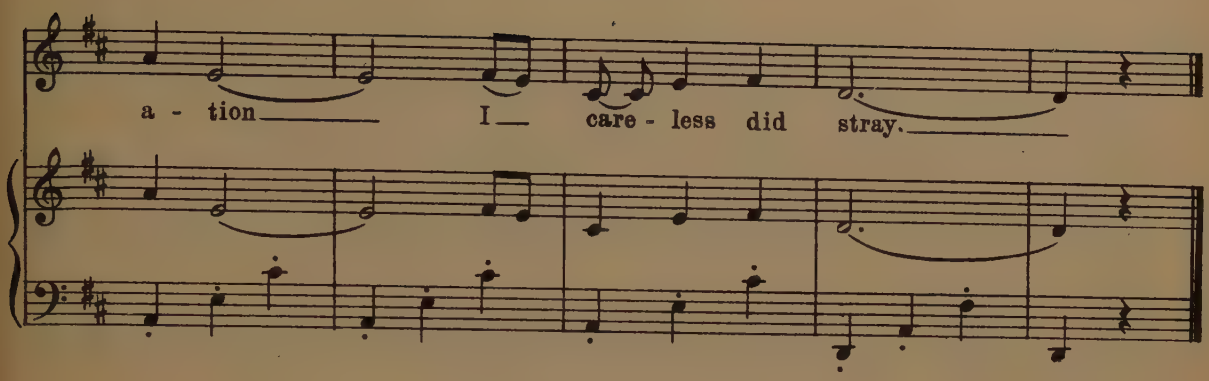
Swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
Oh, what a pretty thing I had then!

Swapped my hen and got me a rat,
Put it on the haystack away from the cat.

Swapped my rat and got me a mole,
Dag-gone thing ran straight to its hole!

THE LITTLE MOHEE





The Little Mohee

As I was a-walking for pleasure one day,
In sweet recreation I careless did stray.

As I sat a-musing, myself on the grass,
O who did I spy but a young Indian lass.

She came, sat down by me, took hold of my hand
And said, "You re a stranger and in a strange land.

My father's a chieftain, a chieftain is he;
I'm his only daughter; my name is Mohee;

And if you will follow you're welcome to come
And dwell in the cottage which I call it my home."

"O no, my dear maiden, that never can be,
I have a dear sweetheart and I know that she loves me.

I will not forsake her; I know she loves me;
Her heart is as true as any Mohee."

It was early one morning, one morning in May;
I broke her fond heart by the words that I did say:

"I'm going to leave you, so fare you well, my dear,
My ship's sails are spreading and home I must steer."

The last time I saw her she stood on the strand,
And as my ship passed by her waved me her hand,

Saying, "When you get over to the girl that you love
Remember little Mohee in the cocoanut grove."

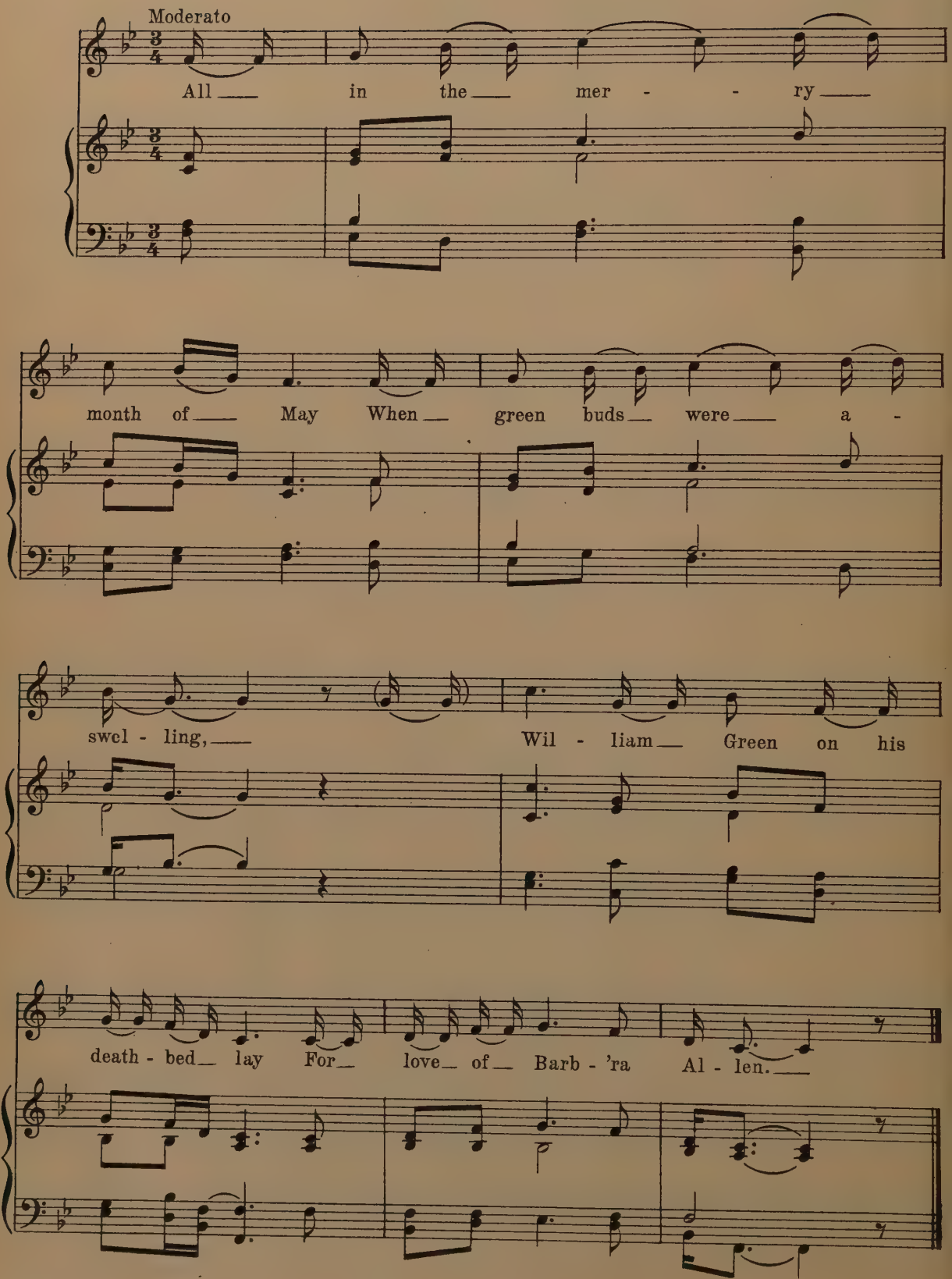
My friends and companions around me I see;
But none can compare with the little Mohee.

The girl I had trusted had proved untrue to me;
I turned my course backward far over the sea.

I turned my course backward, and backward did flee
To spend my last days with the little Mohee.

BARBARA ALLEN

Arranged by
Arthur Foote


Moderato
All in the mer - ry
month of May When green buds were a -
swel - ling, Wil - liam Green on his
death - bed lay For love of Barb - 'ra Al - len.

Barbara Allen

All in the merry month of May
When green buds were a-swelling,
William Green on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying, "Love, there is a call for you
If your name is Barbara Allen."

She was very slowly getting up
And very slowly going;
The only words she said to him
Were, "Young man, I think you're dying.

"Don't you remember the other day
When you were in town a-drinking,
You drank a health to the ladies all around
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

"O yes, I remember the other day
When I was in town a-drinking,
I drank a health to the ladies all around,
But my love to Barbara Allen."

He turned his pale face to the wall,
And death was in him dwelling;
"Adieu, adieu to my friends all;
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

When she got in two miles of town
She heard the death bells ringing.
They rang so clear, as if to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

So she looked east and she looked west
And saw the cold corpse coming.
She says, "Come round, you nice young man,
And let me look upon you."

The more she looked, the more she grieved
Until she burst out crying,
"Perhaps I could have saved that young man's life
Who now is here a-lying.

"O mother, O mother, come make my bed;
O make it both soft and narrow;
For sweet William died today,
And I will die tomorrow.

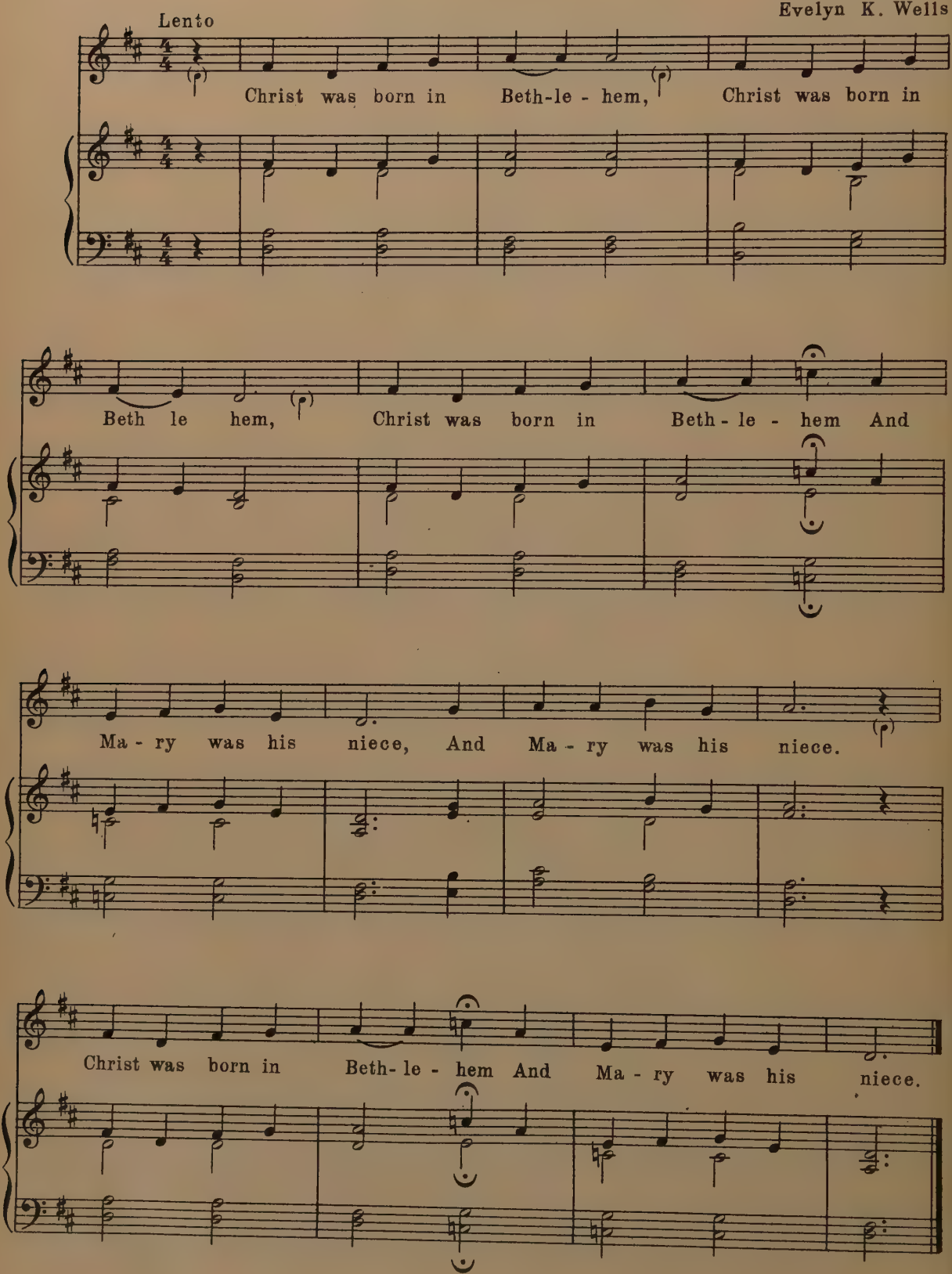
"O father, O father, come dig my grave;
O dig it deep and narrow;
For sweet William died in love,
And I will die in sorrow."

Sweet William was buried in the old church tomb,
Barbara Allen was buried in the yard;
Out of William's heart grew a red rose;
Out of Barbara Allen's grew a brier.

They grew and grew to the old church tower,
And they could not grow any higher;
And at the end tied a true lover's knot,
And the rose wrapped around the brier.

CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM

Recorded by
Evelyn K. Wells


Lento
Christ was born in Beth-le - hem, Christ was born in
Beth le hem, Christ was born in Beth - le - hem And
Ma - ry was his niece, And Ma - ry was his niece.
Christ was born in Beth- le - hem And Ma - ry was his niece.

Christ Was Born in Bethlehem

Christ was born in Bethlehem
And Mary was his niece.

Judas he betrayed him,
And sold him to the Jews.

Joseph begged his body
And laid it in the tomb.

The tomb it would not hold him;
It burst the bans of death.

So earl-i in the morning,
Mary came weeping.

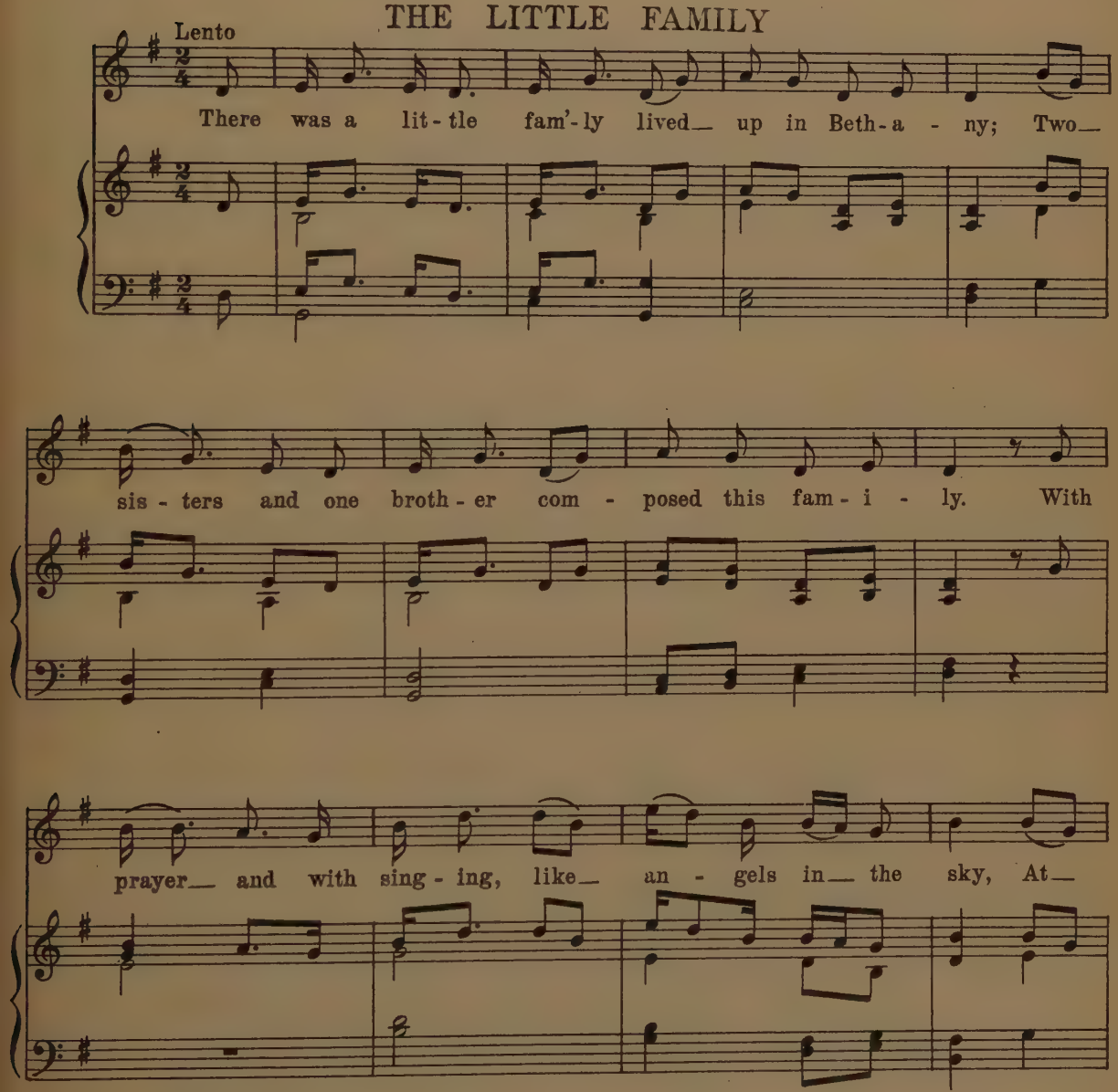
For angels took a-hold of the corner
And rolled the stone away.

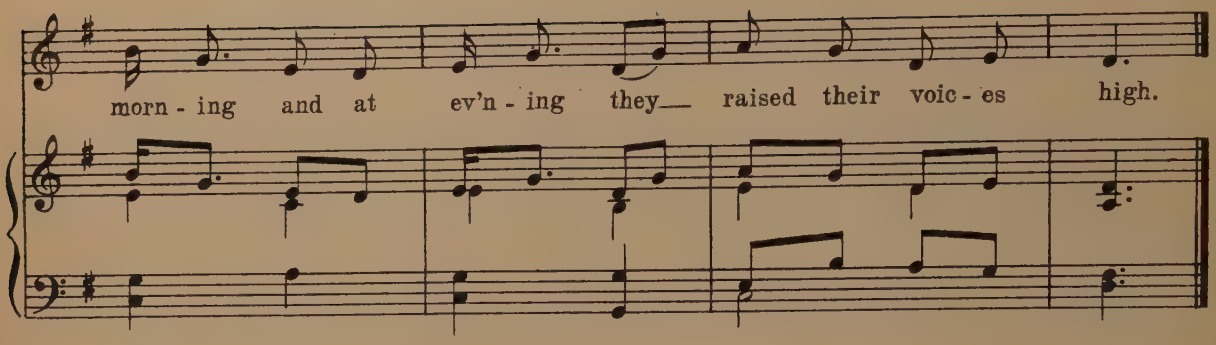
"On, what's the matter, Mary?"
"They stole my Lord away!"

"Oh, go and tell my brethering
That Jesus has arose."

So Jesus he arose,
And arose from the dead.

THE LITTLE FAMILY


Lento
There was a lit-tle fam'-ly lived up in Beth-a-ny; Two
sis-ters and one broth-er com-posed this fam-i-ly. With
prayer and with sing-ing, like an-gels in the sky, At



The Little Family

There was a little family lived up in Bethany;
Two sisters and one brother composed this family.
With prayer and with singing, like angels in the sky,
At morning and at evening they raised their voices high.

They lived in peace and pleasure for many a lonely year,
And laid away their treasure beyond this vale of tears.
Though poor and without money, their kindness made amends,
Their house was ever open to Jesus and his friends.

Although they lived so happy, so kind, so pure and good,
Their brother was afflicted and by it thrown in bed.
Poor Martha and her sister, they wept aloud and cried;
But still he grew no better; he lingered on and died.

The Jews came to the sisters, laid Lazarus in the tomb,
And tried for to comfort and drive away their gloom.
When Jesus heard the tidings, far in a distant land,
So swiftly did he travel to see that lonely band.

And while he was a-coming Martha met him on the way,
And told him that her brother had died and passed away,
He blessed and he cheered her, and told her not to weep,
For in him was the power to raise him from his sleep.

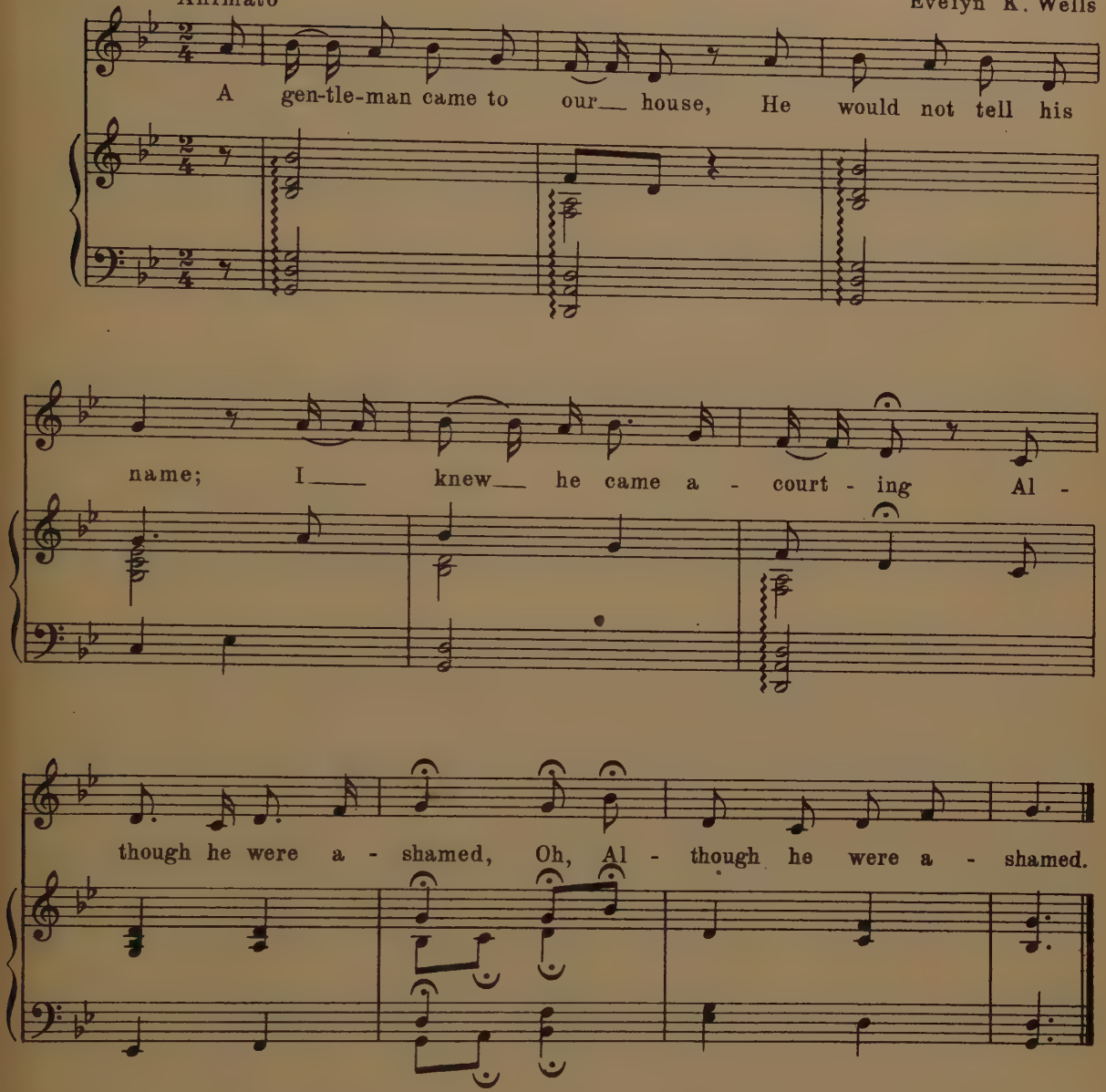
Yet while he was a-coming Mary met him, lonely too;
Down at his feet a-weeping rehearsed the tale of woe.
When Jesus saw her weeping, he fell a-weeping too,
And wept until they showed him where Lazarus was entombed.

He rolled away the cover and looked upon the grave,
And prayed unto his Father his loving friend to save;
And Lazarus, in full power, came from the gloomy mound;
And in full life and vigor he walked upon the ground.

So all you who love Jesus and do his holy will,
Like Mary and like Martha, you'll always use him well.
He'll comfort and redeem you and take you to the skies,
And bid you live forever where pleasure never dies.

AUNT LEAH'S SONG

Recorded by
Evelyn K. Wells


Animato
A gen-tle-man came to our house, He would not tell his
name; I knew he came a - court - ing Al -
though he were a - shamed, Oh, Al - though he were a - shamed.

Aunt Leah's Song

A gentleman came to our house,
He would not tell his name;
I knew he came a-courting
Although he were ashamed.

He moved his chair up by my side;
His fancy pleased me well;
I thought the spirit moved him
Some handsome tale to tell.

Oh, there he sat the livelong night,
And not a word did say;
And many a sigh and bitter groan,
He ofttimes wished for day.

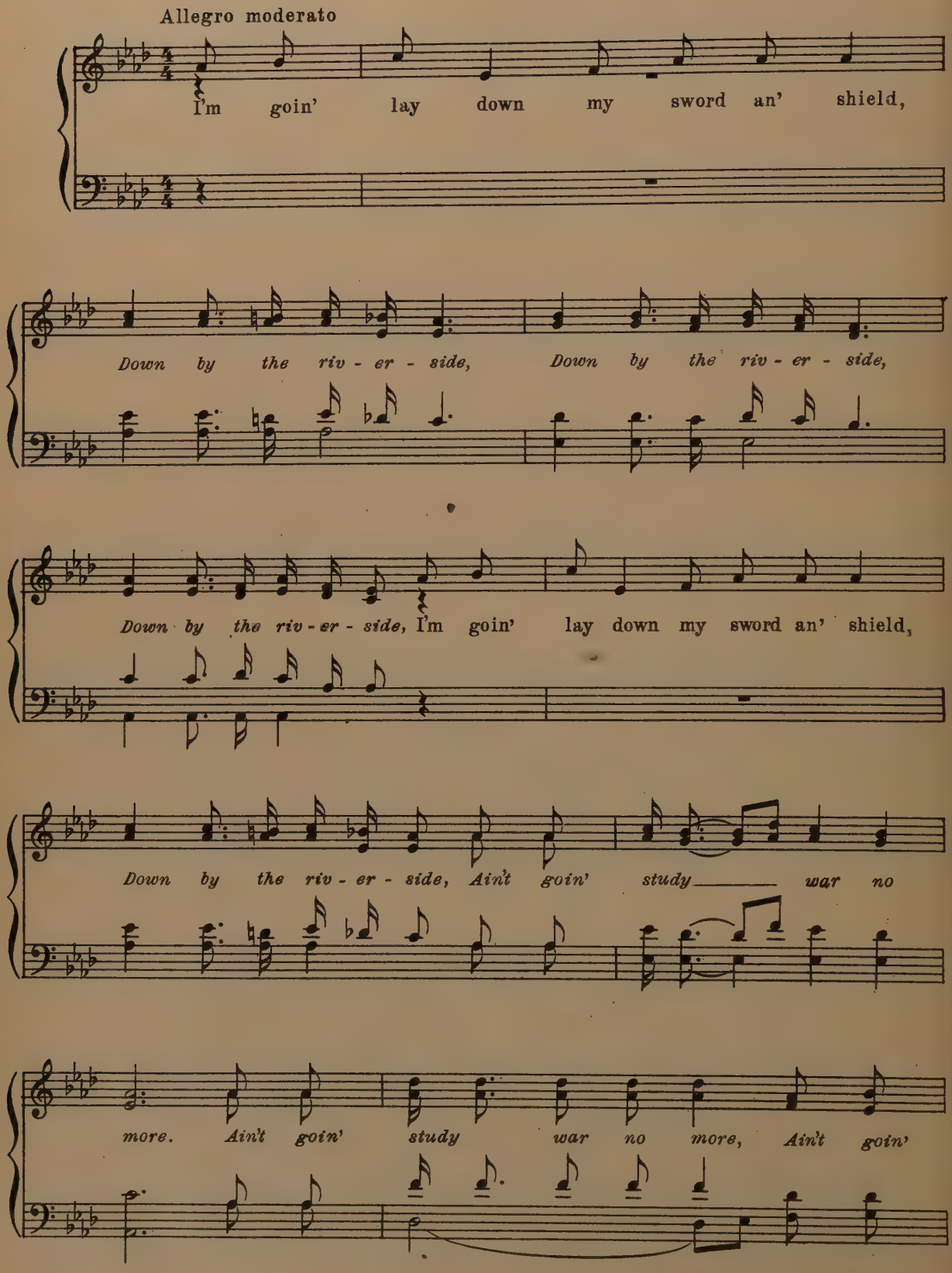
The chickens they began to crow
And daylight did appear.
"How-dye-do, good morning, sir,
I'm glad to see you here!"

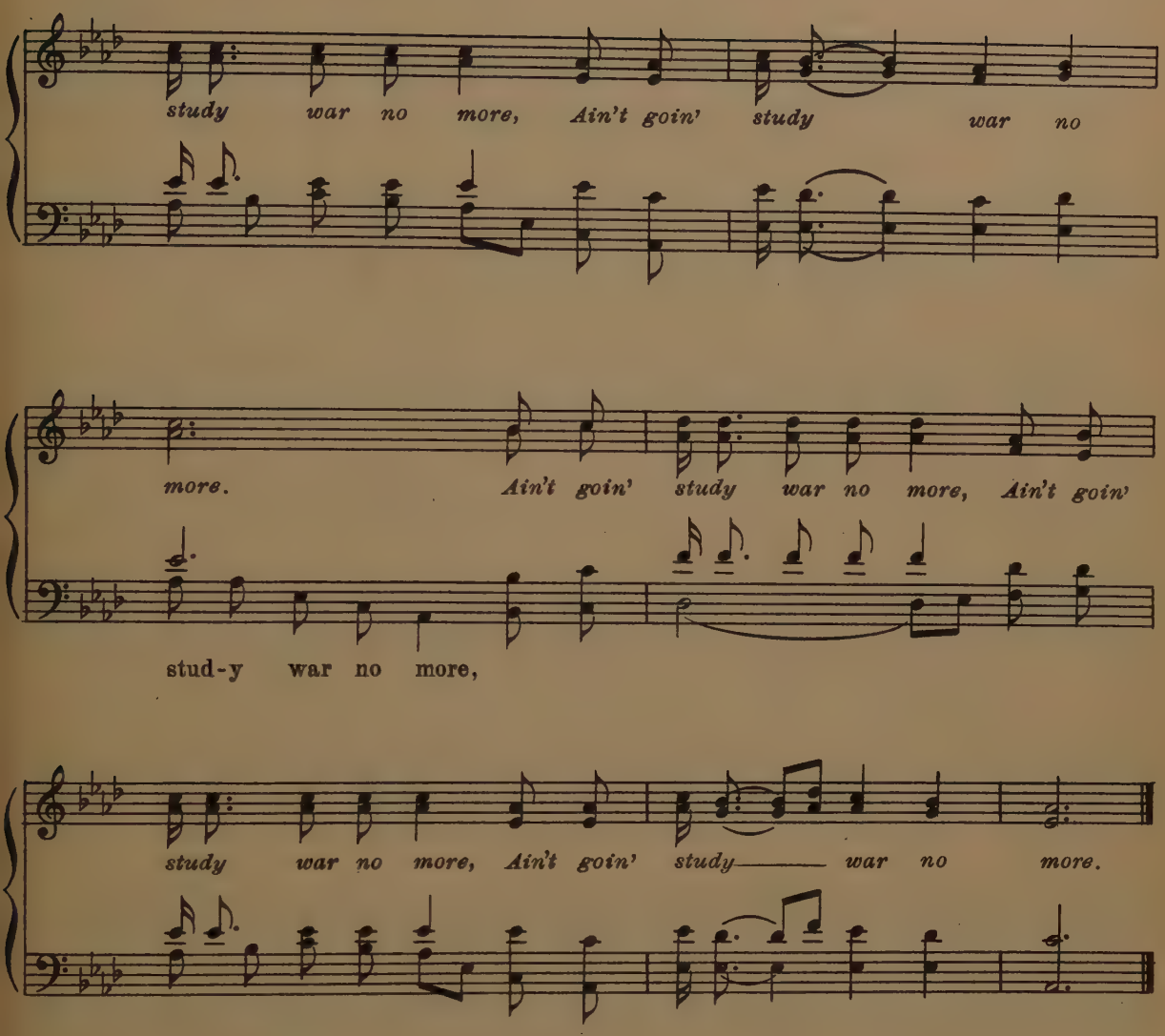
"It's weary of the livelong night,
It's weary of my life;
If this is what you call courting, boys,
I'll never take a wife!"

And when he goes in company
The girls all laugh for sport,
Saying, "Yonder comes that same dang fool
Who don't know how to court!"

AIN'T GOIN' STUDY WAR NO MORE

As sung at
Fisk University


Allegro moderato
I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,
Down by the riv - er - side, Down by the riv - er - side,
Down by the riv - er - side, I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,
Down by the riv - er - side, Ain't goin' study war no
more. Ain't goin' study war no more, Ain't goin'


study war no more, Ain't goin' study war no
more. Ain't goin' study war no more, Ain't goin'
stud-y war no more,
study war no more, Ain't goin' study war no more.

Ain't Goin' Study War No More

I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,
Down by the riverside,]3
I'm goin' lay down my sword an' shield,
Down by the riverside,
Ain't goin' study war no more.

I'm goin' put on my long white robe.

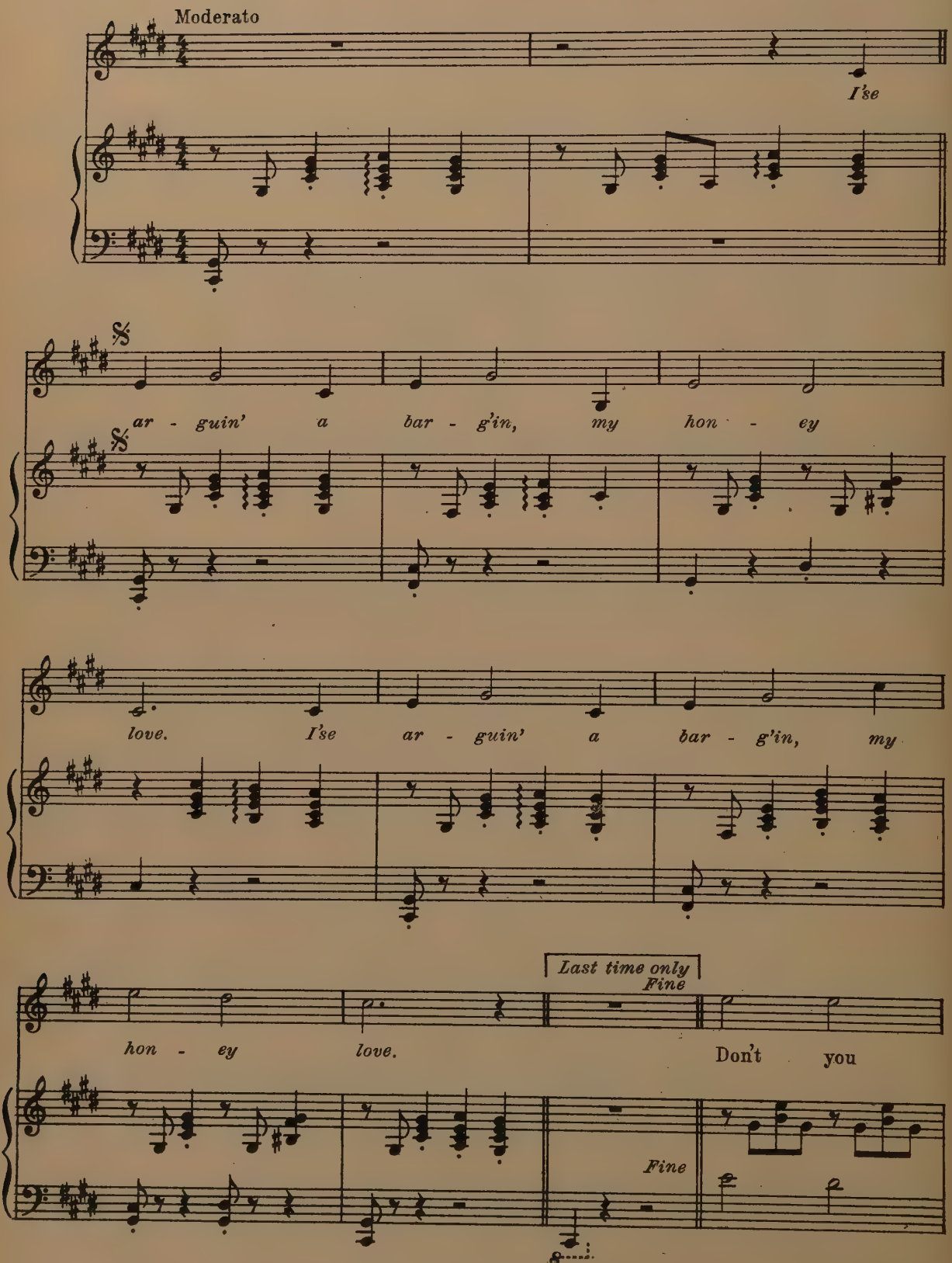
I'm goin' put on my starry crown.

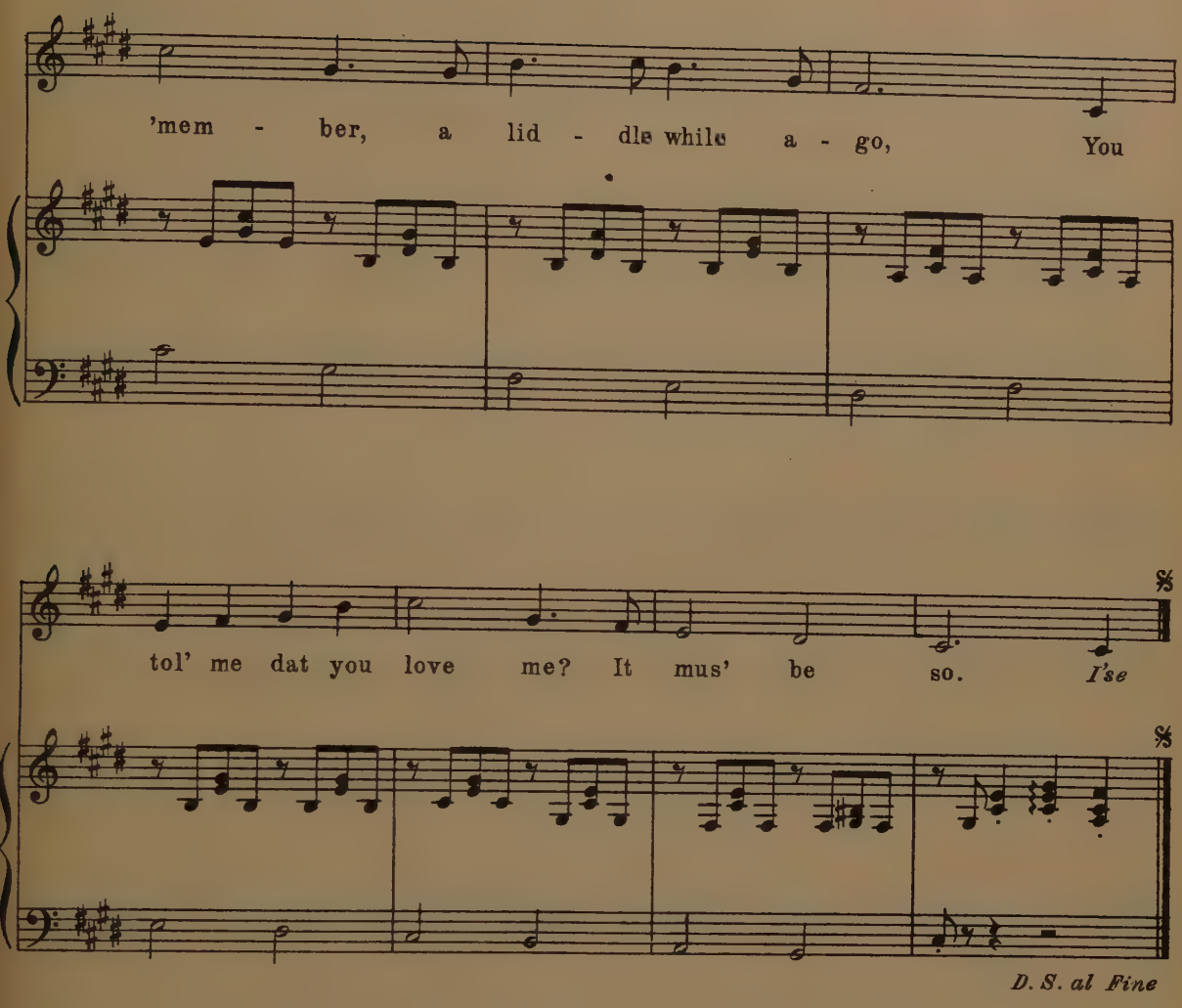
I'm goin' put on my golden shoes.

I'm goin' talk with the Prince of Peace.

ARGUING THE BARGAIN

Arranged by
Sonoma Talley





Arguing the Bargain

I'se arguin' a barg'in, my honey love,
I'se arguin' a barg'in, my honey love.

Don't you 'member, a liddle while ago,
You tol' me dat you love me? It mus' be so.

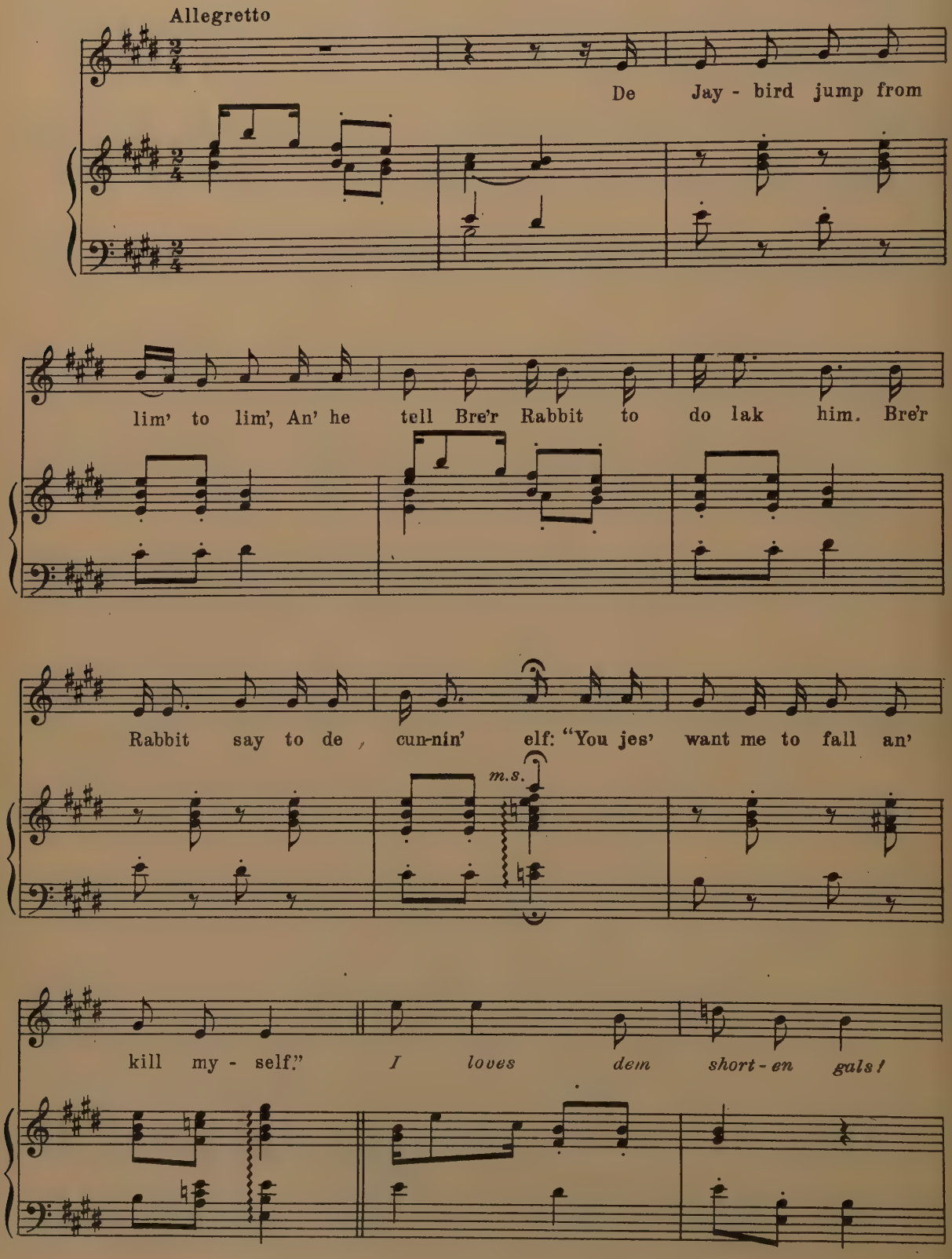
Heart's all love, an' dat love it seem to grow.
O you mus' love me, darlin'; it can be so.

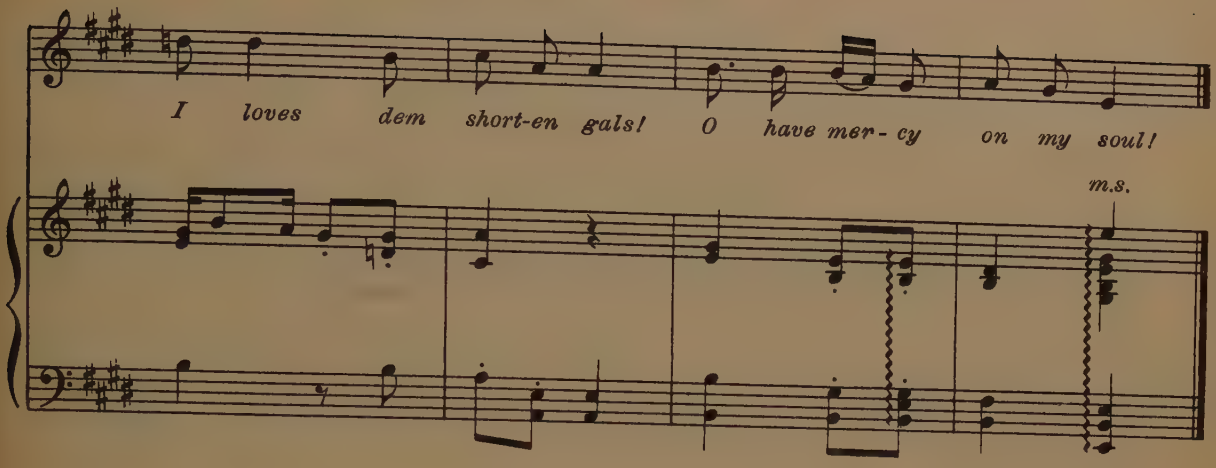
If you don't love me I'll sorrow way below,
I'll die an' go to Glory! It will be so.

JAYBIRD

Arranged by
Sonoma Talley

Allegretto


De Jay - bird jump from
lim' to lim', An' he tell Bre'r Rabbit to do lak him. Bre'r
Rabbit say to de cun-nin' elf: "You jes' want me to fall an'
m.s.
kill my - self." I loves dem short - en gals!



Jaybird

De Jaybird jump from lim' to lim',
An' he tell Bre'r Rabbit to do lak him.
Bre'r Rabbit say to de cunnin' elf:
"You jes' want me to fall an' kill myself."

I loves dem shorten gals!
I loves dem shorten gals!
O have mercy on my soul!

Dat Jaybird a-settin' on a swingin' lim',
He wink at me an' I wink at him.
He laugh at me w'en my gun "crack";
It kick me down on de flat o' my back.

Nex' day de Jaybird dance dat lim',
I grabs my gun fer to shoot at him.
W'en I "crack" down, it split my chin.
*"Ole Aggie Cunjer" fly lak sin.

Way down yon'er at de risin' sun,
Jaybird a'talkin' wid a forked tongue.
He's been down dar whar de bad mens dwell—
†"Ole Friday Devil," fare-you-well!

---

*Witch woman.

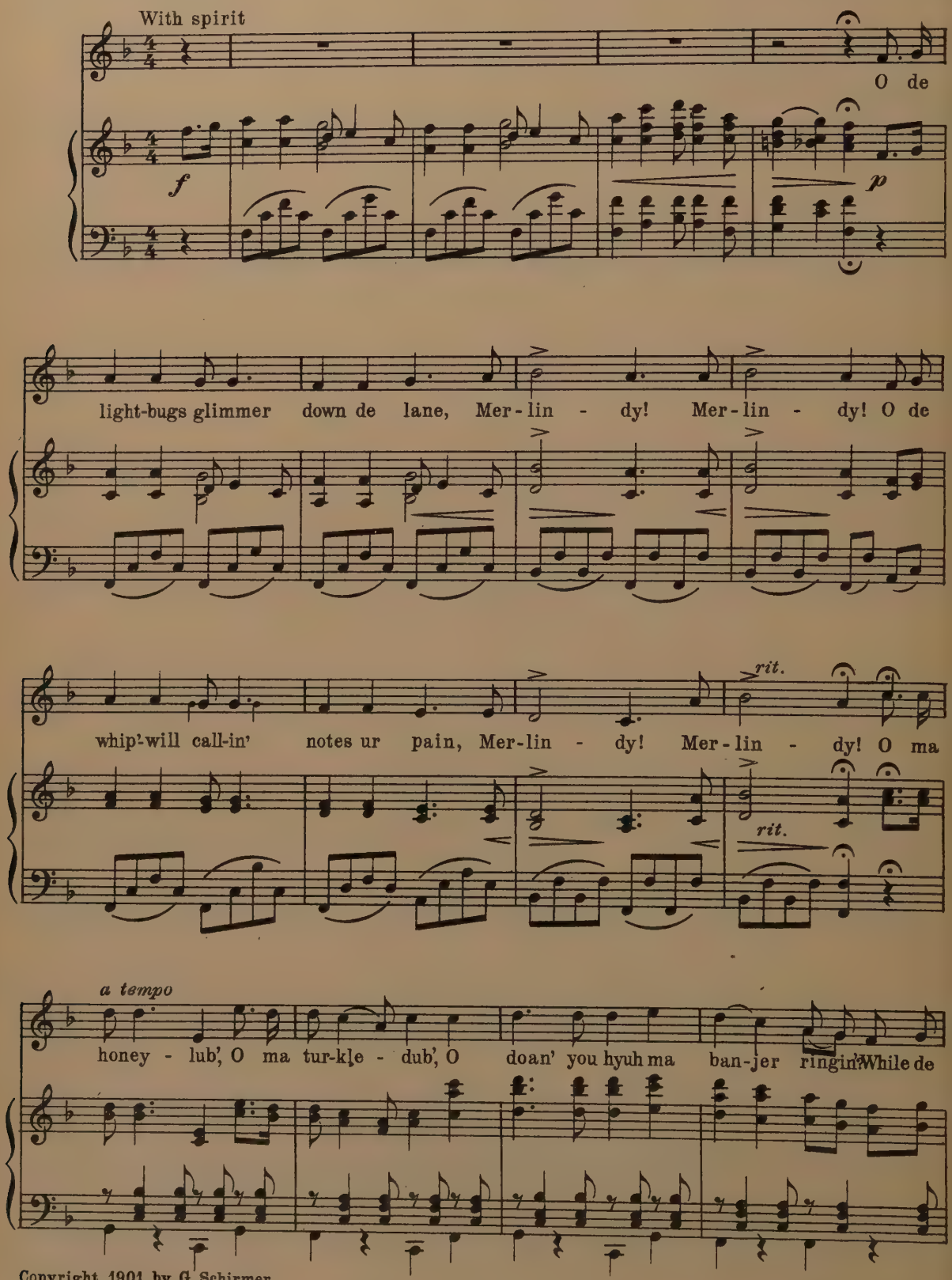
†"The old Negro superstition of slavery days which declared that it was almost impossible to find jaybirds on Friday because they went to Hades to carry sand to the Devil.

Melody and text from "Negro Folk Rhymes" by THOMAS W. TALLEY. *Copyright, 1922, by The Macmillan Company. Published by permission.*

MY MERLINDY BROWN

Words by
James Edwin Campbell

H. T. Burleigh


With spirit
O de
f
p
light-bugs glimmer down de lane, Mer-lin - dy! Mer-lin - dy! O de
whip-will call-in' notes ur pain, Mer-lin - dy! Mer-lin - dy! O ma
rit.
rit.
a tempo
honey - lub', O ma tur-kle - dub', O doan' you hyuh ma ban-jer ringin'While de

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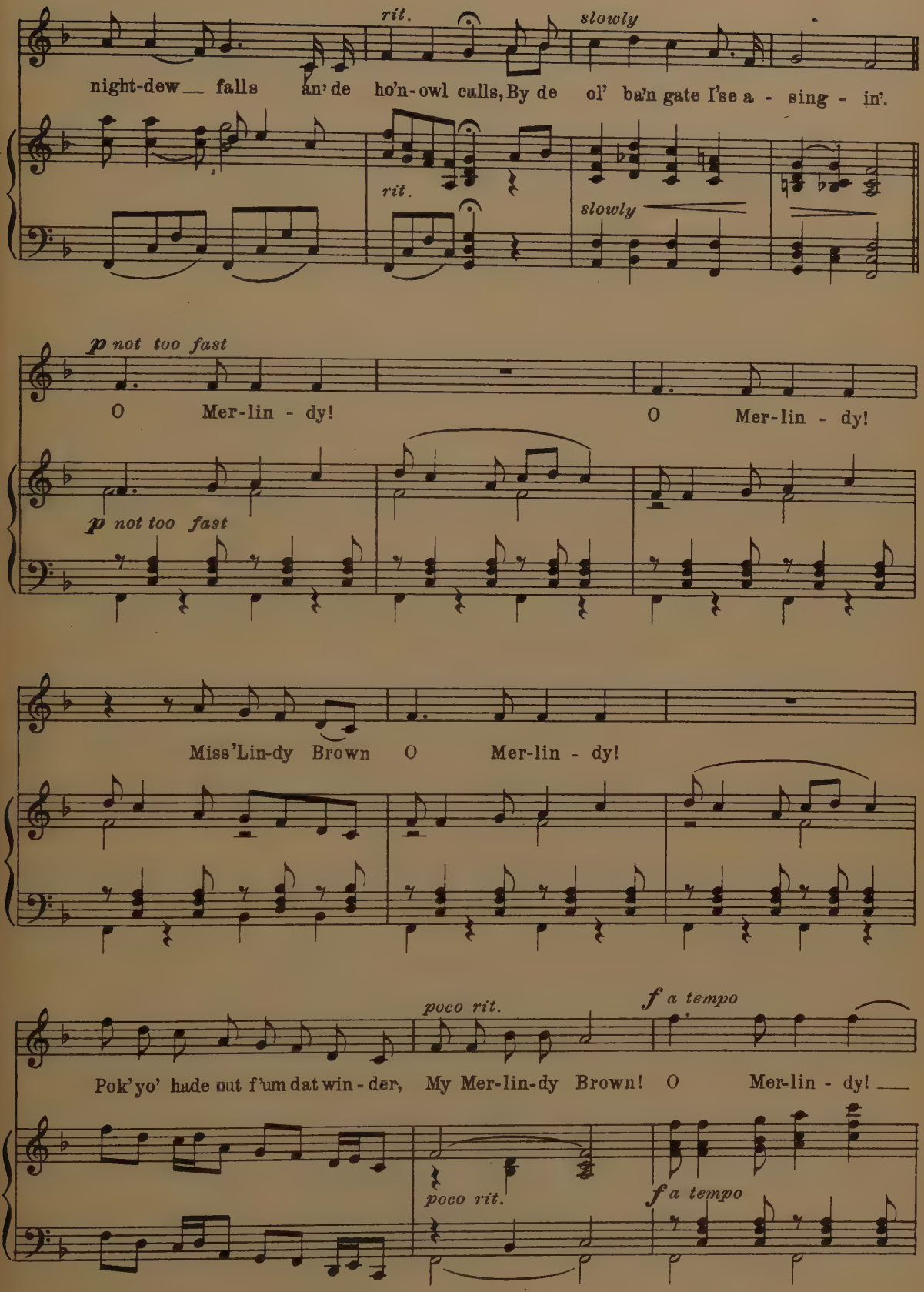
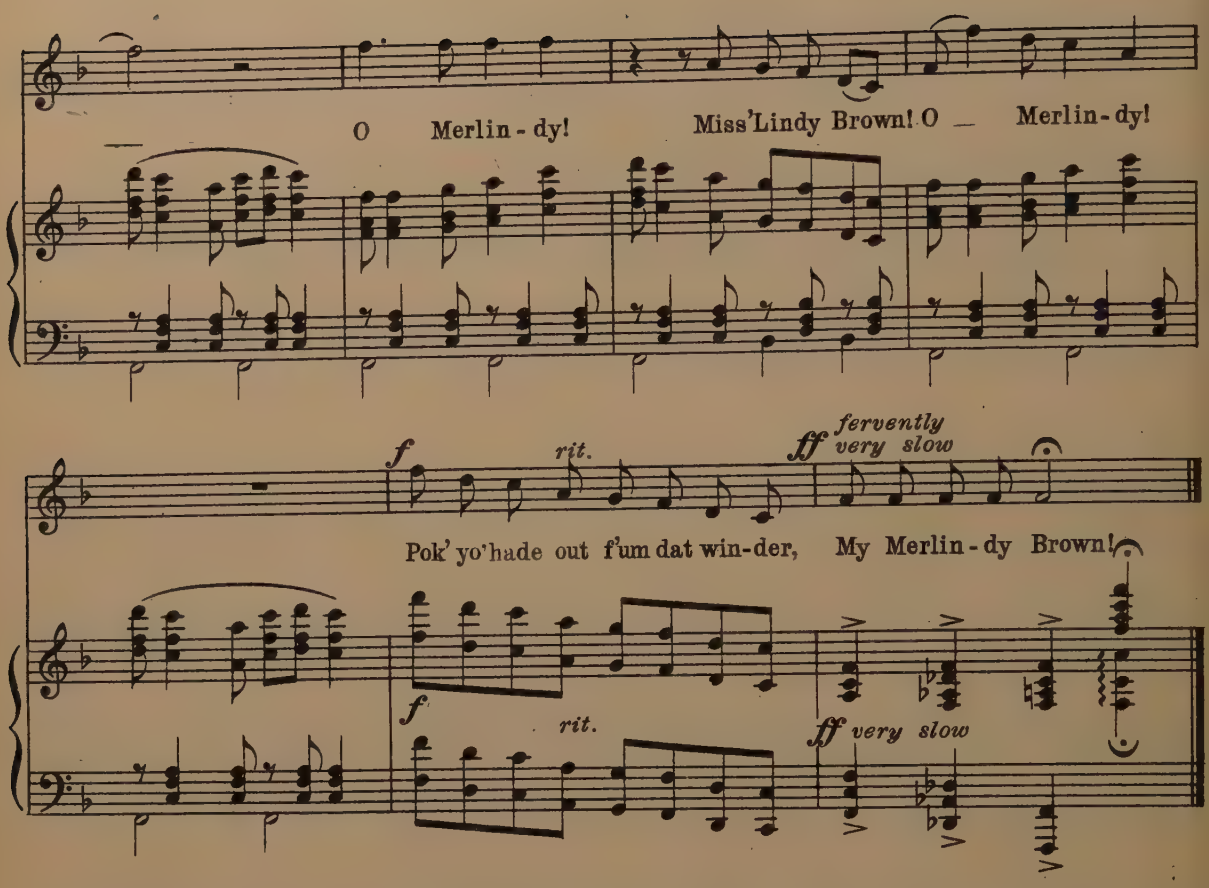

rit.
slowly
night-dew falls an' de ho'n-owl calls, By de ol' ba'n gate I'se a - sing - in'.
rit.
slowly
p not too fast
O Mer-lin - dy!
O Mer-lin - dy!
p not too fast
Miss'Lin-dy Brown O Mer-lin - dy!
poco rit.
f a tempo
Pok'yo' hade out f'um dat win - der, My Mer-lin-dy Brown! O Mer-lin - dy!
poco rit.
f a tempo


O Merlin - dy! Miss'Lindy Brown! O — Merlin - dy!
f rit. ff fervently very slow
Pok' yo'hade out f'um dat win-der, My Merlin - dy Brown!
f rit. ff very slow

My Merlindy Brown

O de light-bugs glimmer down de lane,
Merlindy! Merlindy!
O de whip'-will callin' notes ur pain,
Merlindy! Merlindy!
O ma honey-lub', O ma turkledub',
O doan' you hyuh ma banjer ringin'?
While de night-dew falls an' de ho'n-owl calls,
By de ol' ba'n gate I'se a-singin'.

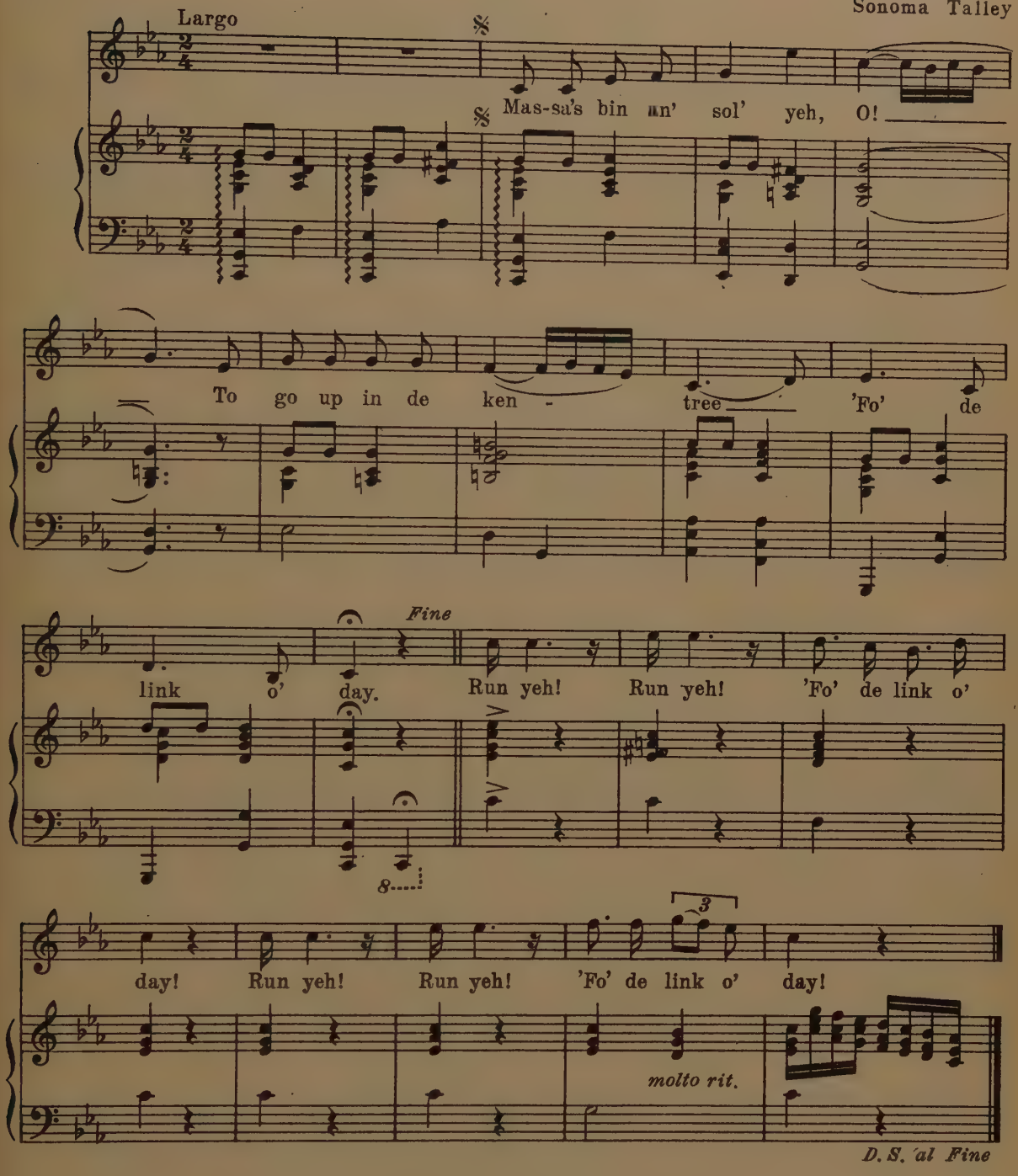
O Merlindy! O Merlindy!
Miss 'Lindy Brown!
O Merlindy!
Poke yo' hade out f'um dat winder,
My Merlindy Brown!

O Miss 'Lindy, don' you hyuh me, chil'?
Merlindy! Merlindy!
O ma lub' fur you des dribe me wil',
Merlindy! Merlindy!
I'll sing dis night 'tel de broad daylight,
Ur bus' ma thoat wid tryin',
Less-a you come down, Miss 'Lindy Brown,
An' stops dis ha't fum a-sighin'.

JAMES EDWIN CAMPBELL

LINK O' DAY

Arranged by
Sonoma Talley


Largo
Mas-sa's bin an' sol' yeh, O!
To go up in de ken - tree 'Fo' de
Fine
link o' day. Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o'
day! Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!
molto rit.
D. S. al Fine

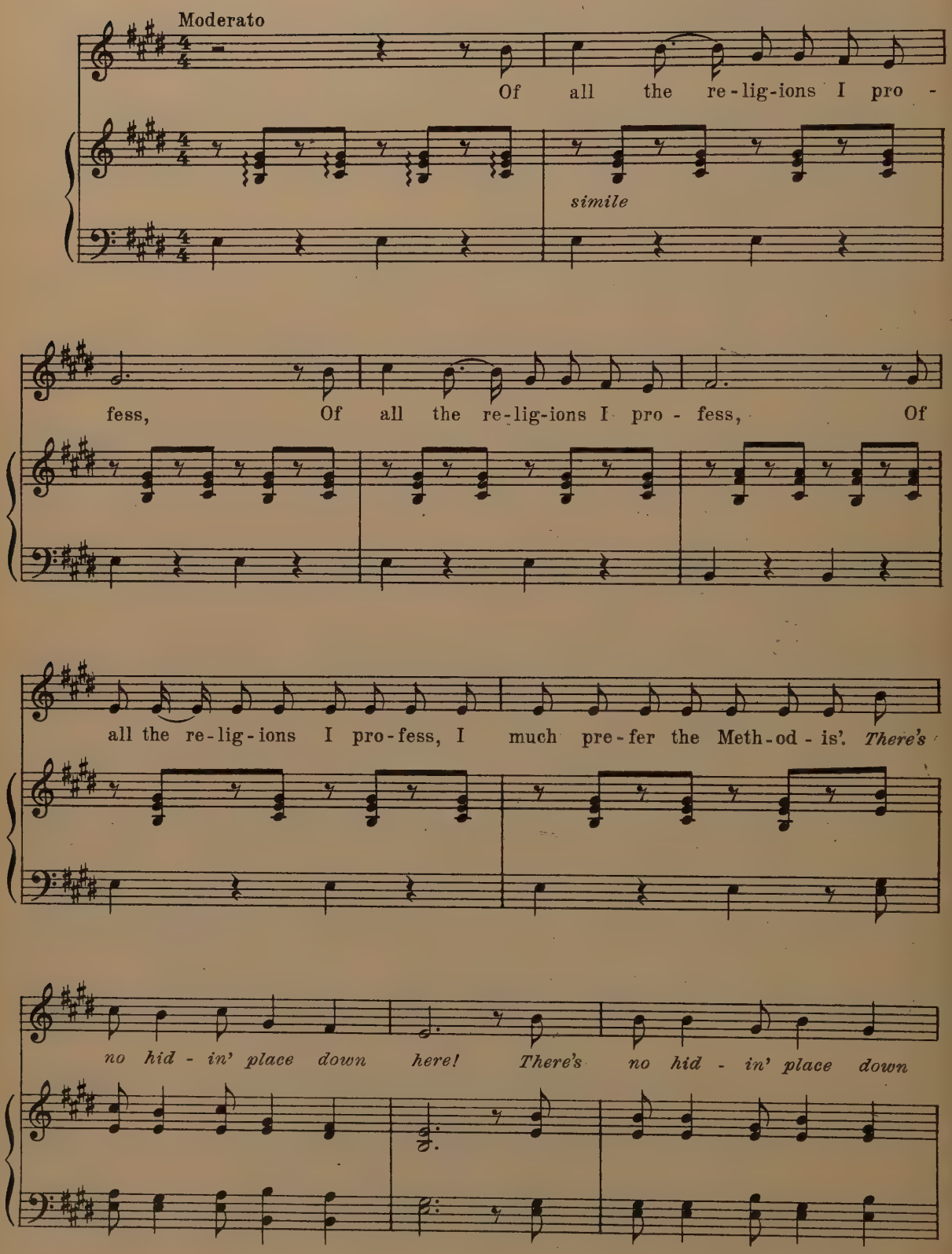
Link o' Day*

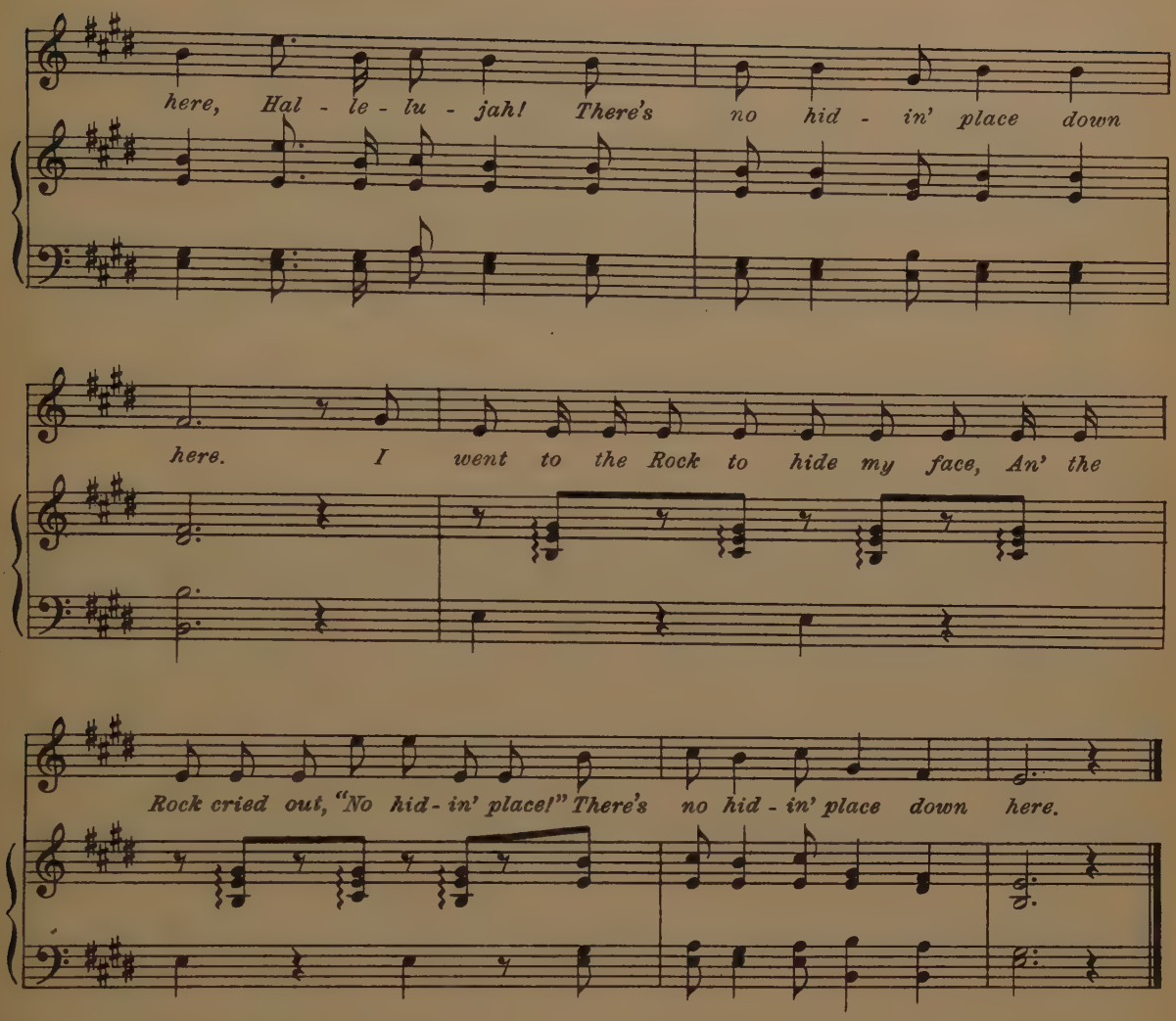
Massa's bin an' sol' yeh, O!
To go up in de kentree
'Fo' de link o' day.
Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!
Run yeh! Run yeh! 'Fo' de link o' day!

* Link o' day—dawn.

NO HIDIN' PLACE

Recorded by
Pauline Worth Hamlin


Moderato
Of all the re-lig-ions I pro -
simile
fess, Of all the re-lig-ions I pro - fess, Of
all the re-lig-ions I pro-fess, I much pre-fer the Meth-od - is'. There's
no hid - in' place down here! There's no hid - in' place down


here, Hal - le - lu - jah! There's no hid - in' place down
here. I went to the Rock to hide my face, An' the
Rock cried out, "No hid - in' place!" There's no hid - in' place down here.

No Hidin' Place

Of all the religions I profess,]3
I much prefer the Methodis'.

There's no hidin' place down here!
There's no hidin' place down here,
Hallelujah!
There's no hidin' place down here.
I went to the Rock to hide my face
An' the Rock cried out, "No hidin' place!"
There's no hidin' place down here.

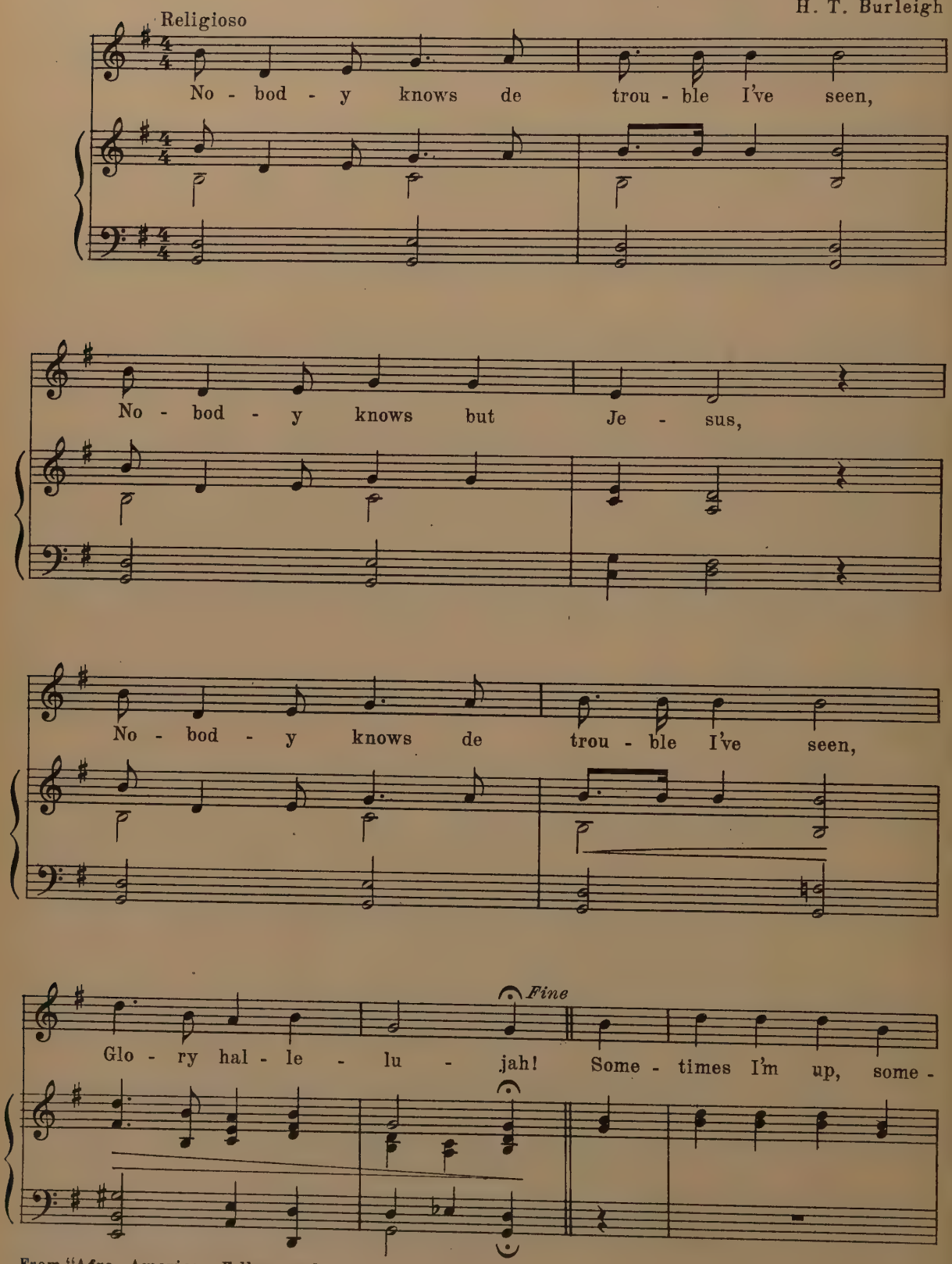
O Mary had a golden chain,]3
An' every link was Jesus' name.

Now I believe without a doubt]3
That the Christian has a right to shout.

A sinner sat at the gates of hell,]3
An' the gates oped up an' in he fell.

NOBODY KNOWS DE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

Arranged by
H. T. Burleigh


Religioso
No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,
No - bod - y knows but Je - sus,
No - bod - y knows de trou - ble I've seen,
Fine
Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Some - times I'm up, some -

From "Afro-American Folksongs" by H. E. Krehbiel
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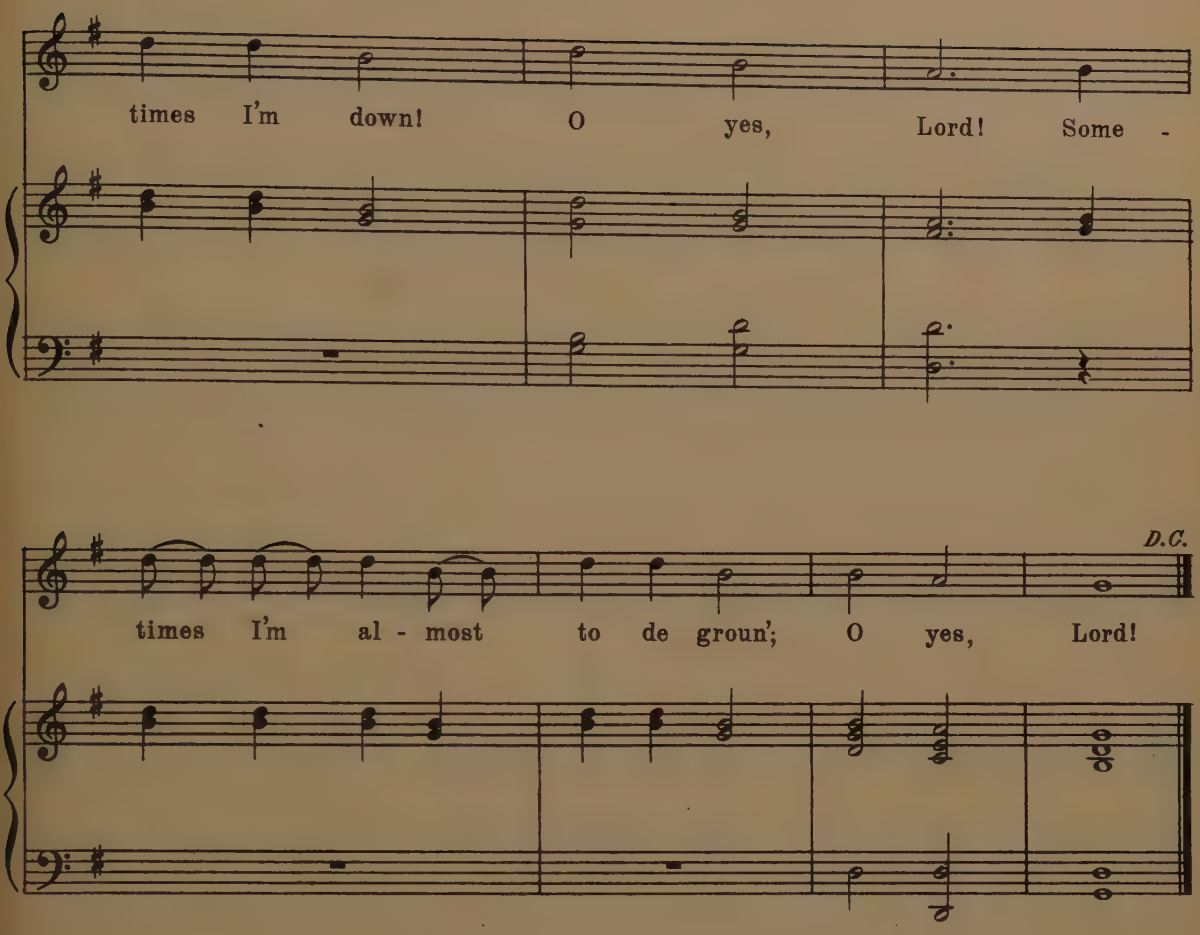


Nobody Knows de Trouble I've Seen

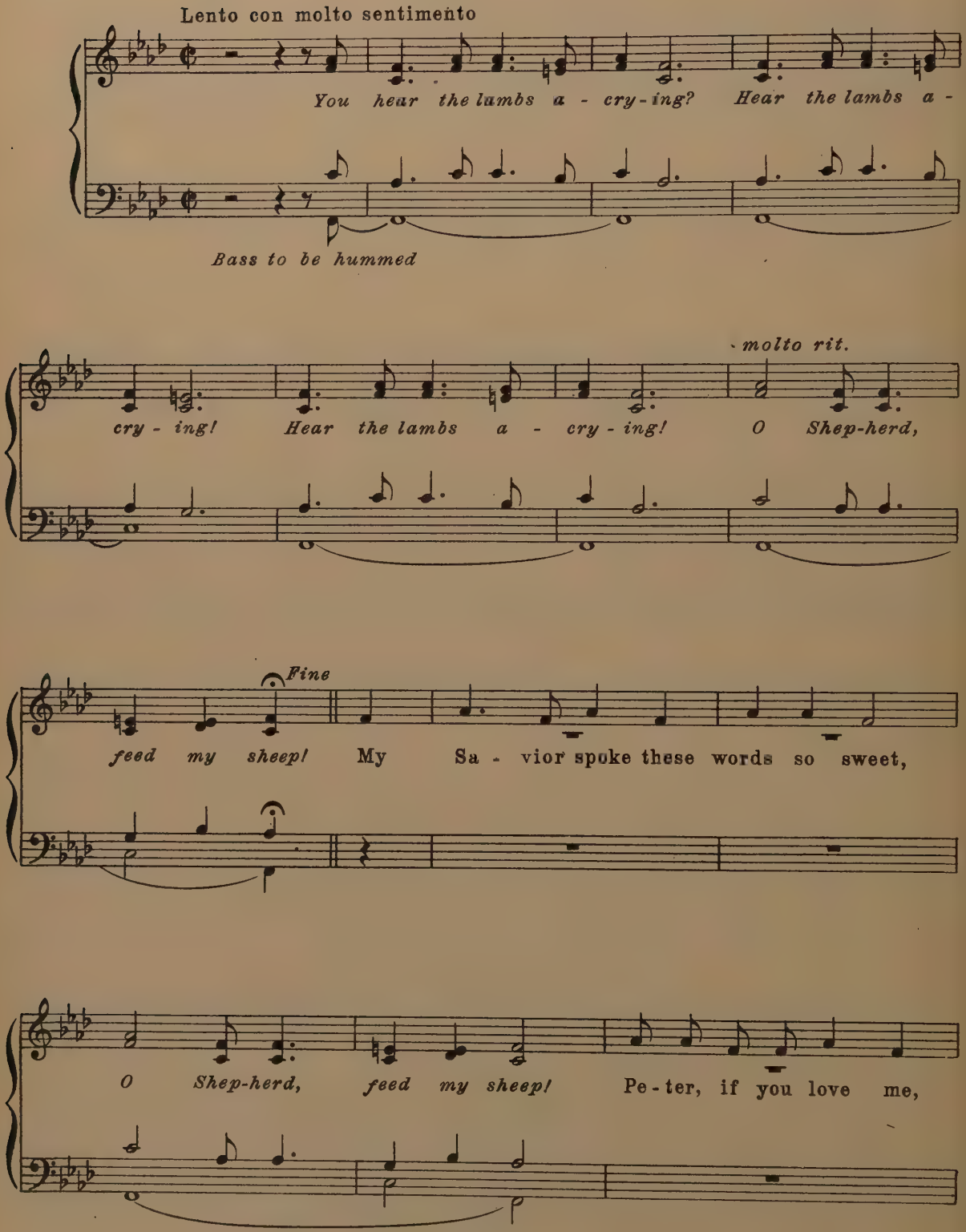
Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus,
Nobody knows de trouble I've seen,
Glory Hallelujah!

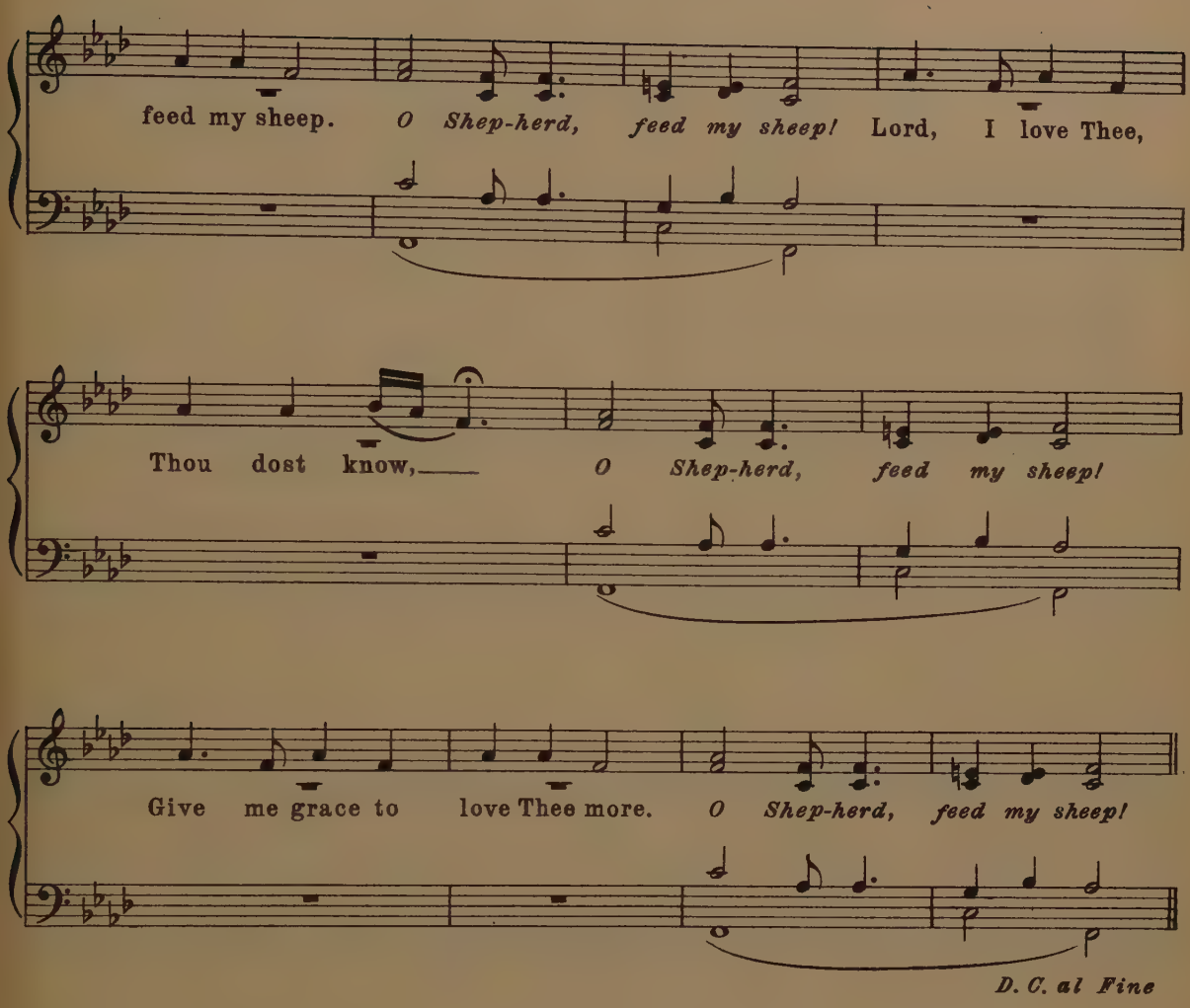
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down!
O yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to de groun';
O yes, Lord!

What makes old Satan hate me so?
O yes, Lord!
Because he got me once, but he let me go.
O yes, Lord!

HEAR THE LAMBS A-CRYING

As sung at
Fisk University


Lento con molto sentimento
You hear the lambs a - cry-ing? Hear the lambs a -
Bass to be hummed
cry - ing! Hear the lambs a - cry - ing! O Shep-herd,
molto rit.
Fine
feed my sheep! My Sa - vior spoke these words so sweet,
O Shep-herd, feed my sheep! Pe - ter, if you love me,


feed my sheep. O Shep-herd, feed my sheep! Lord, I love Thee,
Thou dost know, O Shep-herd, feed my sheep!
Give me grace to love Thee more. O Shep-herd, feed my sheep!
D. C. al Fine

Hear the Lambs A-Crying!

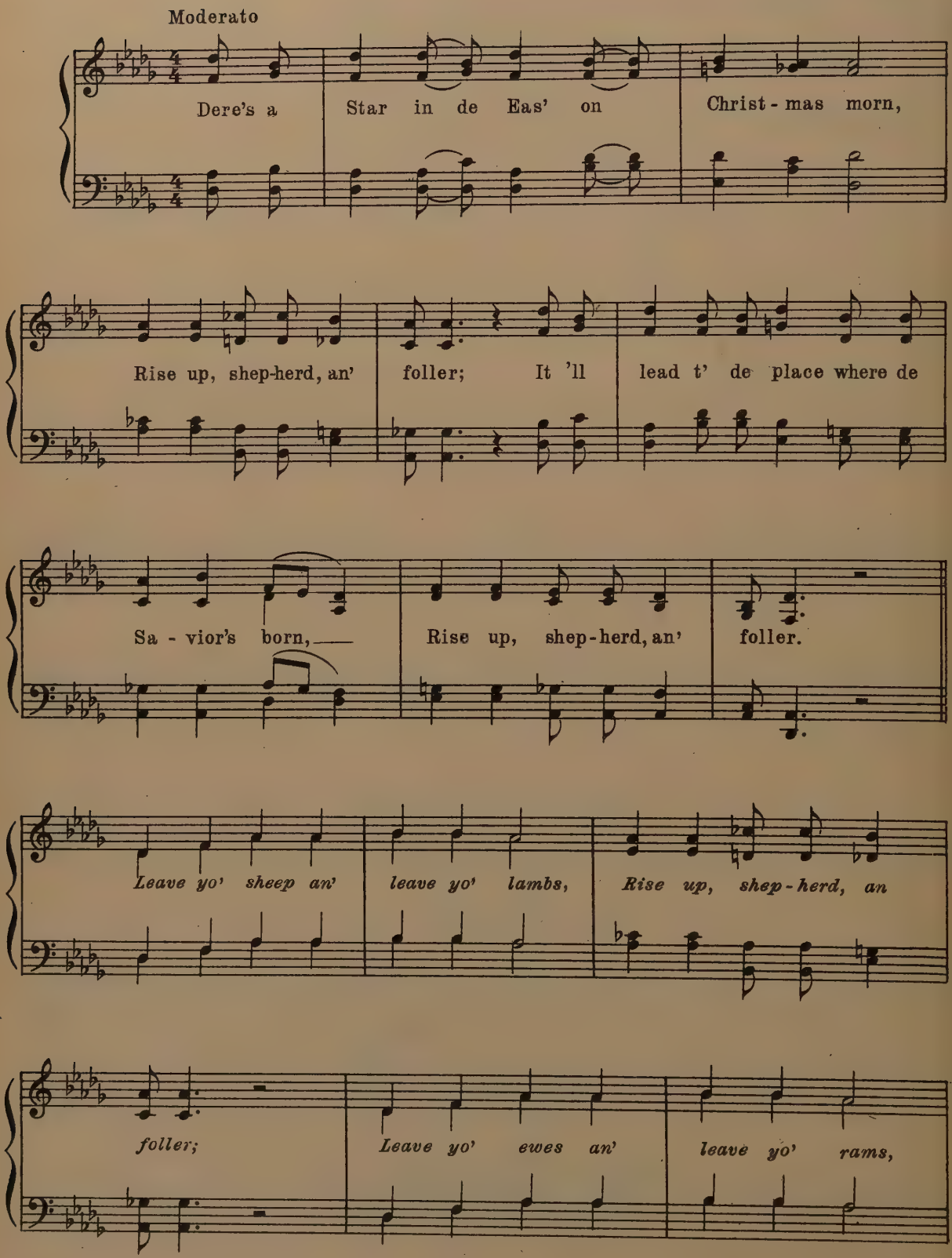
You hear the lambs a-crying?
Hear the lambs a-crying!
Hear the lambs a-crying!
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!

My Savior spoke these words so sweet,
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!
Peter, if you love me, feed my sheep.
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!
Lord, I love Thee, Thou dost know,
O Shepherd, feed my sheep!
Give me grace to love Thee more.
O Shepherd, feed my sheep.

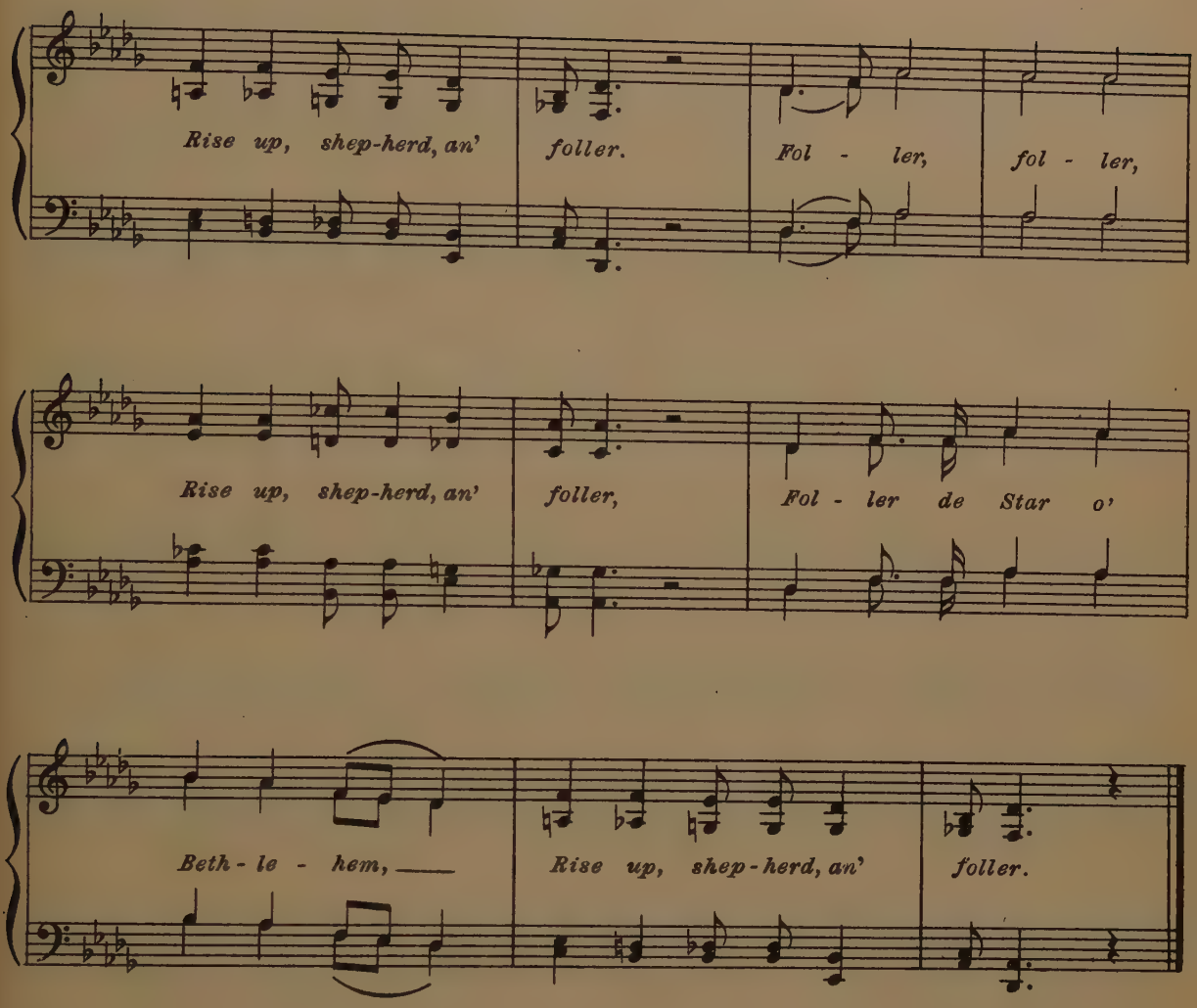
When I groan upon the tree,
When Thou seest, pity me;
For I'm a pilgrim trav'ling home,
The lonesome road my Savior trod.

RISE UP, SHEPHERD, AN' FOLLER

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Moderato
Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christ-mas morn,
Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller; It 'll lead t' de place where de
Sa-vior's born, Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller.
Leave yo' sheep an' leave yo' lambs, Rise up, shep-herd, an
foller; Leave yo' ewes an' leave yo' rams,

Melody and text from "Religious Folk Songs of the Negro"
Used by permission of Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute


Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller.
Fol - ler, fol - ler,
Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller,
Fol - ler de Star o'
Beth - le - hem,
Rise up, shep-herd, an' foller.

Rise Up, Shepherd, An' Foller

Dere's a Star in de Eas' on Christmas morn,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller;
It'll lead t' de place where de Savior's born,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.

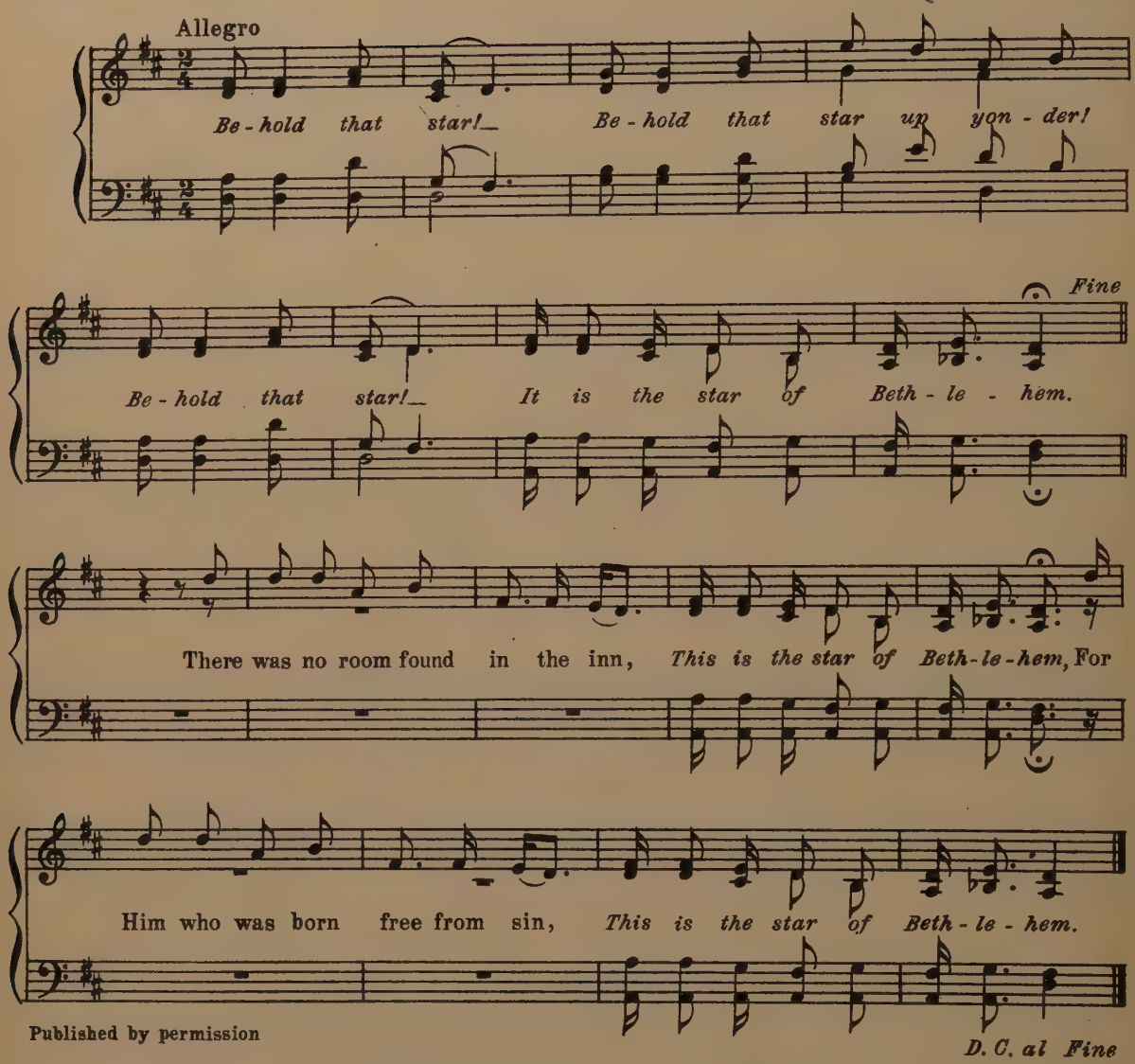
Leave yo' sheep an' leave yo' lambs,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller;
Leave yo' ewes an' leave yo' rams,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.
Foller, foller,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller,
Foller de Star o' Bethlehem,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.

If yo' take good heed to de angel's words,
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller,
Yo'll forget yo' flocks, yo'll forget yo' herds;
Rise up, shepherd, an' foller.

BEHOLD THAT STAR

Words by
Thomas W. Talley

Melody by
Thomas W. Talley


Allegro
Be - hold that star! Be - hold that star up yon - der!
Fine
Be - hold that star! It is the star of Beth - le - hem.
There was no room found in the inn, This is the star of Beth-le-hem, For
Him who was born free from sin, This is the star of Beth - le - hem.
D. C. al Fine

Published by permission

Behold that Star!

Behold that star!
Behold that star up yonder!
Behold that star!
It is the star of Bethlehem.

There was no room found in the inn,
This is the star of Bethlehem,
For Him who was born free from sin.
This is the star of Bethlehem.

The wise men came on from the East,
To worship Him, the Prince of Peace.

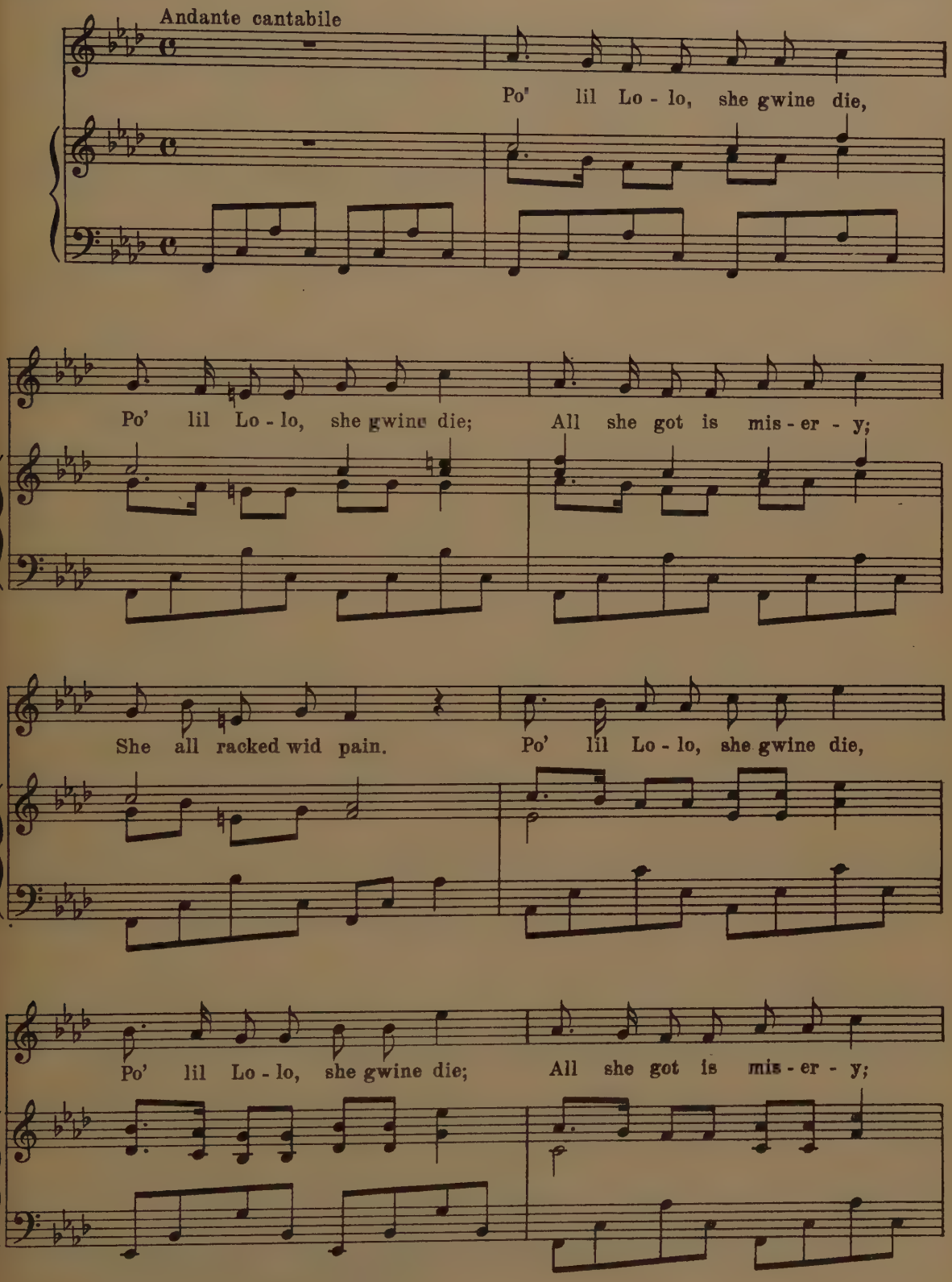
A song broke forth upon the night,
From angel hosts all robed in white.

THOMAS W. TALLEY

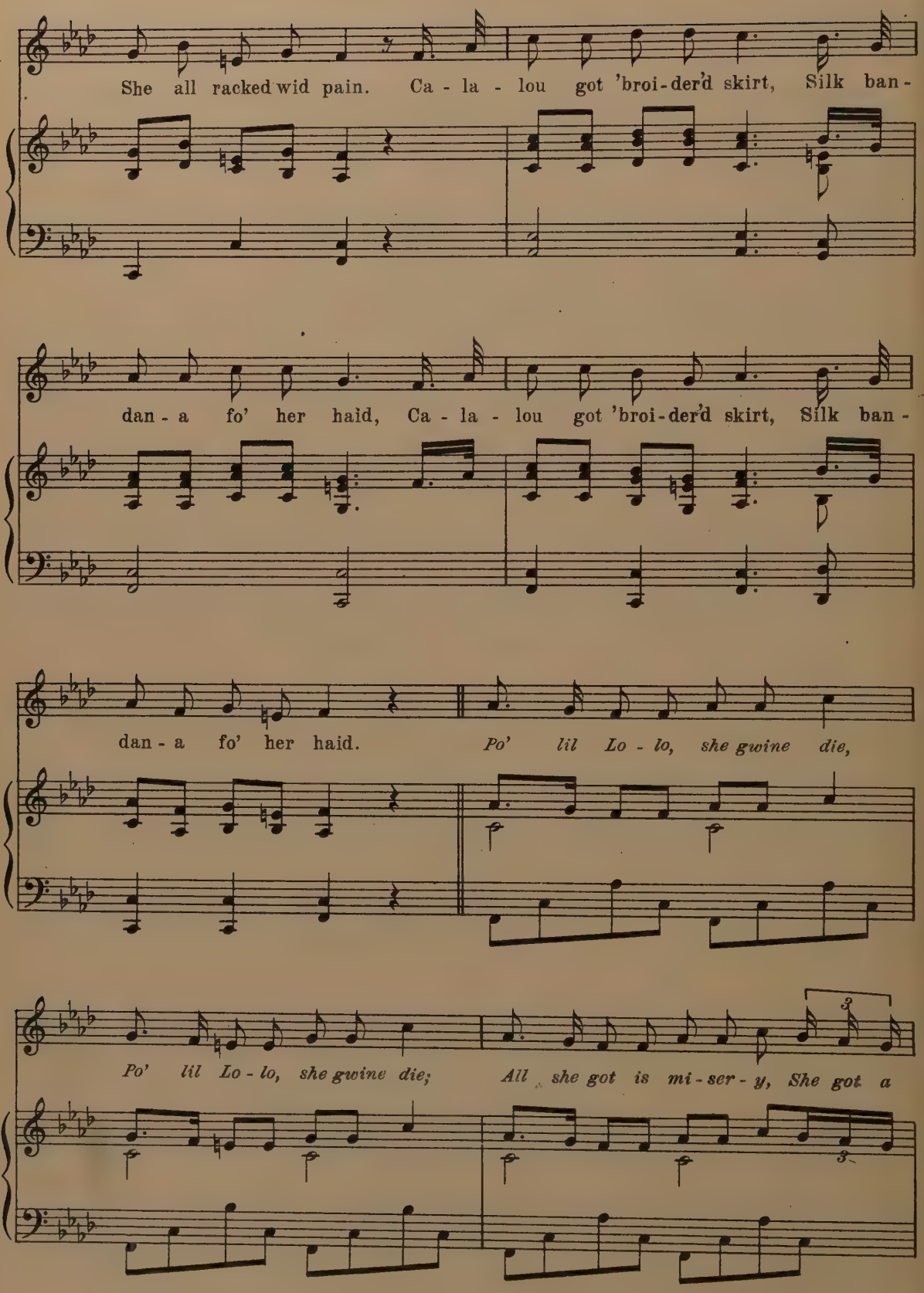
PO' LIL LOLO

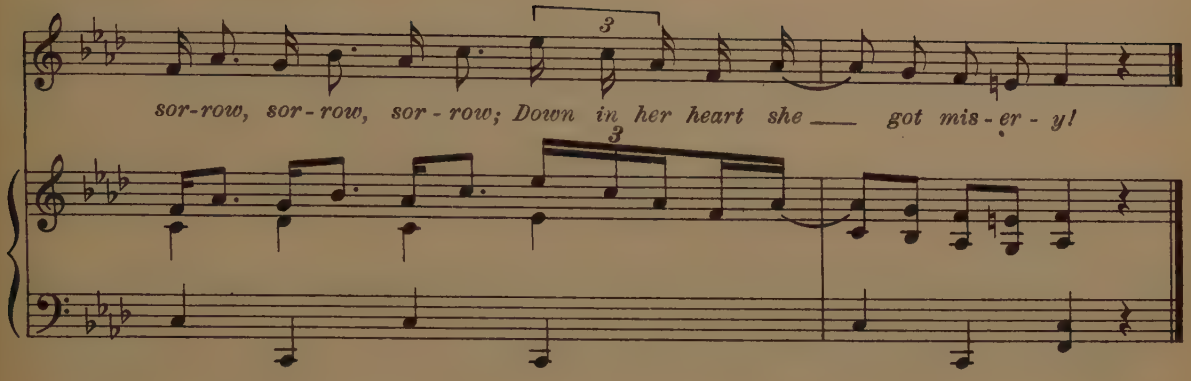
English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Recorded by H. E. Krehbiel
Arranged by H. T. Burleigh


Andante cantabile
Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die,
Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mis - er - y;
She all racked wid pain. Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die,
Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mis - er - y;

From Afro-American Folksongs by H. E. Krehbiel.
By courtesy of the publishers, G. Schirmer Inc.


She all racked wid pain. Ca - la - lou got 'broi - derd skirt, Silk ban -
dan - a fo' her haid, Ca - la - lou got 'broi - derd skirt, Silk ban -
dan - a fo' her haid. Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die,
Po' lil Lo - lo, she gwine die; All she got is mi - ser - y, She got a



Pov' Piti Lolotte

Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,
Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,
Li gagnin bobo, bobo,
Li gagnin doulé.
Calalou poté madrasse,
Li poté jipon garni.

Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,
Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,
Li gagnin bobo, bobo,
Li gagnin doulé, doulé, doulé.
Li gagnin doulé dans ker à li.

Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,
Pov' piti Lolotte a mouin,
Li gagnin bobo, bobo,
Li gagnin doulé.
D'amour quand poté la chaîne,
Adieu courri tout bonheur.

Po' Lil Lolo

Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,
Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;
All she got is misery;
She all racked wid pain.
Calalou got 'broidered skirt,
Silk bandanna fo' her haid.

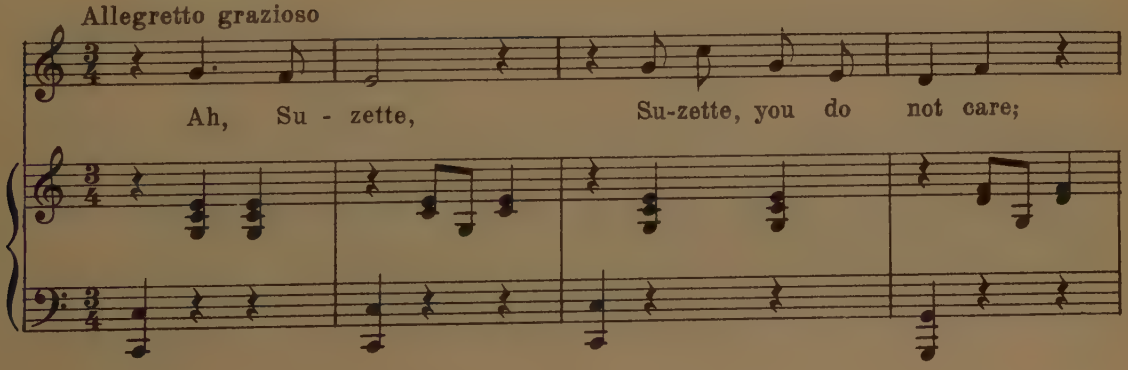
Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,
Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;
All she got is misery;
She got a sorrow, sorrow, sorrow;
Down in her heart she got misery.

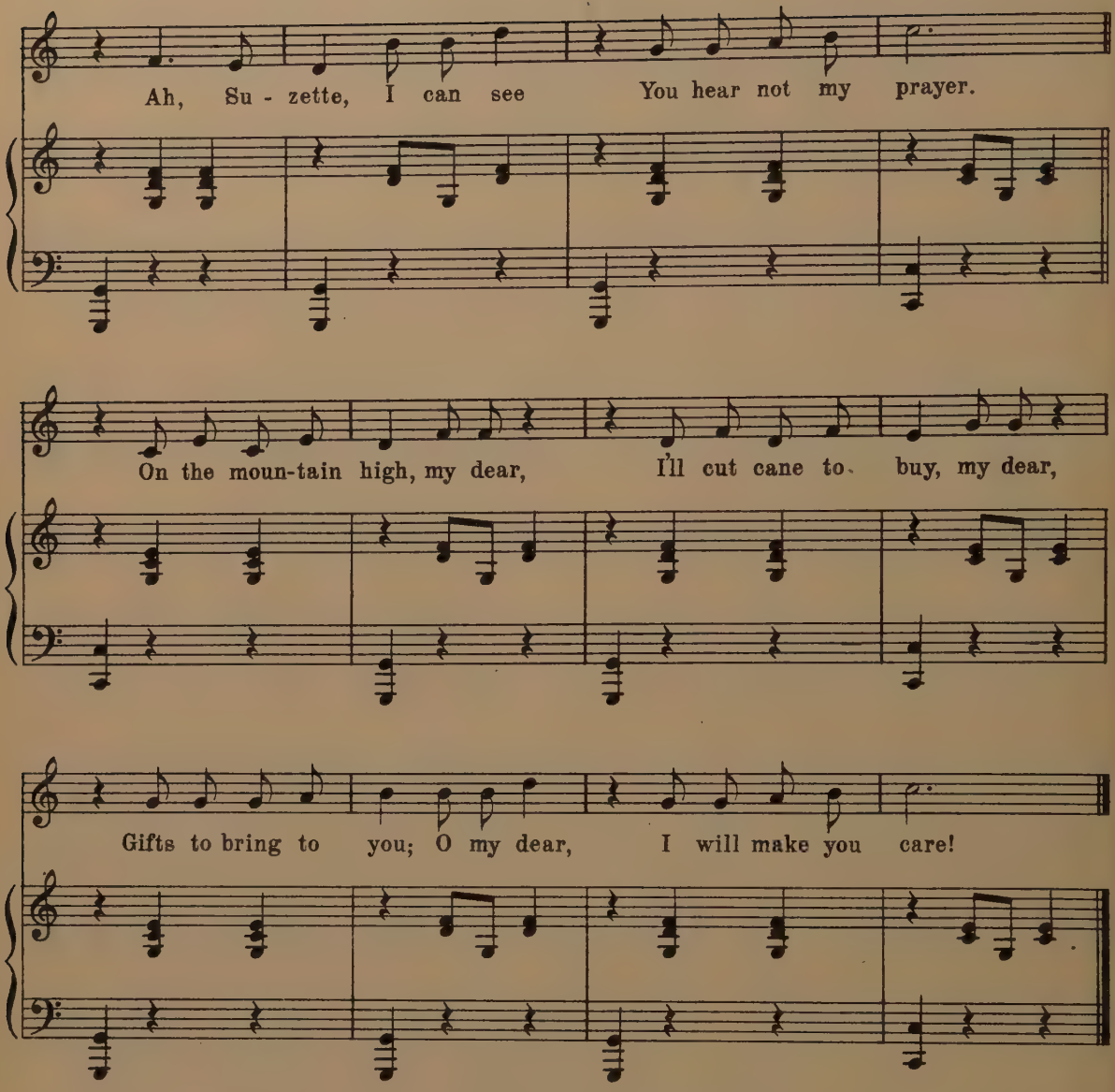
Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die,
Po' lil Lolo, she gwine die;
All she got is misery;
She all racked wid pain.
When you got love's chains on you
Happiness gwine run fum you.

English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

SUZETTE

English version by
Marion MacArthur Laing




Ah, Su - zette, I can see You hear not my prayer.
On the moun-tain high, my dear, I'll cut cane to buy, my dear,
Gifts to bring to you; O my dear, I will make you care!

Suzette

Ah, Suzette,
Suzette, to vé pas, chère;
Ah, Suzette, chère amie,
To pas l'aimain moin.
M'allé haut montagne, z-amie,
M'allé coupé canne, z-amie,
M'allé fé l'argent, chère amie,
Pou poté donne toi.

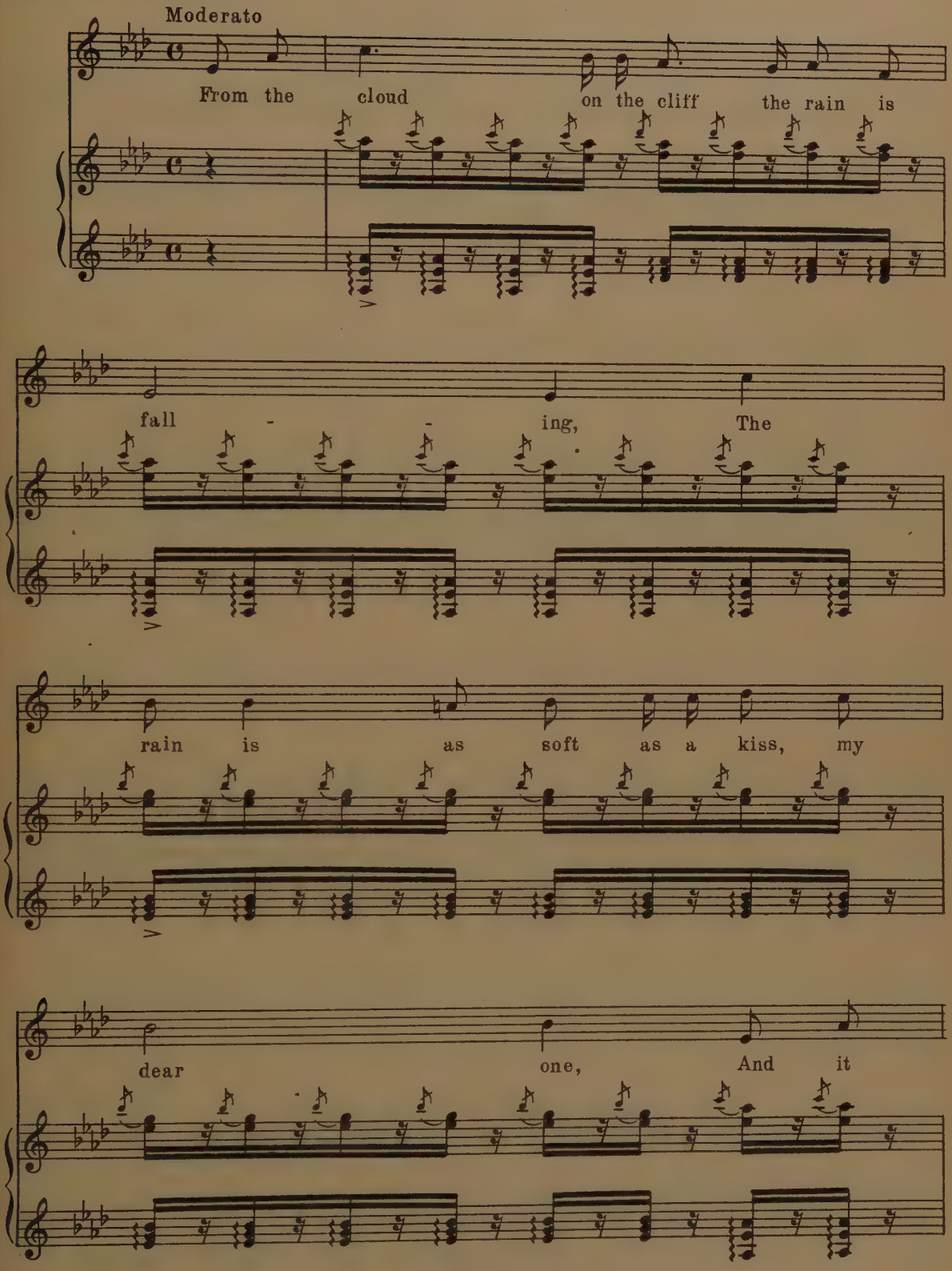
Suzette

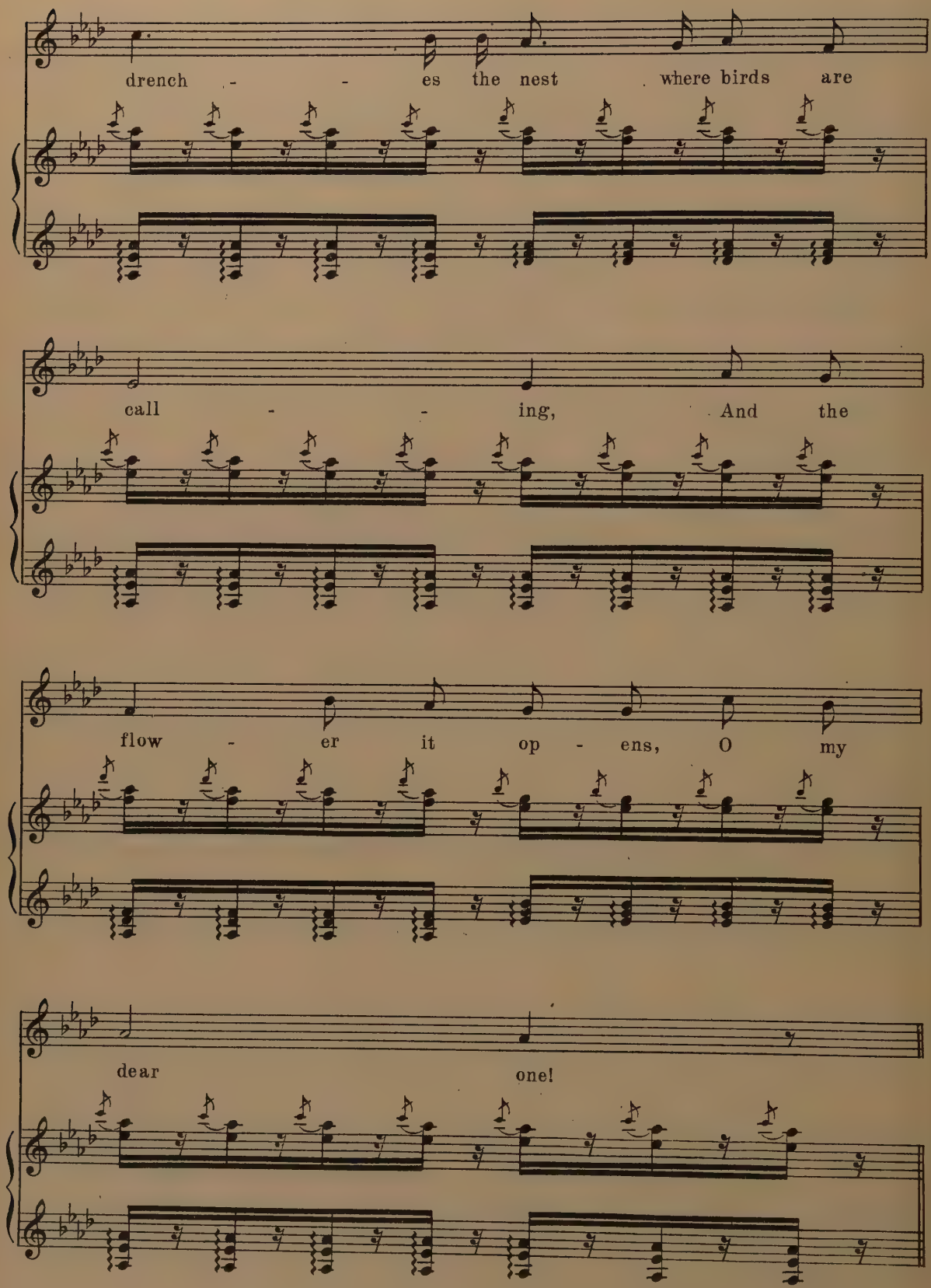
Ah, Suzette,
Suzette, you do not care;
Ah, Suzette, I can see
You hear not my prayer.
On the mountain high, my dear,
I'll cut cane to buy, my dear,
Gifts to bring to you; O my dear,
I will make you care!

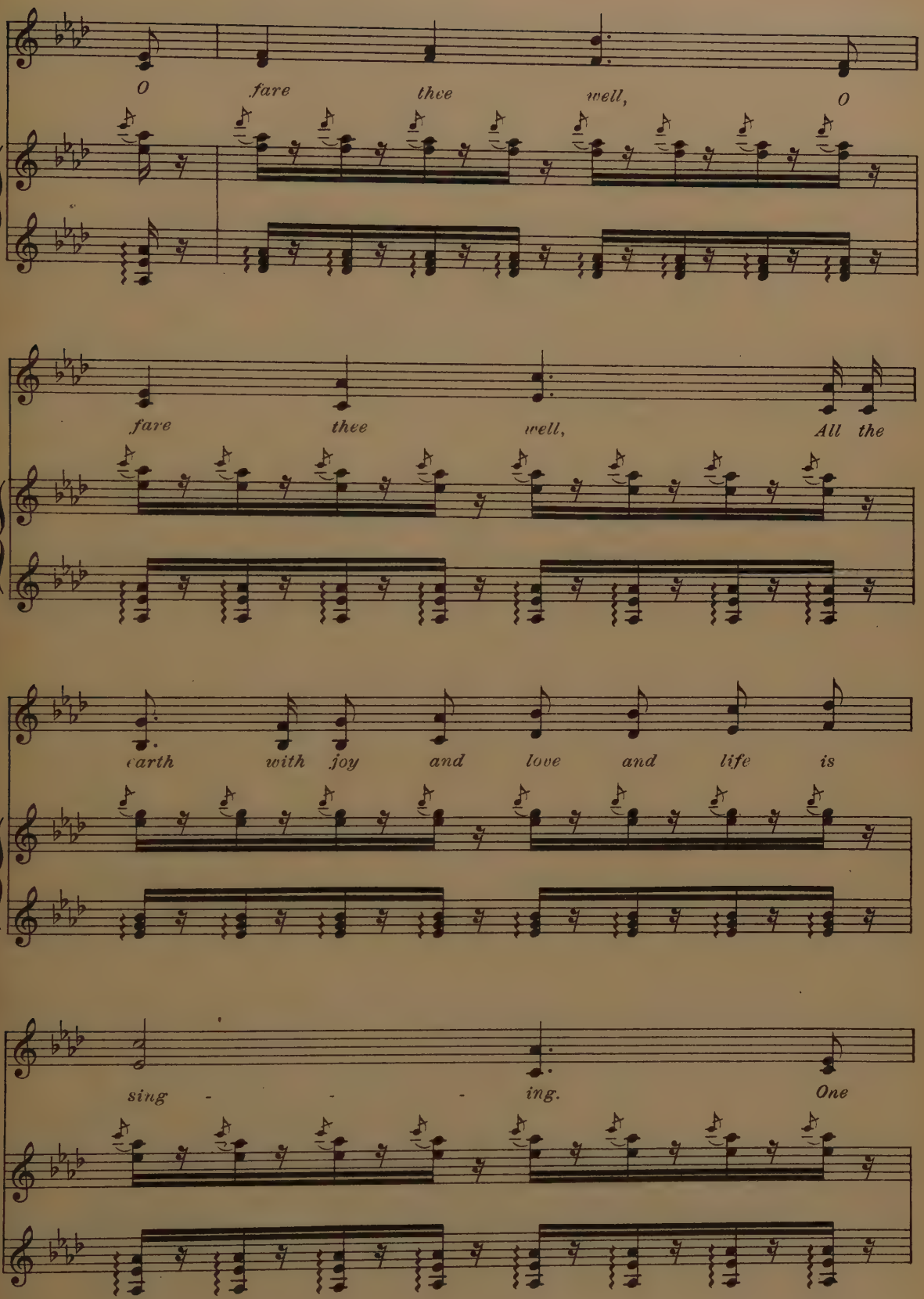
English version by
MARION MACARTHUR LAING

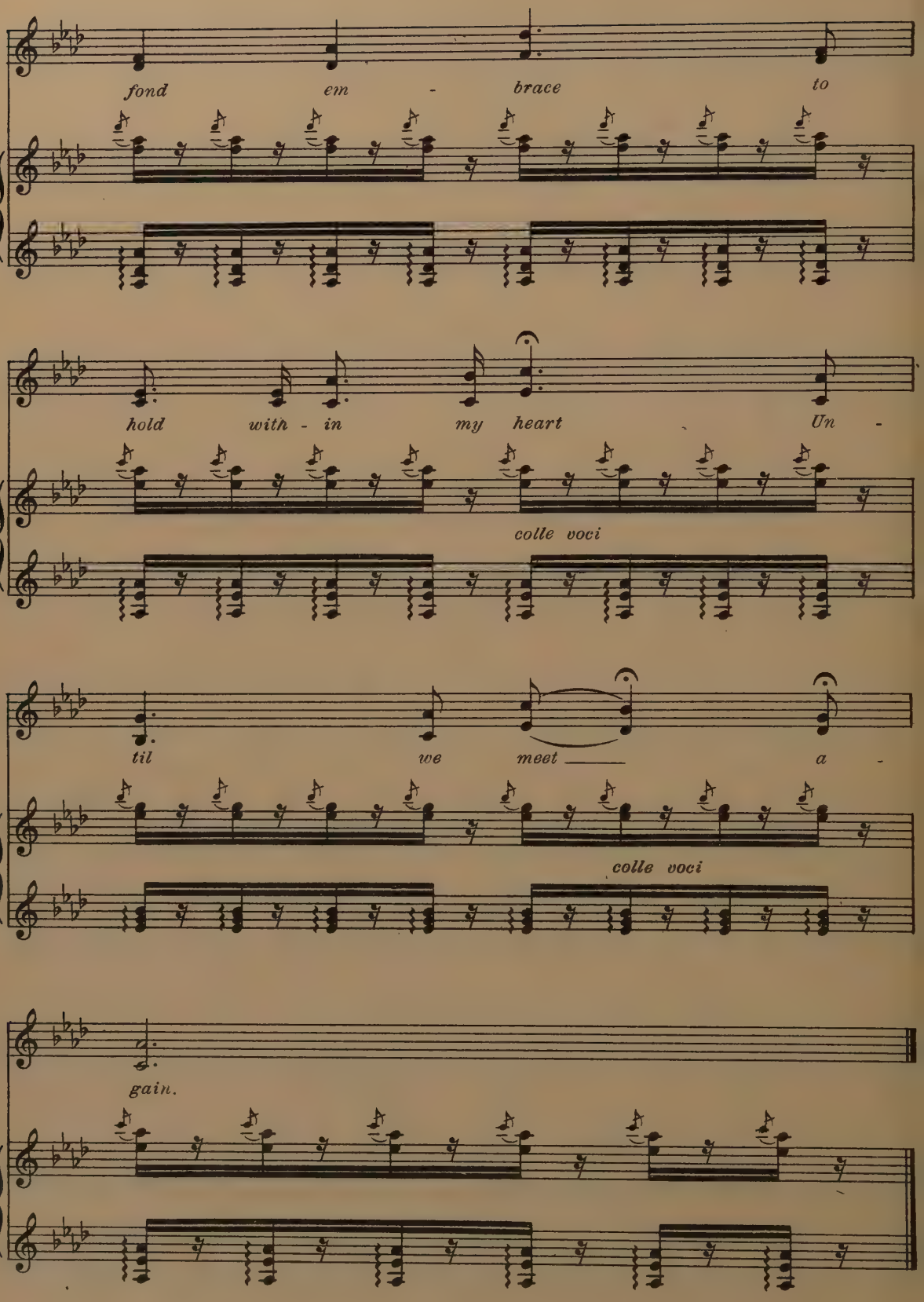
ALOHA OE

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson




drench - - es the nest where birds are
call - - ing, And the
flow - er it op - ens, O my
dear one!


O fare thee well, O
fare thee well, All the
earth with joy and love and life is
sing - - - ing. One


fond em - brace to
hold with - in my heart Un -
colle voci
til we meet a -
colle voci
gain.

Aloha Oe

Haaheo e ka ua i na pali,
Ke nihi a e la i kanahele;
E uhai ana paha i ka liko
Pua ahihi lehua o uka.

Aloha oe, aloha oe,
E ke onaona noho i ka lipo;
One fond embrace a hoi ae au,
Until we meet again.

Maopopo kuu ike i ka nani,
Na pua rose o Maunawili,
Ilaila hiaai ai na manu,
Mikiala i ka nani o ka liko.

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

Aloha Oe

From the cloud on the cliff the rain is falling,
The rain is as soft as a kiss, my dear one,
And it drenches the nest where birds are calling,
And the flower it opens, O my dear one!

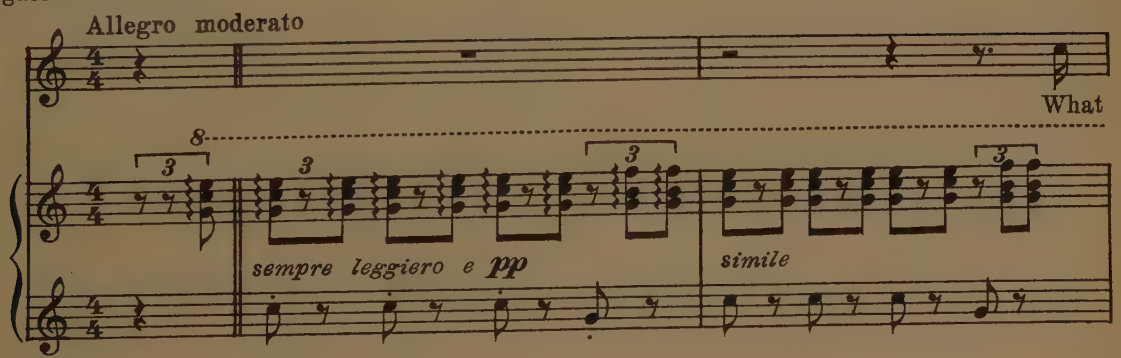
O fare thee well, O fare thee well,
All the earth with joy and love and life is singing.
One fond embrace to hold within my heart
Until we meet again.

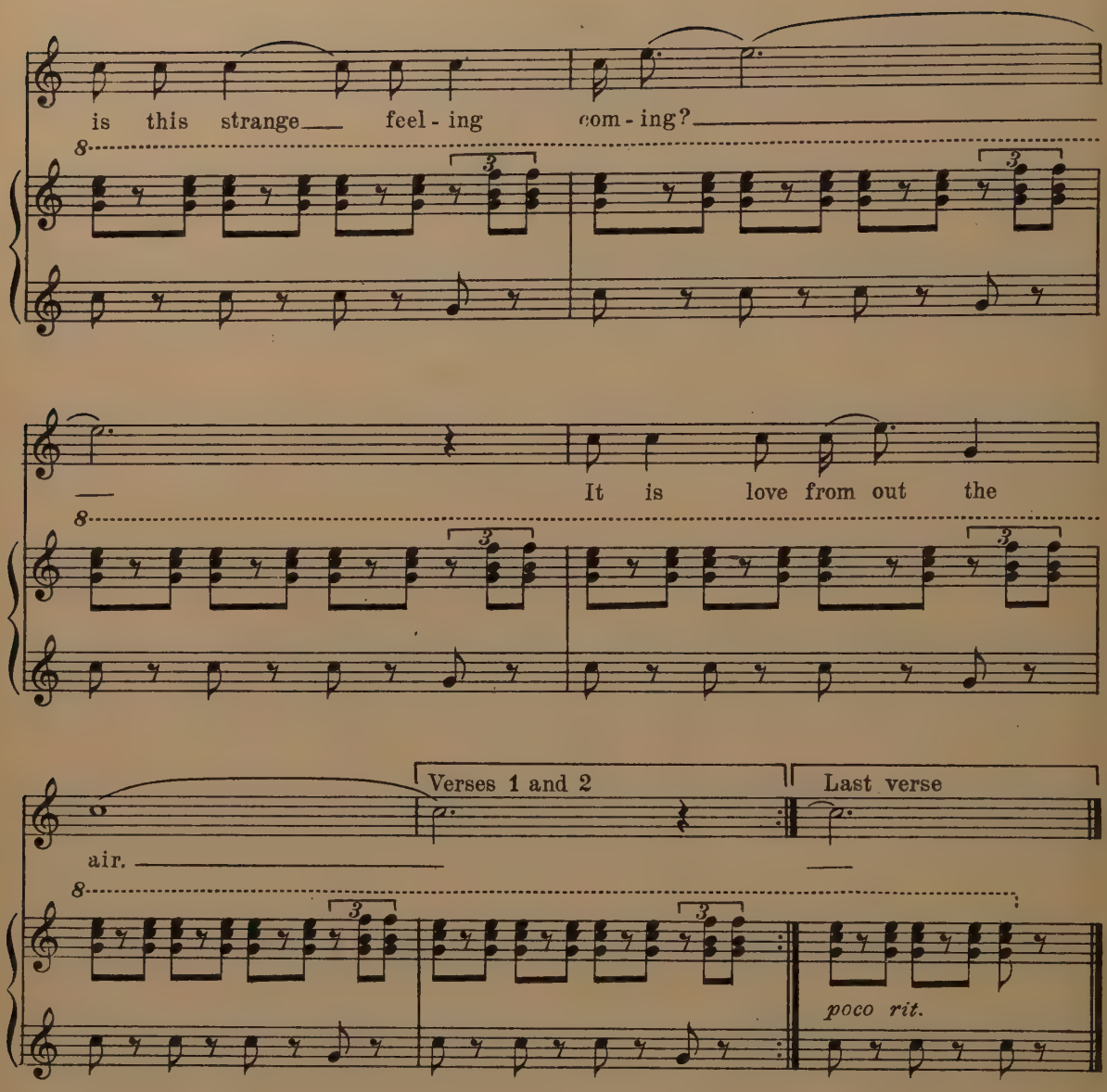
Like the beautiful rose of Maunawili
That gladdens the birds in the nest, my dear one,
Like the cliff by the ocean is the beauty
Of the heart that has known them, O my dear one.

English version by
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

WHAT IS LOVE?

English version by
Margaret Widdemer





He Mana'o He Aloha

He mana'o he aloha
Ka ipo lei manu.

He manu kuu hoa
No ho mai ika nahele.

Haina ka puana la
Ani kaulilau.

What Is Love?

What is this strange feeling coming?
It is love from out the air.

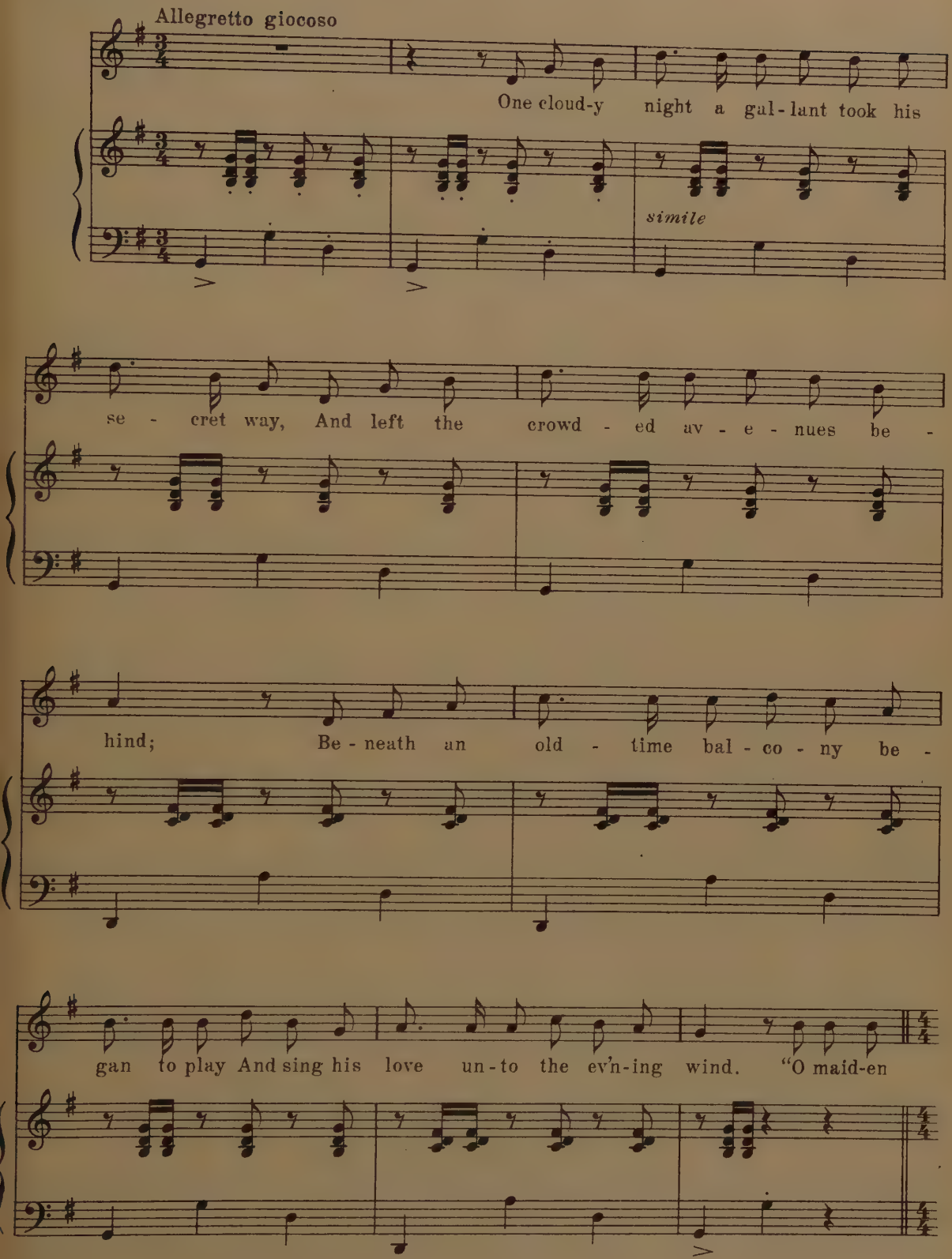
Ah, he who loves me, I love him;
He has my heart and soul!

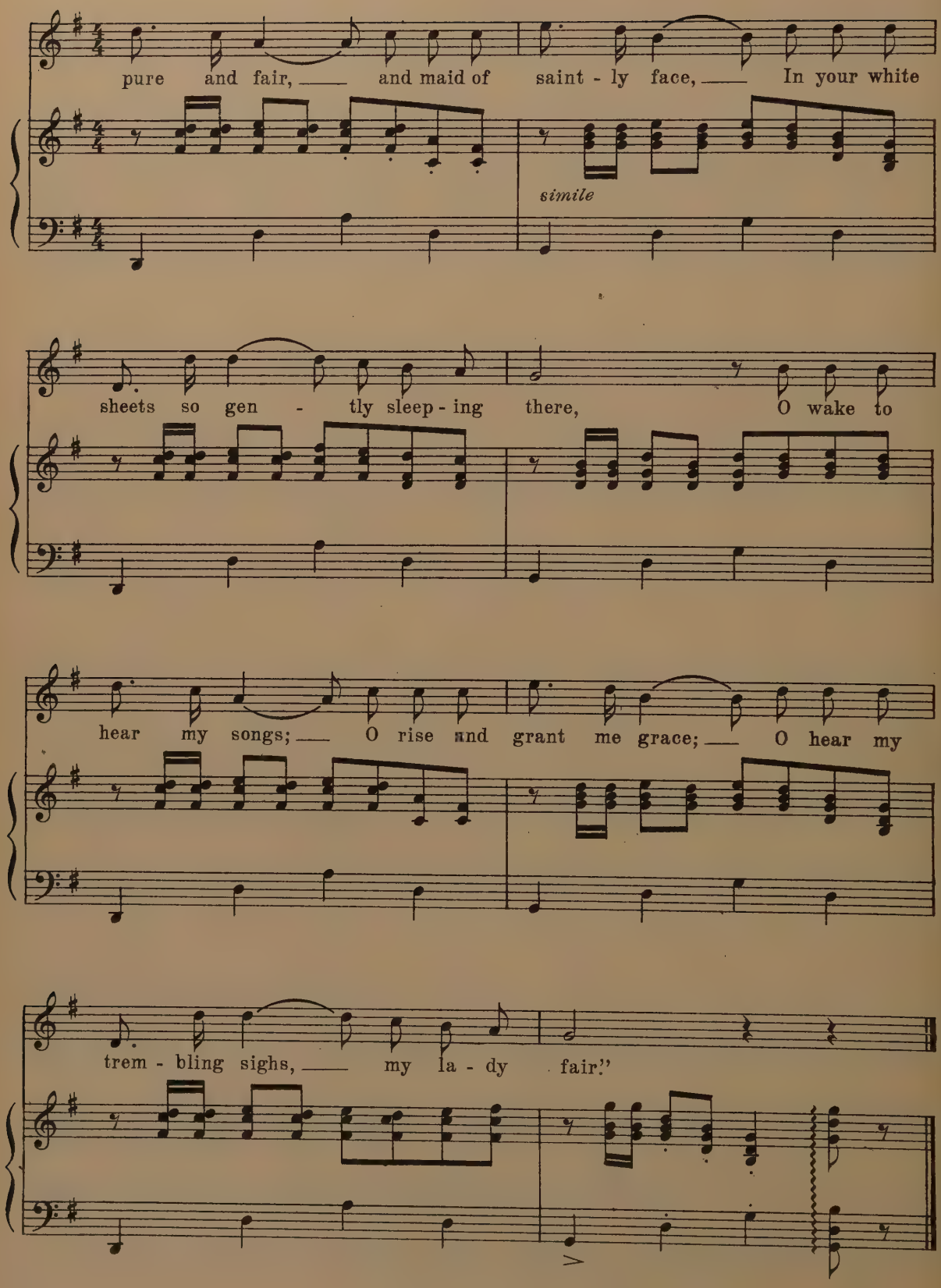
Now am I done with my singing;
I'm swept away by love.

English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

Translation by
Thomas Walsh

THE INCOGNITO GALLANT


Allegretto giocoso
One cloud-y night a gal-lant took his
simile
se - cret way, And left the crowd - ed av - e - nues be -
hind; Be - neath an old - time bal - co - ny be -
gan to play And sing his love un - to the ev'n-ing wind. "O maid-en


pure and fair, and maid of saint - ly face, In your white
simile
sheets so gen - tly sleep - ing there, O wake to
hear my songs; O rise and grant me grace; O hear my
trem - bling sighs, my la - dy fair."

Galan Incognita.

En noche lóbrega galán incógnita
Las calles céntricas atravezó,
Y bajo clásica ventana gótica
Templo su cítara y asi cantó:
"Virgen purísima, de rostro angélico,
Que en blancas sábanas durmiendo estás,
Despierta y óyeme, que en dulces cánticos,
Suspiros trémulos vengo a exhalár."

La bella sílfide que oyó estos cánticos
Bajo sus sábanas se acurrucó,
Y dijo, "Cáscaras, es el murciélago,
Que anda romántico no le abro yó.
Porque si salgo yo en noche lóbrega,
Me van los céfiros a constipar."
Y el pobre músico cogió su cítara,
Y a otra ventana se fué a cantar.

The Incognito Gallant

One cloudy night a gallant took his secret way,
And left the crowded avenues behind;
Beneath an old-time balcony began to play
And sing his love unto the evening wind.
"O maiden pure and fair, and maid of saintly face,
In your white sheets so gently sleeping there,
O wake to hear my songs; O rise and grant me grace;
O hear my trembling sighs, my lady fair."

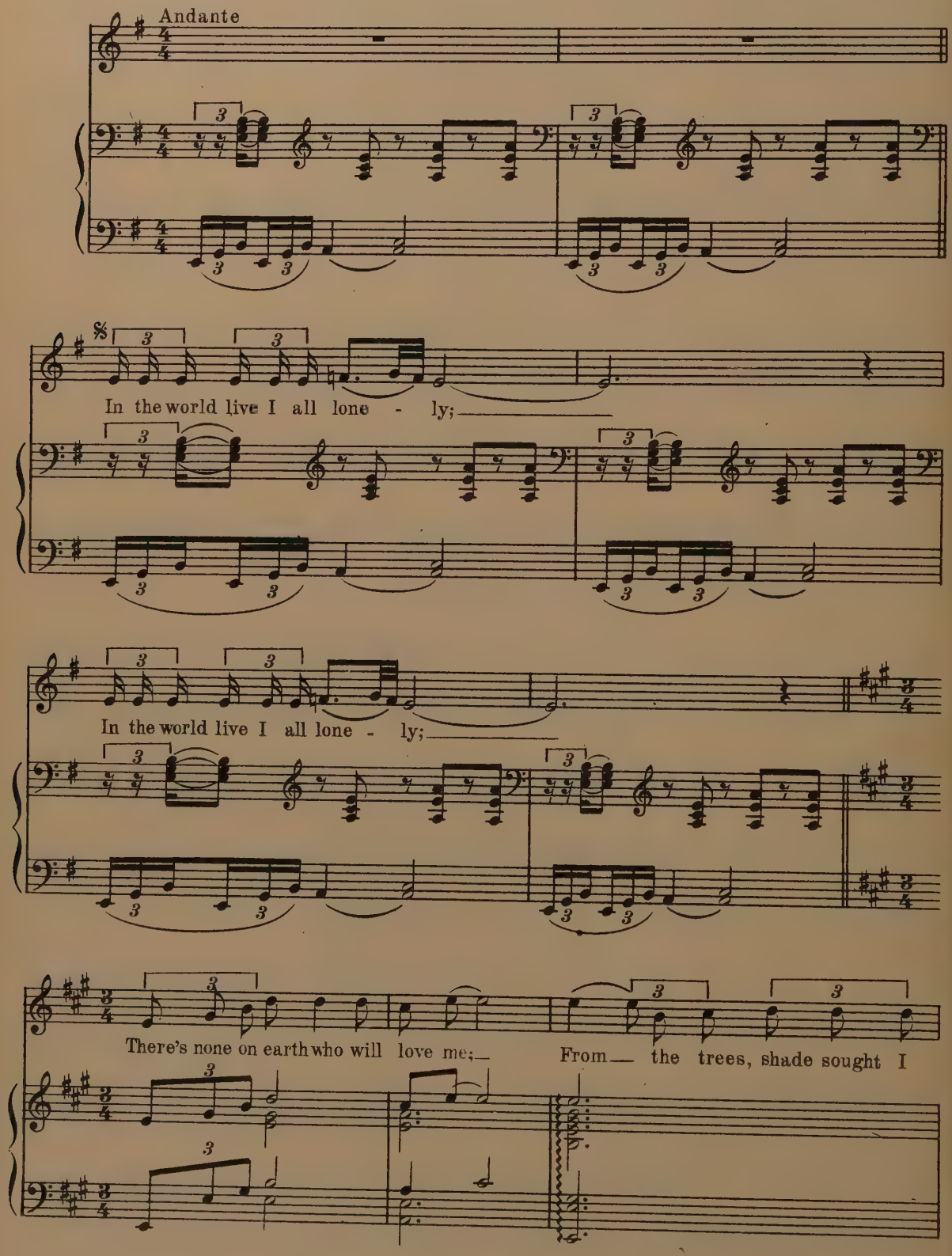
The pretty maid o'erheard what he was driving at,
And hid her head beneath the sheets of snow.
And murmured, "Pshaw! 'tis only some old, idle bat;
Romantic, yes, but I'll not open—no!
For if I run about the house this chilly night
My death of cold it will most surely bring."
The poor musician bound his frail guitar up tight,
And to another window went to sing.

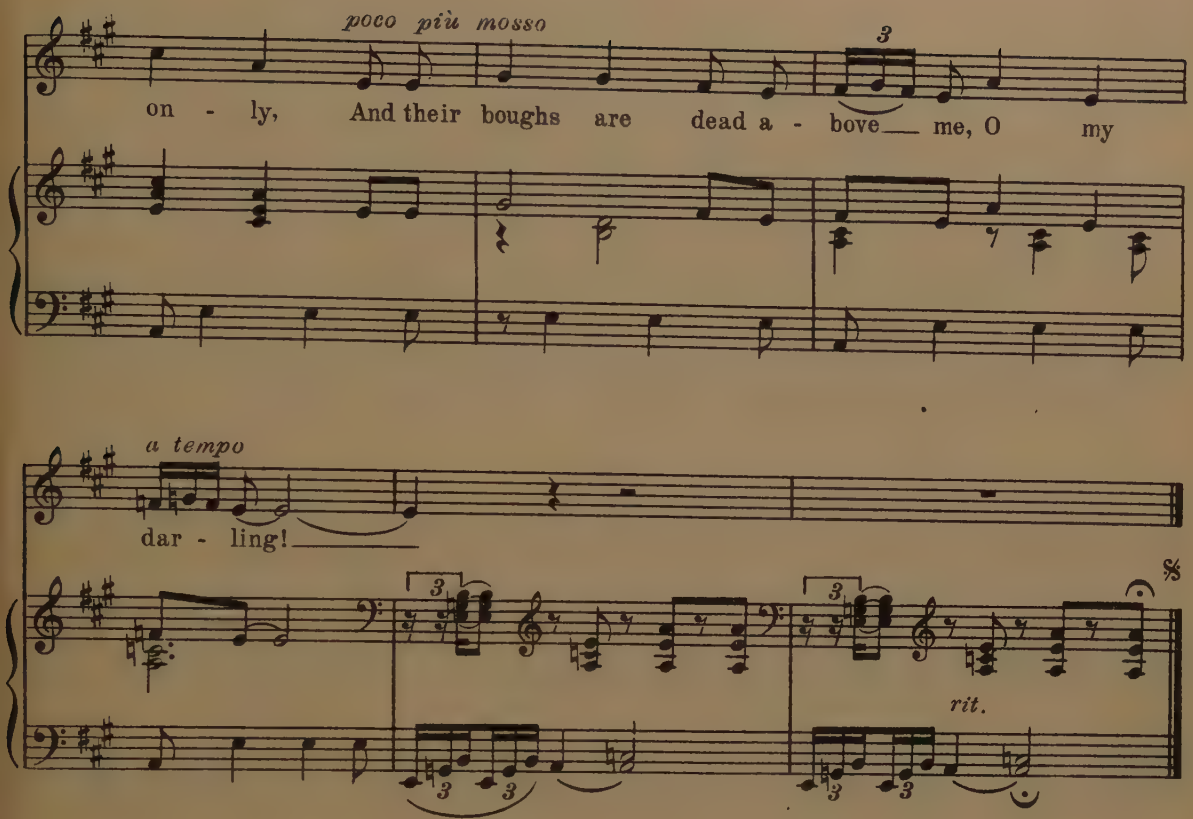
Translation by
THOMAS WALSH

THE PEASANT GIRL

Translation by
Muna Lee

Arranged by
Elena Landázuri


Andante
In the world live I all lone - ly;
In the world live I all lone - ly;
There's none on earth who will love me;
From the trees, shade sought I



La Guajira

Yo vivo sola en el mundo]2
Y de mí nadie se acuerda;
Busco la sombra del árbol,
Y los árboles se secan, vida mia!

Ay, mare, yo fui a la feria,]2
A la feria del amor.
Mare, yo compre un juguete,
Y qué caro me costó, mare mia!

The Peasant Girl

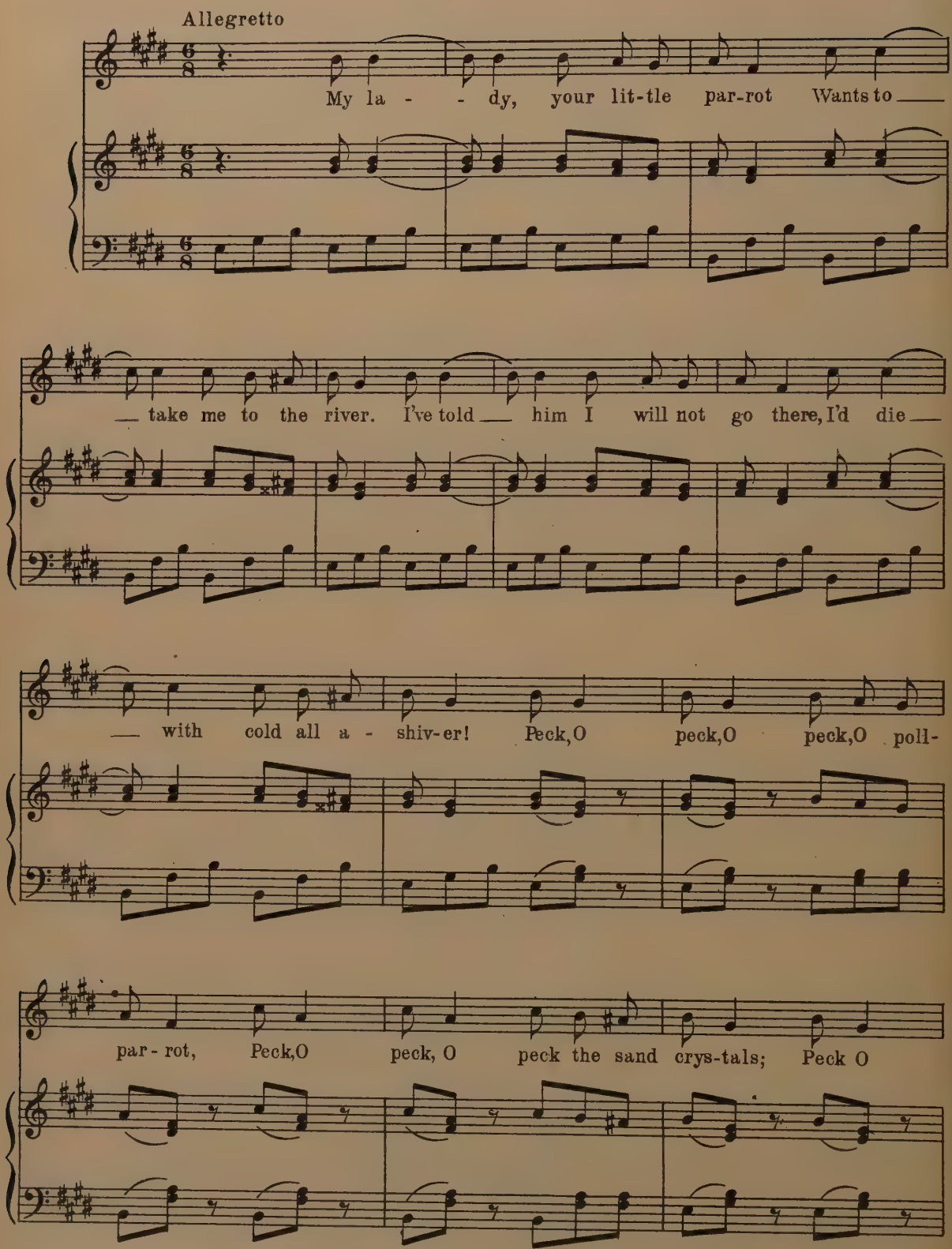
In the world live I all lonely;]2
There's none on earth who will love me;
From the trees, shade sought I only,
And their boughs are dead above me—
O my darling!

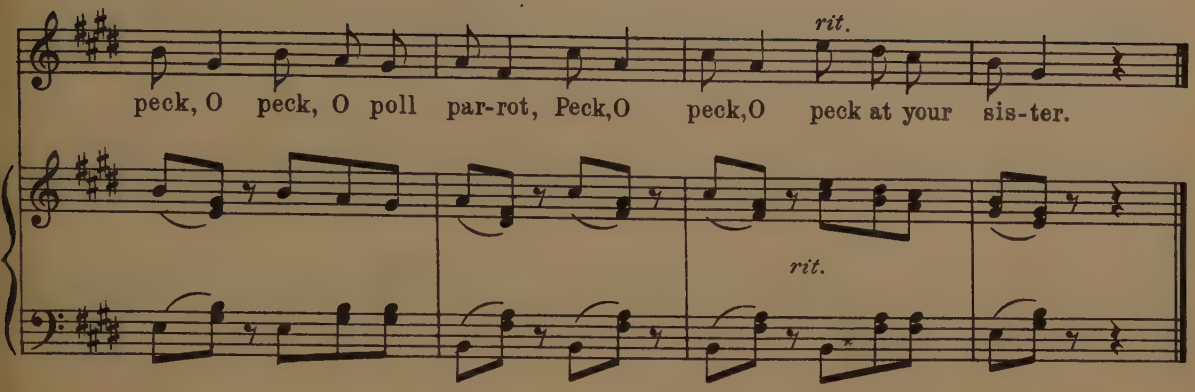
I went to market, my mother,]2
To the booth where love is sold—
Mother, I bought but a trinket,
And it cost dearer than gold,
O my mother!

Translation by
MUNA LEE

THE POLL - PARROT

Translation by
Muna Lee


Allegretto
My la - - dy, your lit-tle par-rot Wants to
take me to the river. I've told him I will not go there, I'd die
with cold all a - shiv-er! Peck, O peck, O peck, O poll-
par - rot, Peck, O peck, O peck the sand crys-tals; Peck O



El Perico

Señora, su periquito
Me quiere llevar al rio,
Y yo lo digo que no,
Porque me muero de frio.

Pica, pica, pica, perico,
Pica, pica, pica la arena;
Pica, pica, pica, perico,
Pica, pica, pica a tu hermana.

Quisiera ser periquito,
Para andar siempre en el aire,
Y allí decirte secretos
Sin que los oyera nadie.

Vuela, vuela, vuela, perico,
Vete á la tierra caliente;
Huye, huye, huye, perico,
Huye, húyete de la gente.

The Poll-Parrot

My lady, your little parrot
Wants to take me to the river.
I've told him I will not go there,
I'd die with cold all a-shiver!

Peck, O peck, O peck, poll-parrot,
Peck, O peck, O peck the sand crystals,
Peck, O peck, O peck, poll-parrot,
Peck, O peck, O peck at your sister!

I should like to be a parrot,
In the air shifting and veering,
There to tell you all my secrets
Without anybody's hearing.

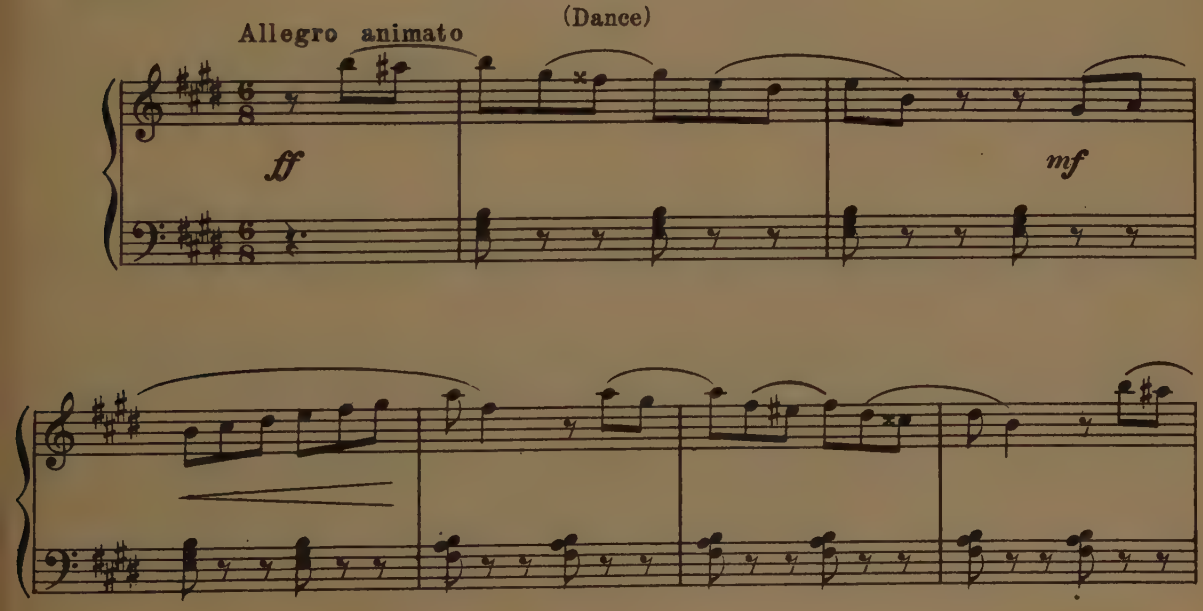
Fly off, fly off, fly off, poll-parrot,
Seek the hotter lands of the tropics;
Flee then, flee then, flee then, poll-parrot,
Flee then, flee then from everybody!

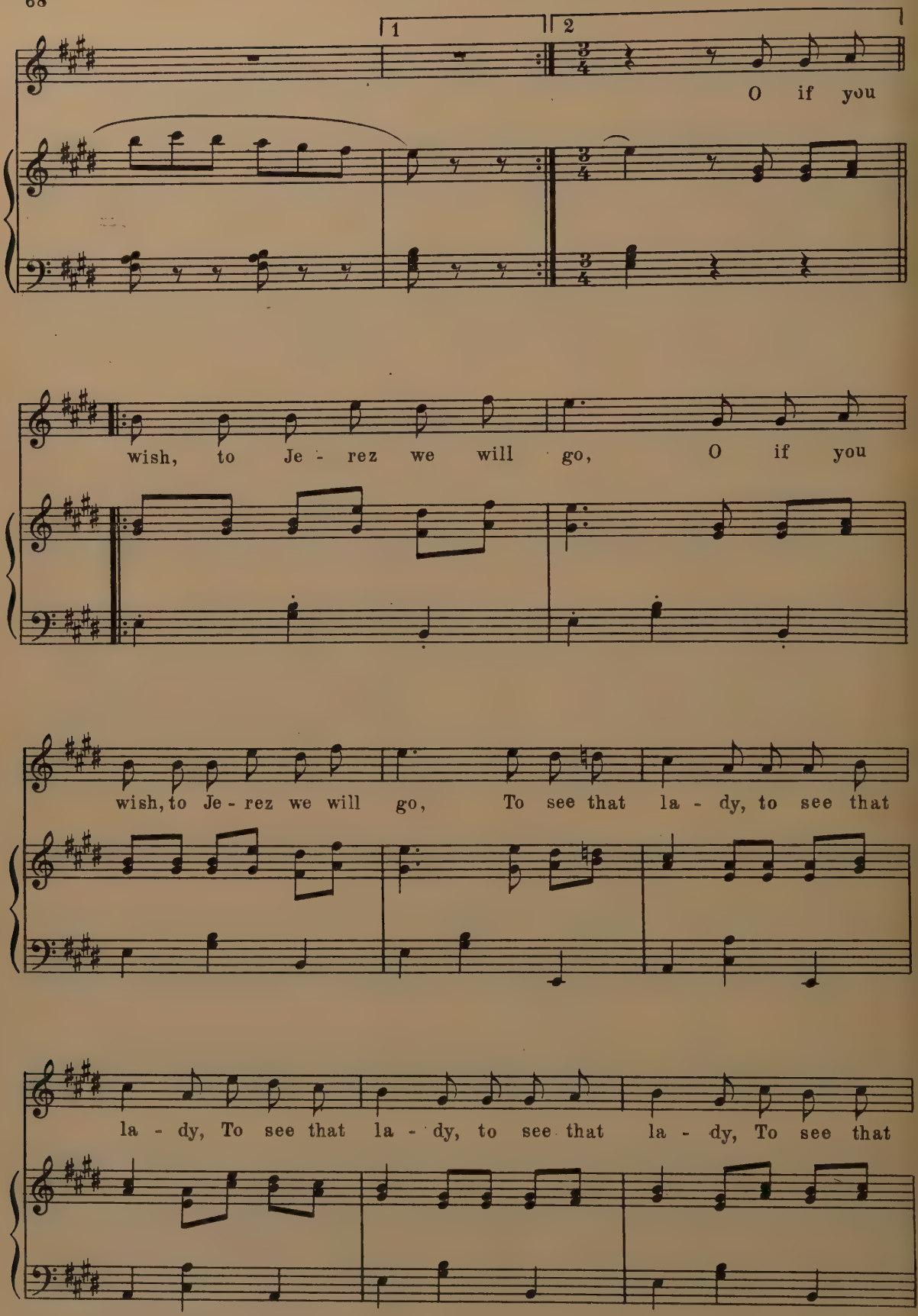
Translation by
MUNA LEE

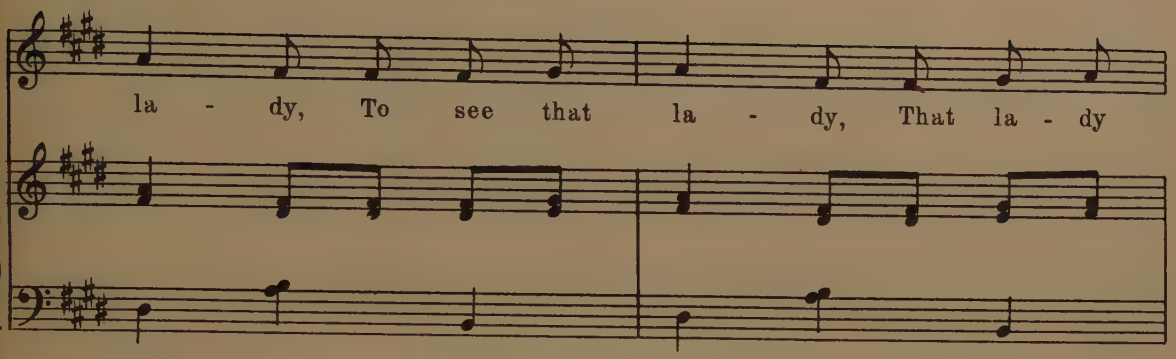
Translation by
Muna Lee

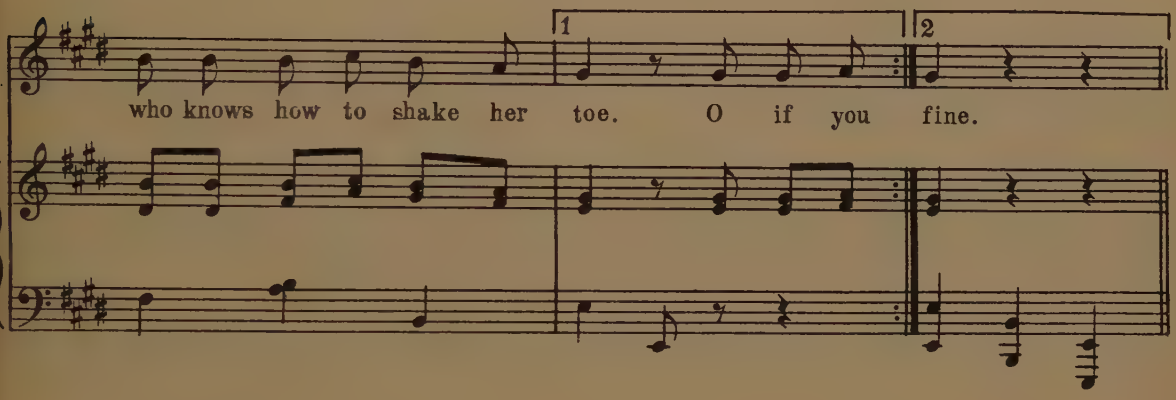
TO JEREZ WE WILL GO

(Dance)

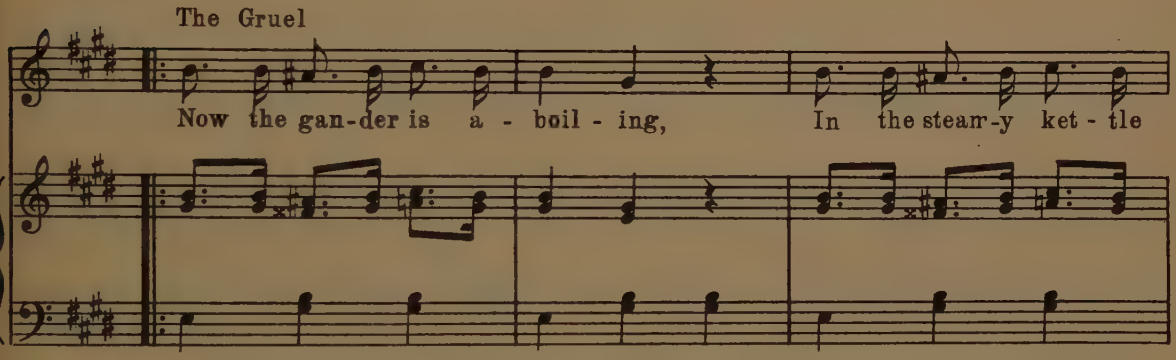


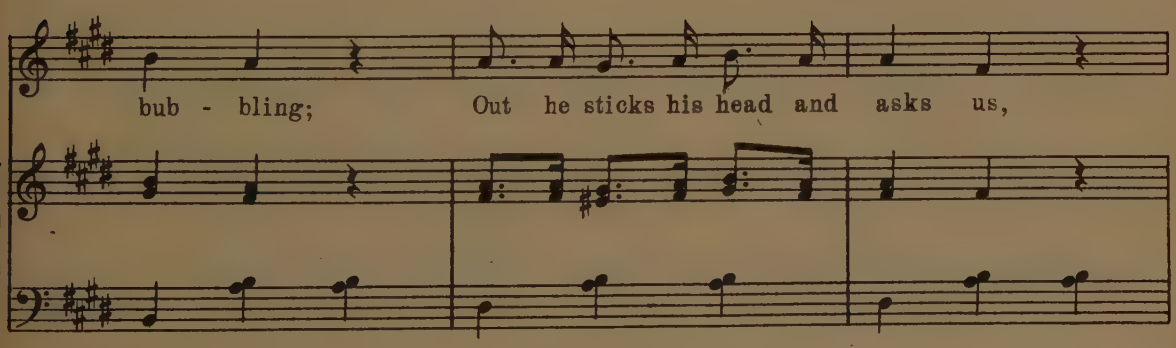

1
2
O if you
wish, to Je - rez we will go, O if you
wish, to Je - rez we will go, To see that la - dy, to see that
la - dy, To see that la - dy, to see that la - dy, To see that

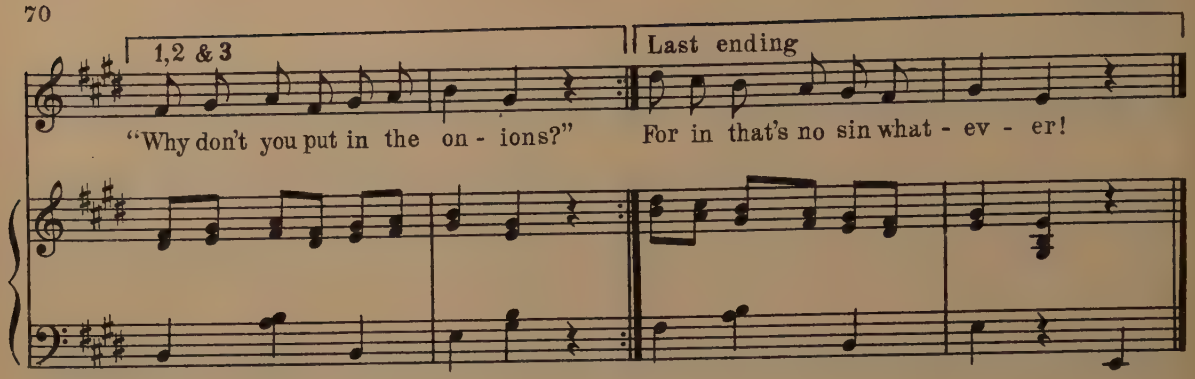

la - dy, To see that la - dy, That la - dy


1
2
who knows how to shake her toe. O if you fine.

The Gruel


Now the gan-der is a - boil - ing, In the steam-y ket - tle


bub - bling; Out he sticks his head and asks us,



Jarabe Tapatio

Si quieres vámonos para Jerez,]2
A ver aquella, aquella, aquella,]3
Aquella que hace muy bien con los pies.

Si quieres vámonos a Zapotlán,]2
A ver aquella, aquella, aquella,]3
Aquella que hace tan sabroso pan.

To Jerez We Will Go

O if you wish, to Jerez* we will go,]2
To see that lady, to see that lady,]3
That lady who knows how to shake her toe.

O if you wish, let's go to Zapotlan,]2
To see that lady, to see that lady,]3
That lady who kneads up her bread so fine.

*Pronounced Her-réth.

El Atole

Ya el pato se está cociendo,
En los hervores de la olla,
Saca la cabeza y dice:
Porque no me echan cebolla?

Vengan a tomar atole,
Todos los que van pasando;
Es que el atolito bueno,
El atole se está agriando.

Vengan a beber atole,
Todos los que van pasando,
Que si el atole está bueno,
La atolera se está agriando.

De este atolito de leche,
Y tamales de manteca,
Todo el mundo se aproveche,
Que por esto no se peca.

The Gruel

Now the gander is a-boiling,
In the steamy kettle bubbling;
Out he sticks his head and asks us,
"Why don't you put in the onions?"

Come on in and taste the gruel,
All who pass here; now's the hour!
For this gruel, appetizing,
This fine gruel's turning sour.

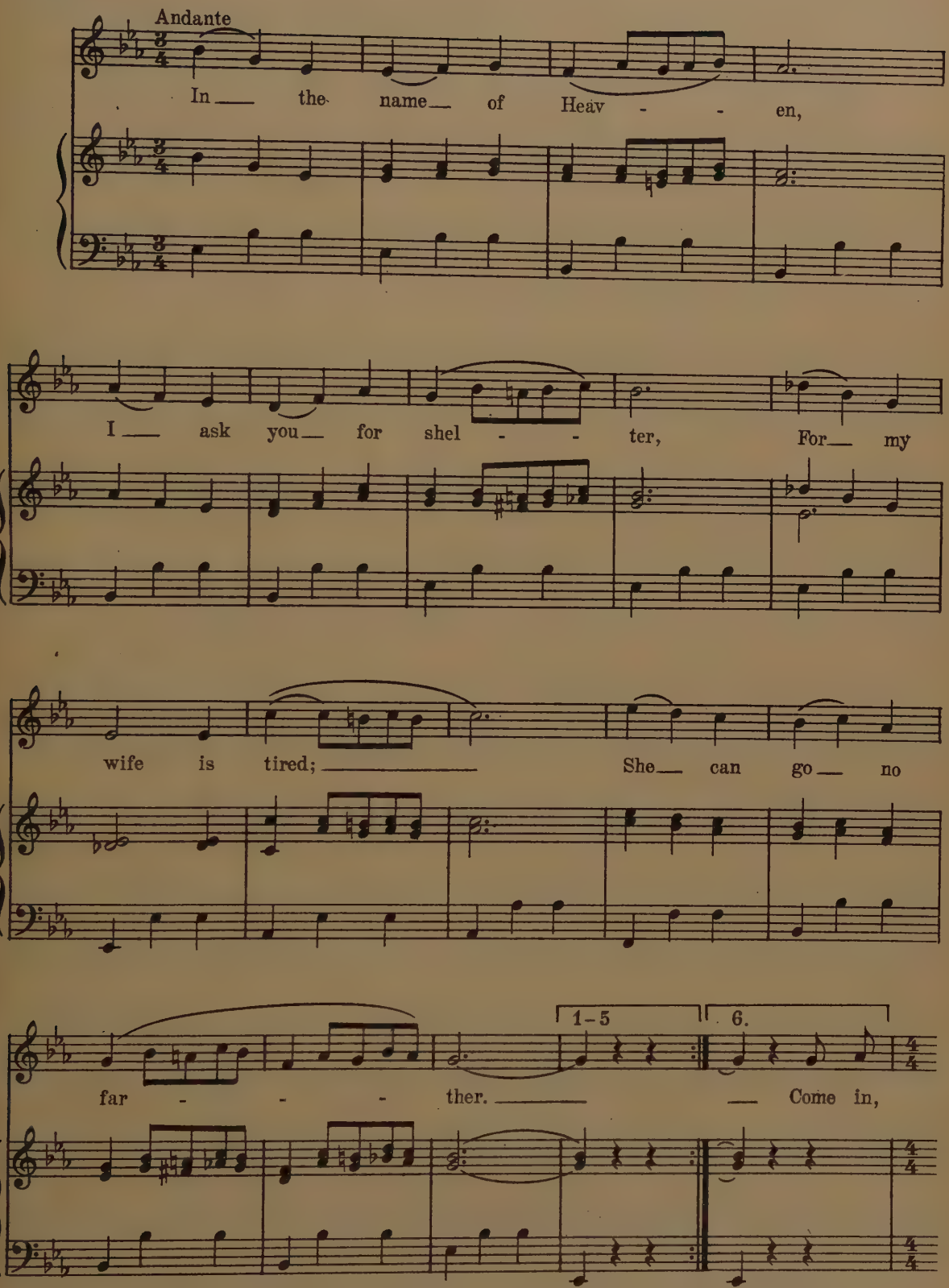
Come on in to drink the gruel,
All who pass here; now's the hour!
For although the gruel's splendid,
It's the cook that's turning sour.

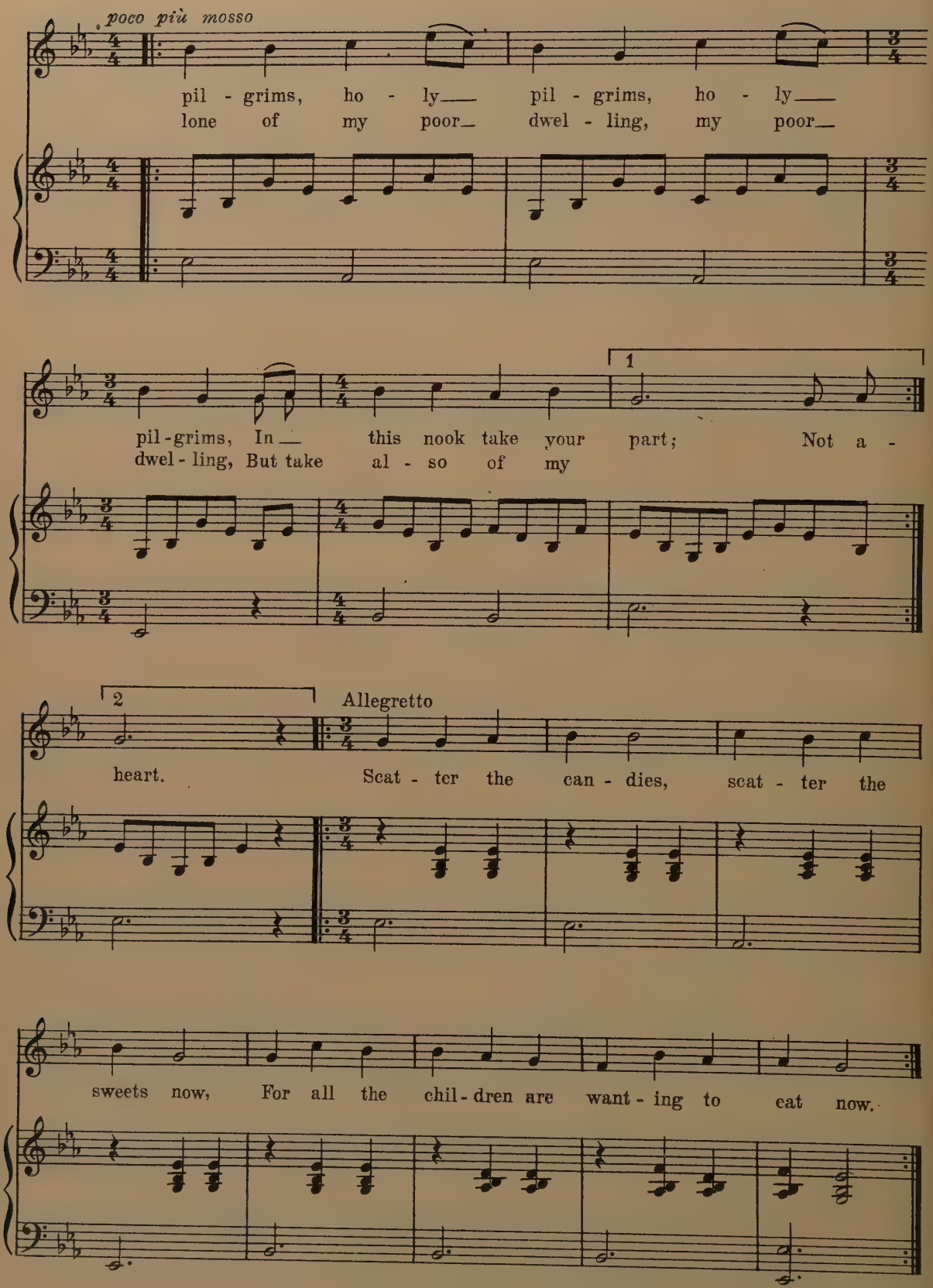
Of the gruel nice and milky,
And tamales made with butter,
Let all here now take advantage,
For in that's no sin whatever!

Translation by
MUNA LEE

THE PILGRIMS

Translation by
Muna Lee




poco più mosso
pil - grims, ho - ly pil - grims, ho - ly
lone of my poor dwel - ling, my poor
1
pil - grims, In this nook take your part; Not a -
dwel - ling, But take al - so of my
2
heart.
Allegretto
Scat - ter the can - dies, scat - ter the
sweets now, For all the chil - dren are want - ing to eat now.

Los Peregrinos

En nombre del cielo,
Os pido posada,
Pues no puede andar
Ya mi esposa amada.

Aquí no es mesón,
Sigan adelante,
Pues no vaya a ser
Algún tunante.

Mi esposa es María
La Reina del Cielo,
Os pido posada
Por solo una noche.

Pues si es una Reina
Quién lo solicita,
¿Cómo es que de noche
Anda tan solita?

Yo soy carpintero
De nombre José,
Mi esposa es María
La Madre de Dios.

Si eres tu José
Y tu esposa es María,
Entren, peregrinos,
No los conocía.

Entren, santos peregrinos, peregrinos,
A este humilde rincón
No de mi pobre morada, morada,
Sino de mi corazón.

Echen confites y canelones
Para los muchachos que son comelones.

Castaña asada, piña cubierta,
Denle de palos a los de la puerta

Andale, Lola, no te dilates
Con la canasta de los cacahuates.

En esta posada nos hemos chasqueado
Porque la dueña nada nos ha dado.

The Pilgrims

In the name of Heaven,
I ask you for shelter,
For my wife is tired;
She can go no farther.

I am no inn-keeper;
You two cannot stay here—
(Scoundrel he may be,
Who would make a fray here!)

My wife is that Mary
Who is Queen of Heaven—
Shelter you refuse
Just for one night even?

Well, if she's so queenly,
She's not wished nor known here!
How is it at night
She goes forth alone here?

Carpenter you see me,
My name's Joseph, brother;
Mary is my wife—
She is God's own Mother.

If your name is Joseph,
Mary there beside you,
You two we knew not;
Enter, good betide you!

Come in, pilgrims, holy pilgrims, holy pilgrims,
In this nook take your part;
Not alone of my poor dwelling, my poor dwelling,
But take also of my heart.

(*The Children*)

Scatter the candies, scatter the sweets now,
For all the children are wanting to eat now.

Candied pineapple! chestnuts well roasted!
Hit with a stick all those at the door posted!

Come on then, Lola! Hurry, we ask it!
Bring us the peanuts you have in the basket!

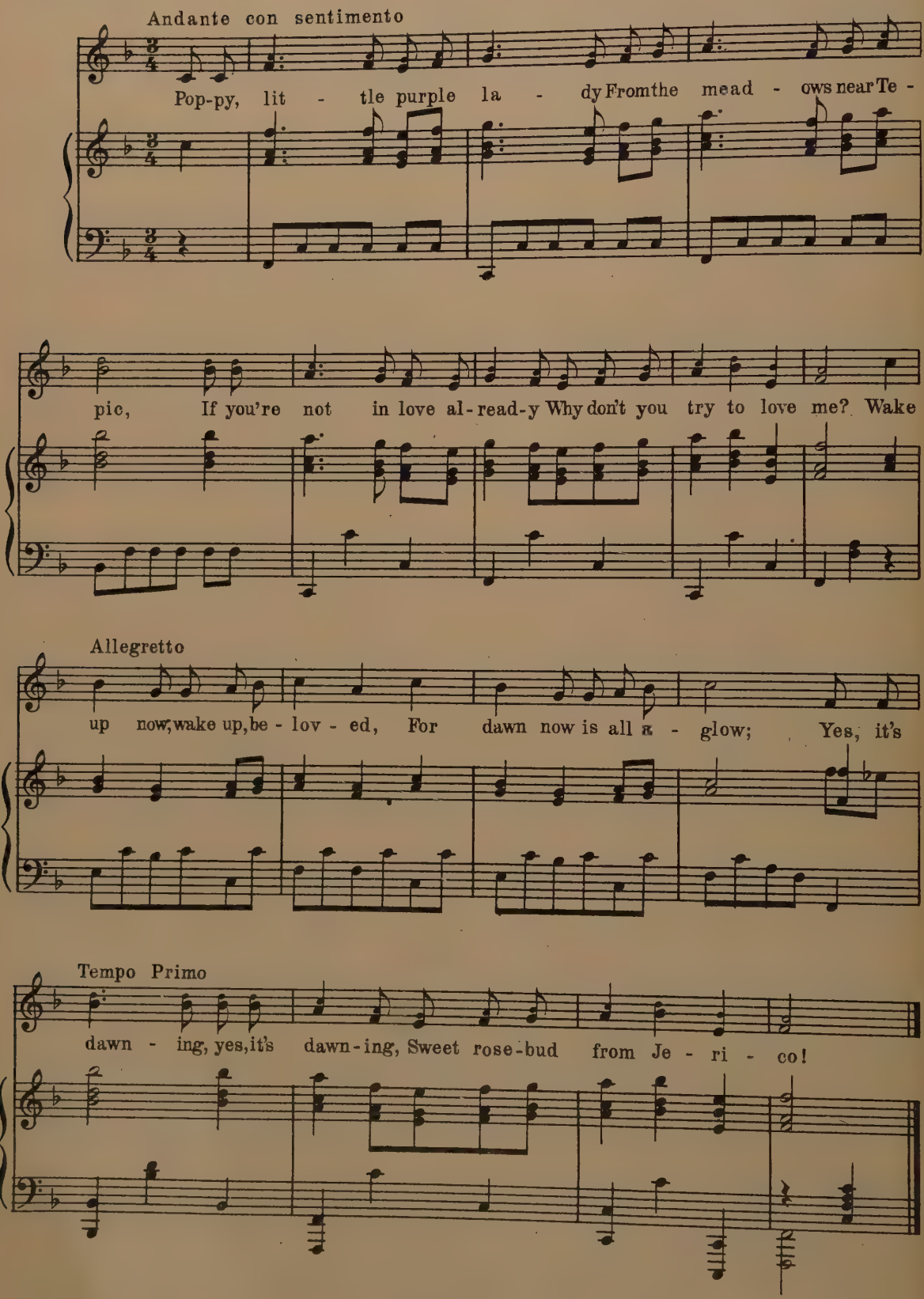
Here from this dwelling we'll go off sadly;
They've giv'n us nothing and treated us badly!

Translation by
MUNA LEE

LITTLE PURPLE POPPY

Translation by
Muna Lee

Arranged by
Elena Landázuri


Andante con sentimento
Pop-py, lit - tle purple la - dy From the mead - ows near Te -
pic, If you're not in love al-read-y Why don't you try to love me? Wake
Allegretto
up now, wake up, be - lov - ed, For dawn now is all a - glow; Yes, it's
Tempo Primo
dawn - ing, yes, it's dawn-ing, Sweet rose-bud from Je - ri - co!

Amapolita Morada

Amapolita morada
De los llanos de Tepic,
Si no estas enamorada,
Enamorate de mí.
Despierta, adorada mia,
Despierta que amaneció.
Que amanece, que amanece,
Rosita de Jericó.

Si el sereno de la calle
Me quisiera hacer favor,
De apagar su linternita
Inter que pasa mi amor.
Mil gracias, señor sereno,
Mil gracias por el favor.
Ya encienda su linternita
Porque ya paso mi amor.

Little Purple Poppy

Poppy, little purple lady
From the meadows near Tepic,
If you're not in love already
Why don't you try to love me?
Wake up now, wake up, belovéd,
For dawn now is all aglow;
Yes, it's dawning, yes, it's dawning,
Sweet rosebud from Jerico!

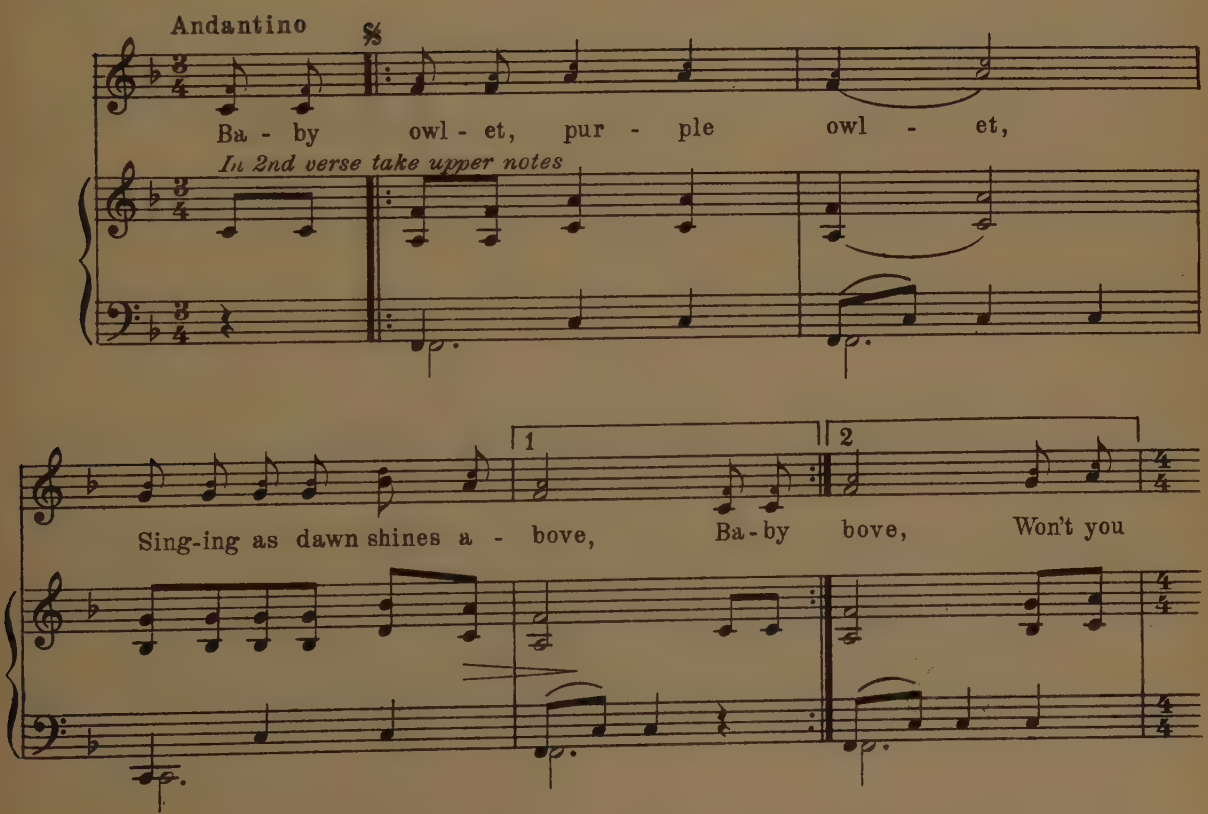
If the watchman at the corner
Wishes to be kind to me,
Let him veil his lighted lantern
So none my dear love may see.
O thanks to you, dear old watchman,
How kind you have been to me!
Light again your little lantern;
When my love passed, none did see.

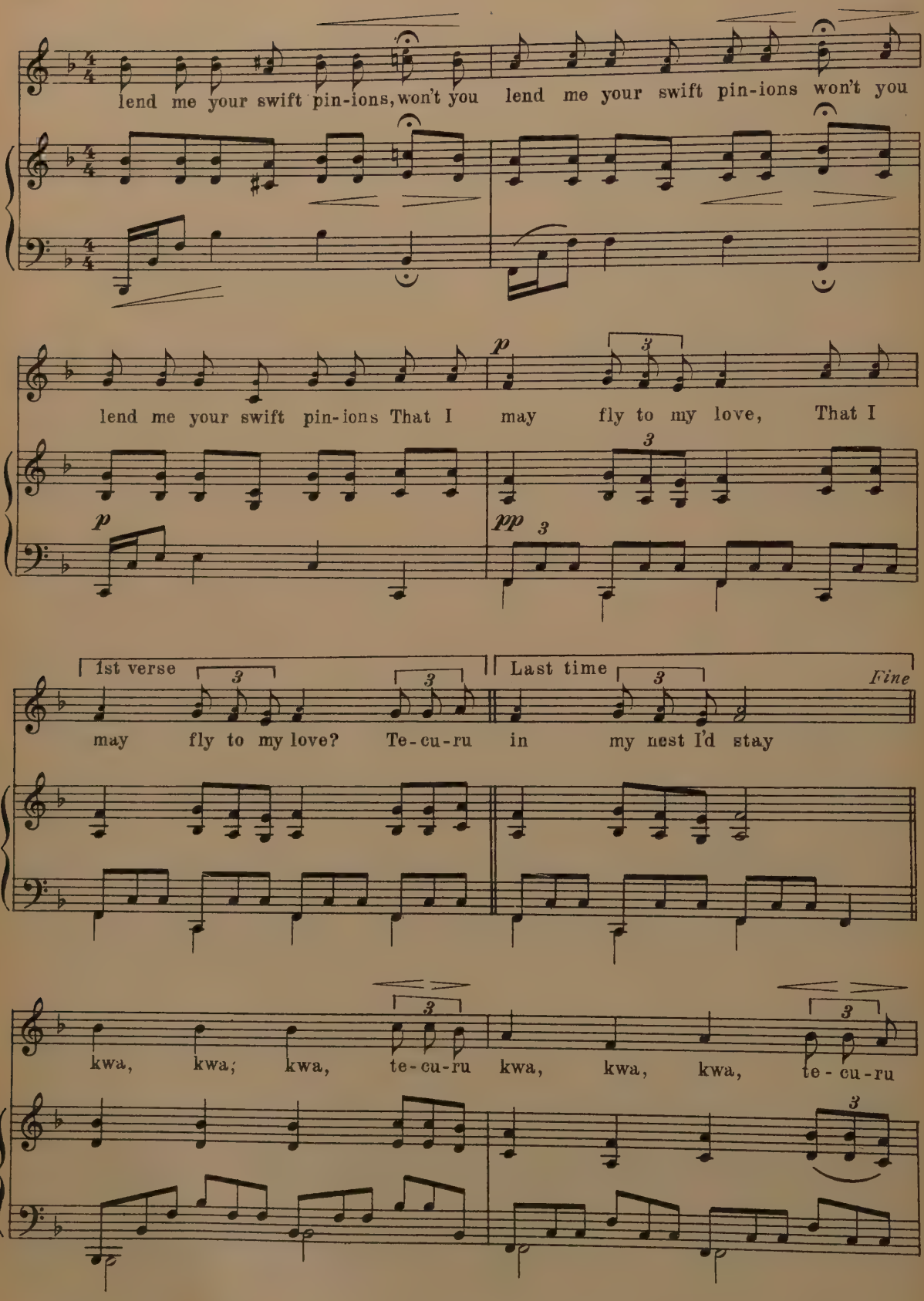
Translation by
MUNA LEE

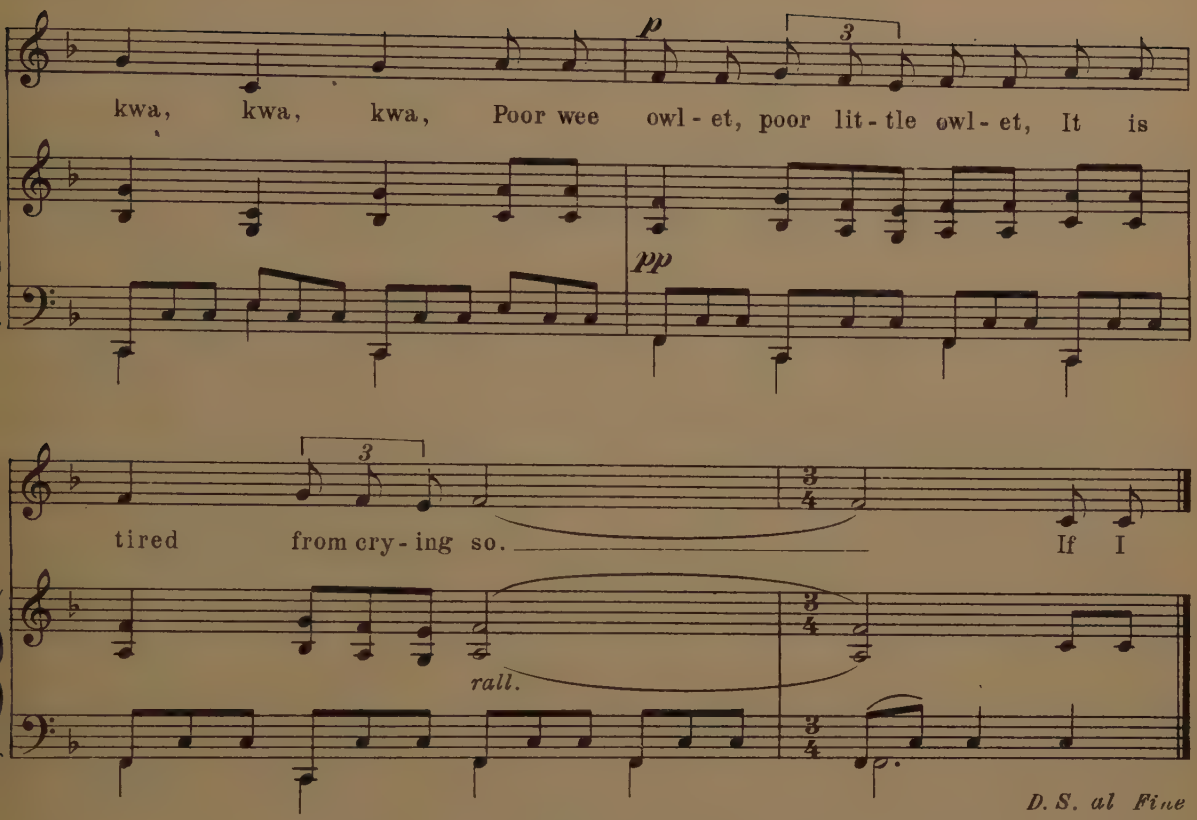
THE OWLET

Translation by
Muna Lee

Arranged by
Elena Landázuri




lend me your swift pin-ions, won't you lend me your swift pin-ions won't you
p
lend me your swift pin-ions That I may fly to my love, That I
p
pp
1st verse
may fly to my love? Te-cu-ru
Last time
in my nest I'd stay
Fine
kwa, kwa; kwa, te-cu-ru kwa, kwa, kwa, te-cu-ru



Tecolotito

Tecolotito morado,
Pájaro madrugador.
Me prestaras tus alitas,]3
Para ir a ver a mi amor.]2

Tecuru cua, cua, cua,]3
Probecito tecolotito,
Ya se cansa de llorar.

Si yo fuero tecolote,
No me lanzaría a volar.
Me quedara en mi nidito]3
Y acabándome de criar.]2

The Owlet

Baby owlet, purple owlet,
Singing as dawn shines above,
Won't you lend me your swift pinions]3
That I may fly to my love?]2

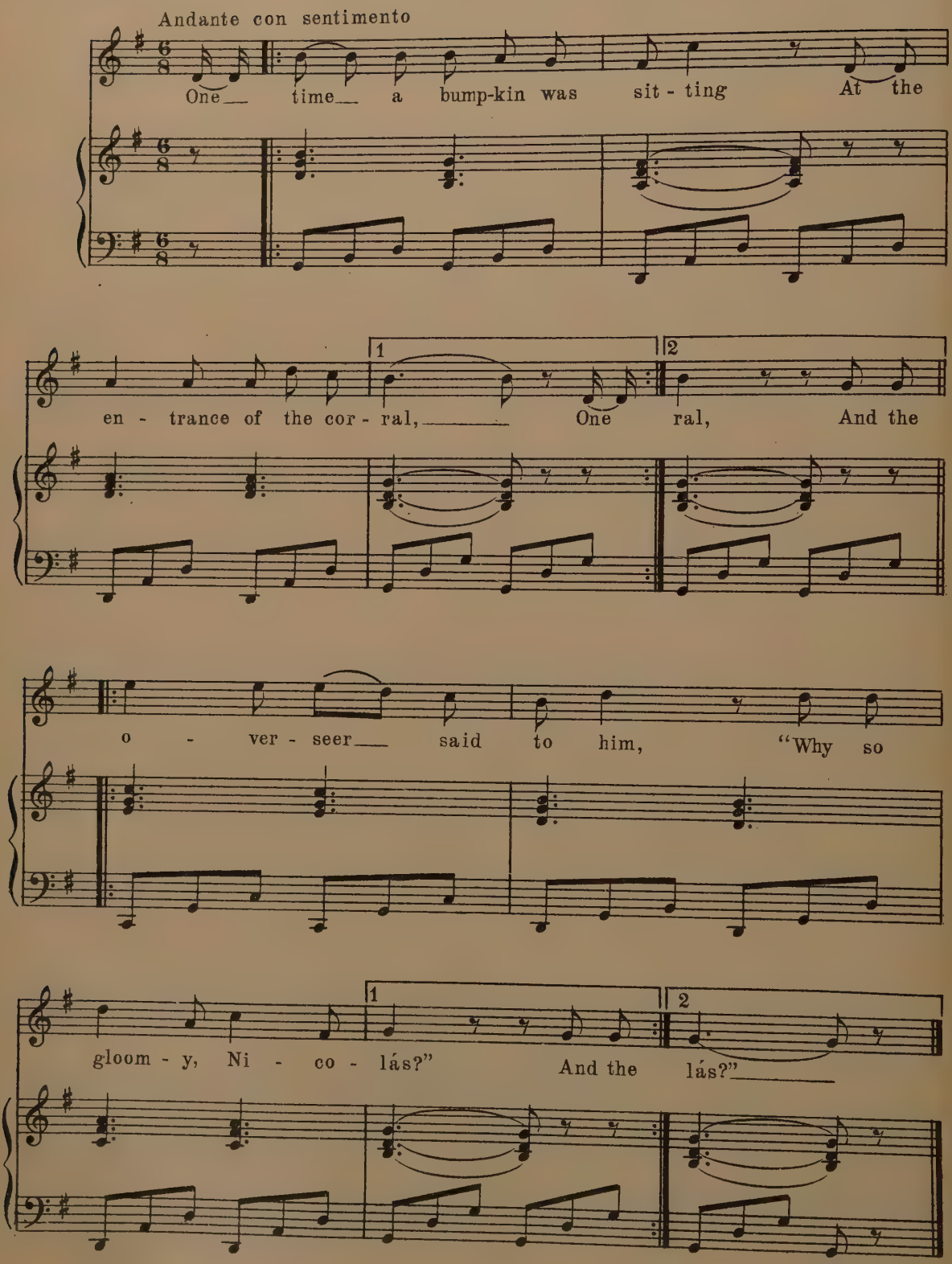
Tecuru kwa, kwa, kwa,]3
Poor wee owlet, poor little owlet,
It is tired from crying so.

If I were a little owlet,
I would never steal away;
Till my wings were strong and steady,]3
Safe within my nest I'd stay.]2

Translation by
MUNA LEE

THE BUMPKIN

Translation by
Muna Lee


Andante con sentimento
One time a bump-kin was sit - ting At the
en - trance of the cor - ral, One ral, And the
o - ver - seer said to him, "Why so
gloom - y, Ni - co - lás?" And the lás?"
1
2

El Payo

Estaba un payo sentado
En las trancas de un corral;
Y el mayordomo le dice:
"No estés triste, Nicolás."

"Si quiere que no este triste,
Lo que pida me han de dar."
Y el mayordomo le dice:
"Vé pidiendo, Nicolás."

"Necesito de esa china
Porque me quiero casar."
Y el mayordomo le dice:
"Tiene dueño, Nicolás."

Nicolás, desesperado,
En un pozo se iba a echar;
Y el mayordomo le dice:
"¡De cabeza, Nicolás!"

The Bumpkin

One time a bumpkin was sitting
At the entrance of the corral,
And the overseer said to him,
"Why so gloomy, Nicolás?"

"If you don't want me to be gloomy,
You have to give what I ask."
And the overseer said to him,
"Ask right on then, Nicolás!"

"What I need is that girl over yonder;
I wish to marry the lass!"
And the overseer said to him,
"You're too late there, Nicolás!"

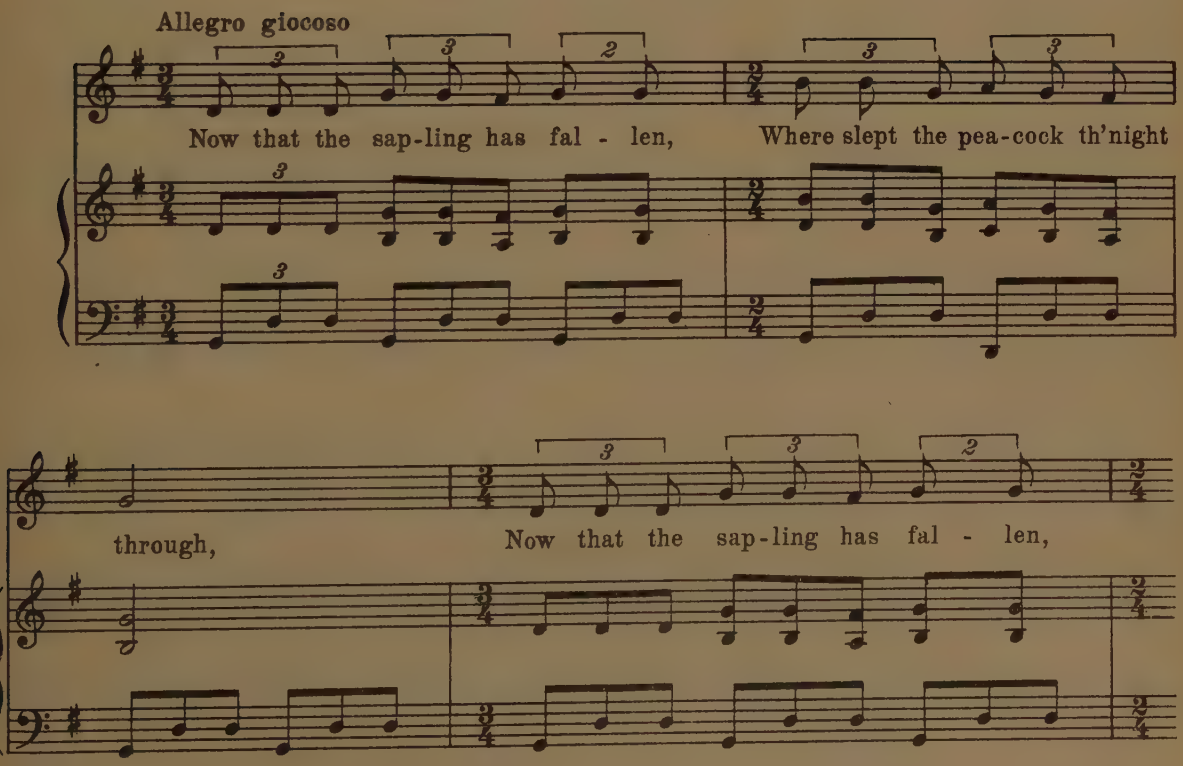
Poor Nicolas, broken-hearted,
To drown himself tried at last;
And the overseer said to him,
"Jump in head-first, Nicolás!"

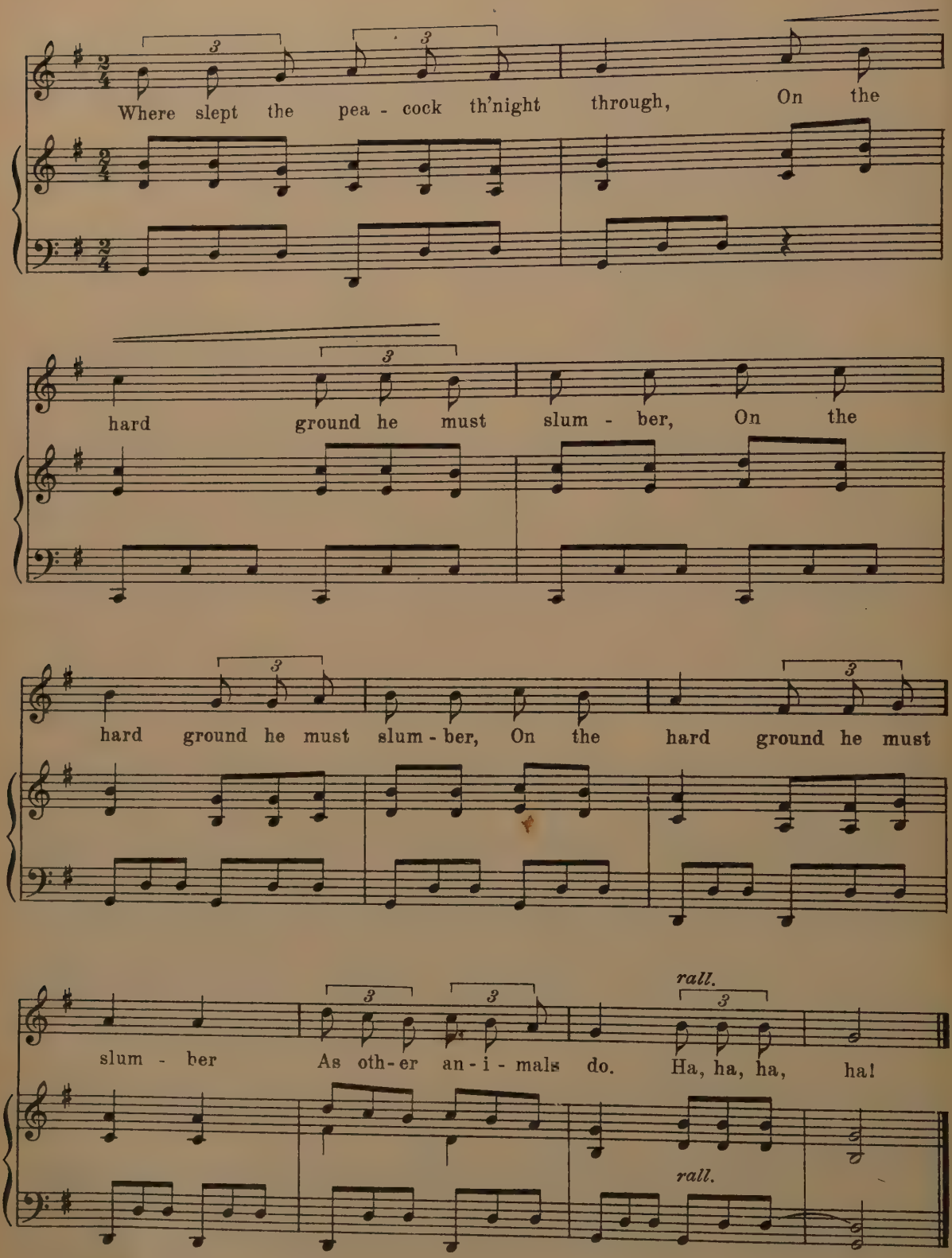
Translation by
MUNA LEE

Translation by
Muna Lee

THE PEACOCK

Arranged by
Elena Landázuri


Allegro giocoso
Now that the sap-ling has fal - len,
Where slept the pea-cock th'night
through,
Now that the sap-ling has fal - len,


Where slept the pea - cock th'night through, On the
hard ground he must slum - ber, On the
hard ground he must slum - ber, On the hard ground he must
slum - ber As oth-er an-i-mals do. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
rall.
rall.

El Pavu Rial

Ya se cayo el arbolito
Donde durmía el pavu rial.
Y ora durmira en el suelo
Como cualquier animal.
¡Ha, ha, ha, ha!

The Peacock

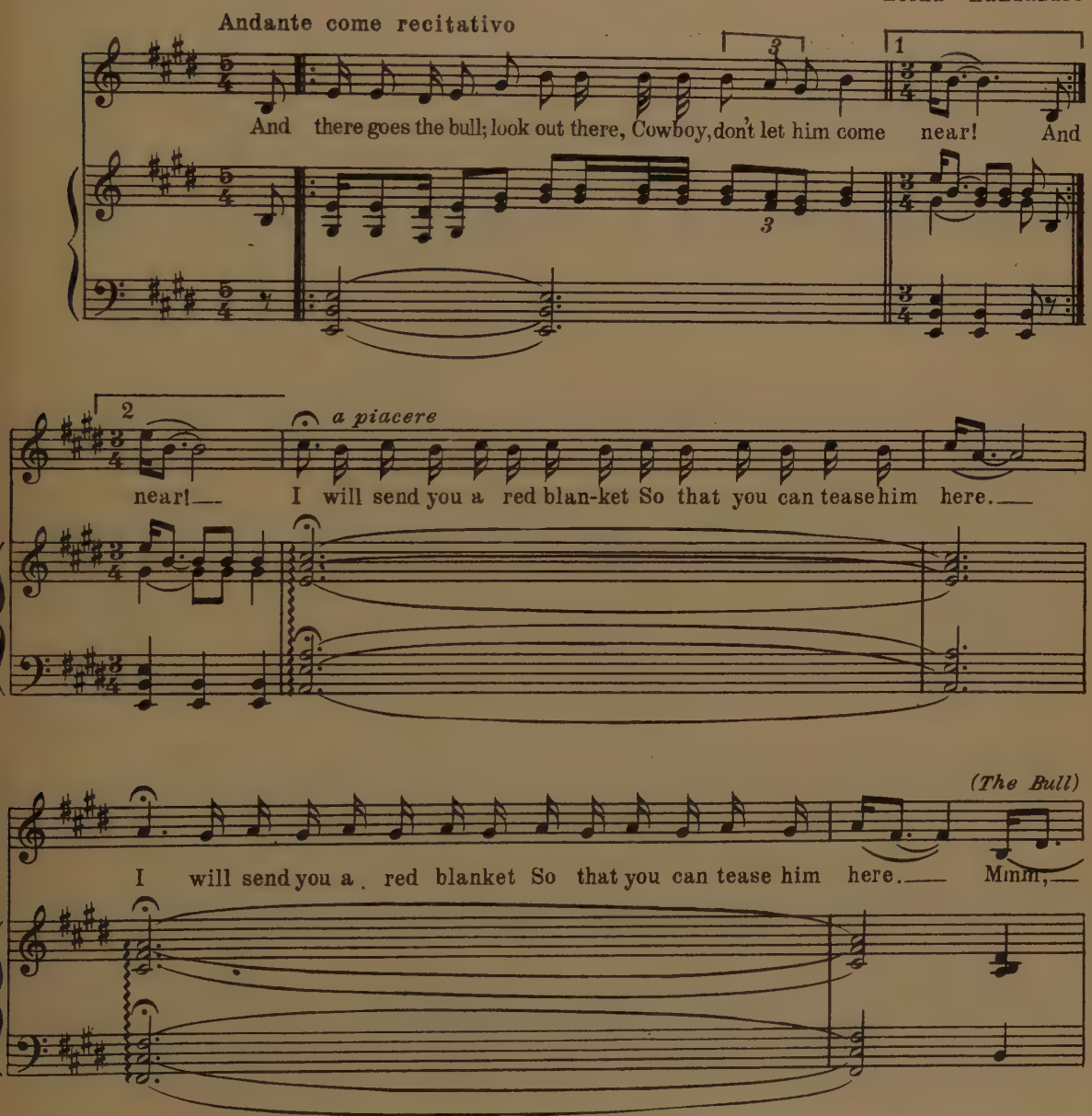
Now that the sapling has fallen,
Where slept the peacock th' night through,
On the hard ground he must slumber
As other animals do.
Ha, ha, ha, ha!

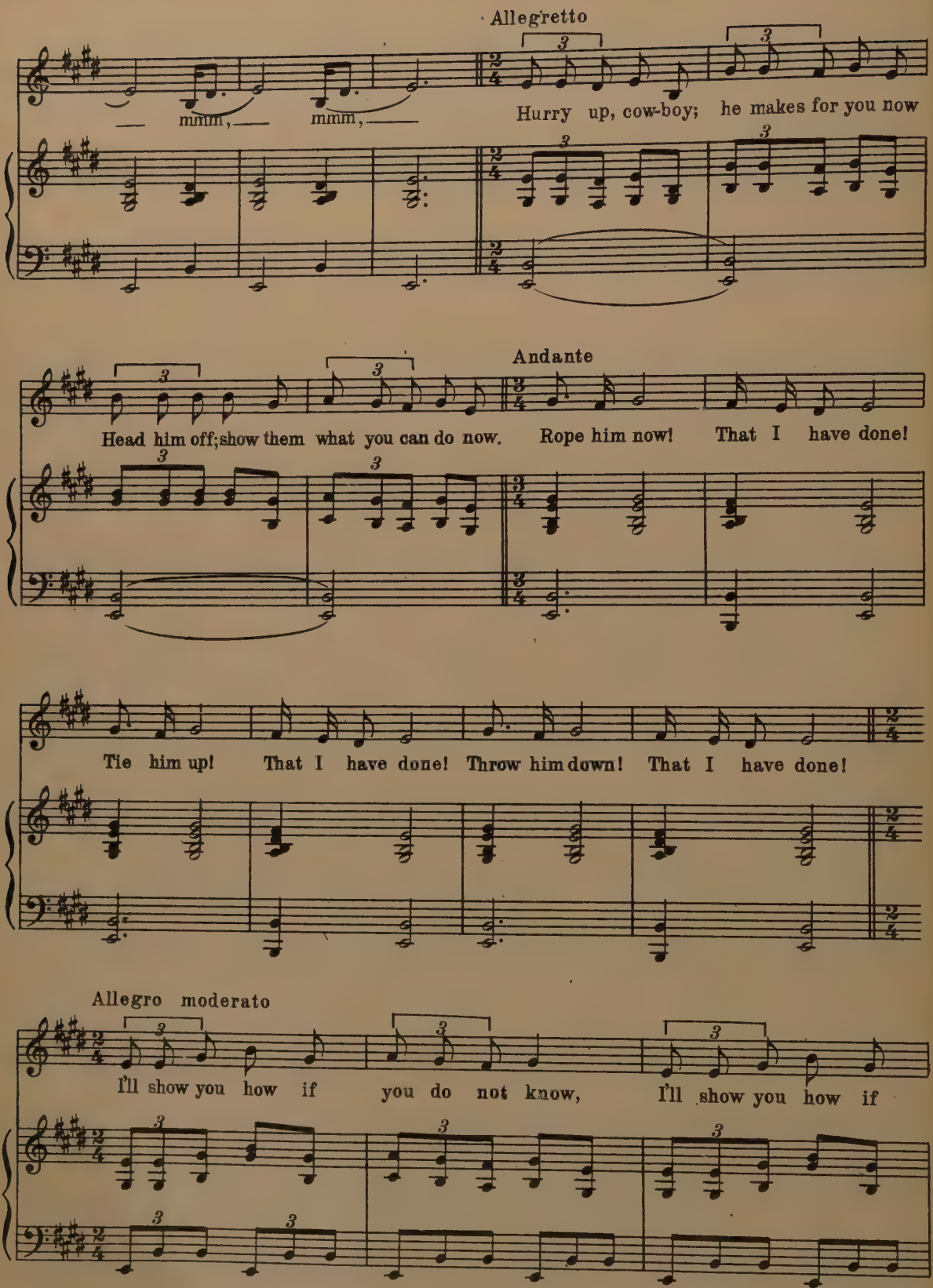
Translation by
MUNA LEE

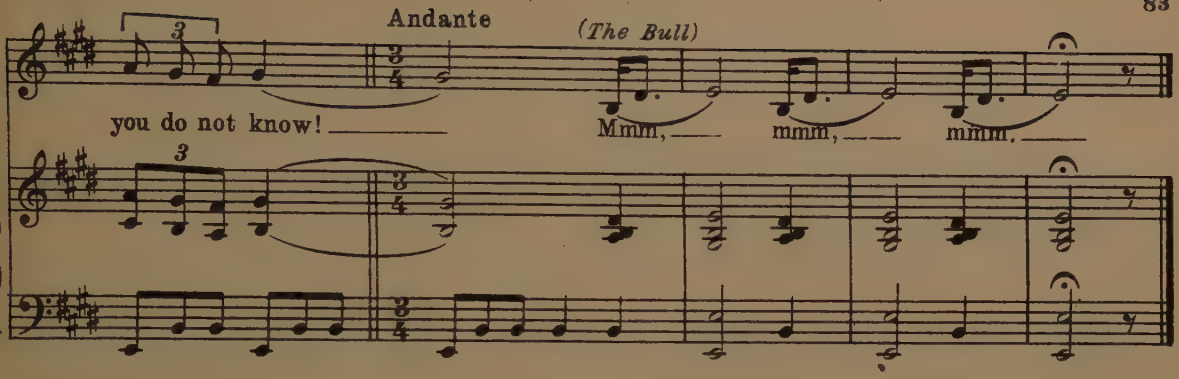
Translation by
Muna Lee

THE BULL AND THE COWBOY

Arranged by
Elena Landázuri


Andante come recitativo
And there goes the bull; look out there, Cowboy, don't let him come near! And
near! I will send you a red blan-ket So that you can tease him here.
a piacere
(The Bull)
I will send you a red blanket So that you can tease him here. Mmm,


Allegretto
mmm, mmm,
Hurry up, cow-boy; he makes for you now
Andante
Head him off; show them what you can do now. Rope him now! That I have done!
Tie him up! That I have done! Throw him down! That I have done!
Allegro moderato
I'll show you how if you do not know, I'll show you how if



El Toro y el Ranchero

Yay te va el toro, muchacho, no te lo dejes llegar,]2
Yay te mando un buen sarape pa que lo puedas toriar.]2
(*El toro*) ¡Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Y anda, muchacho, yay te va el toro,
Saca la vuelta pero con modo.
¡Lázalo! ¡Ya lo lacé!
¡Piálalo! ¡Ya lo pialé!
¡Túmbalo! ¡Ya lo tumbé!
Y si no sabe lo enseñaré.]2
(*El toro*) ¡Mmm, mmm, mmm!

The Bull and the Cowboy

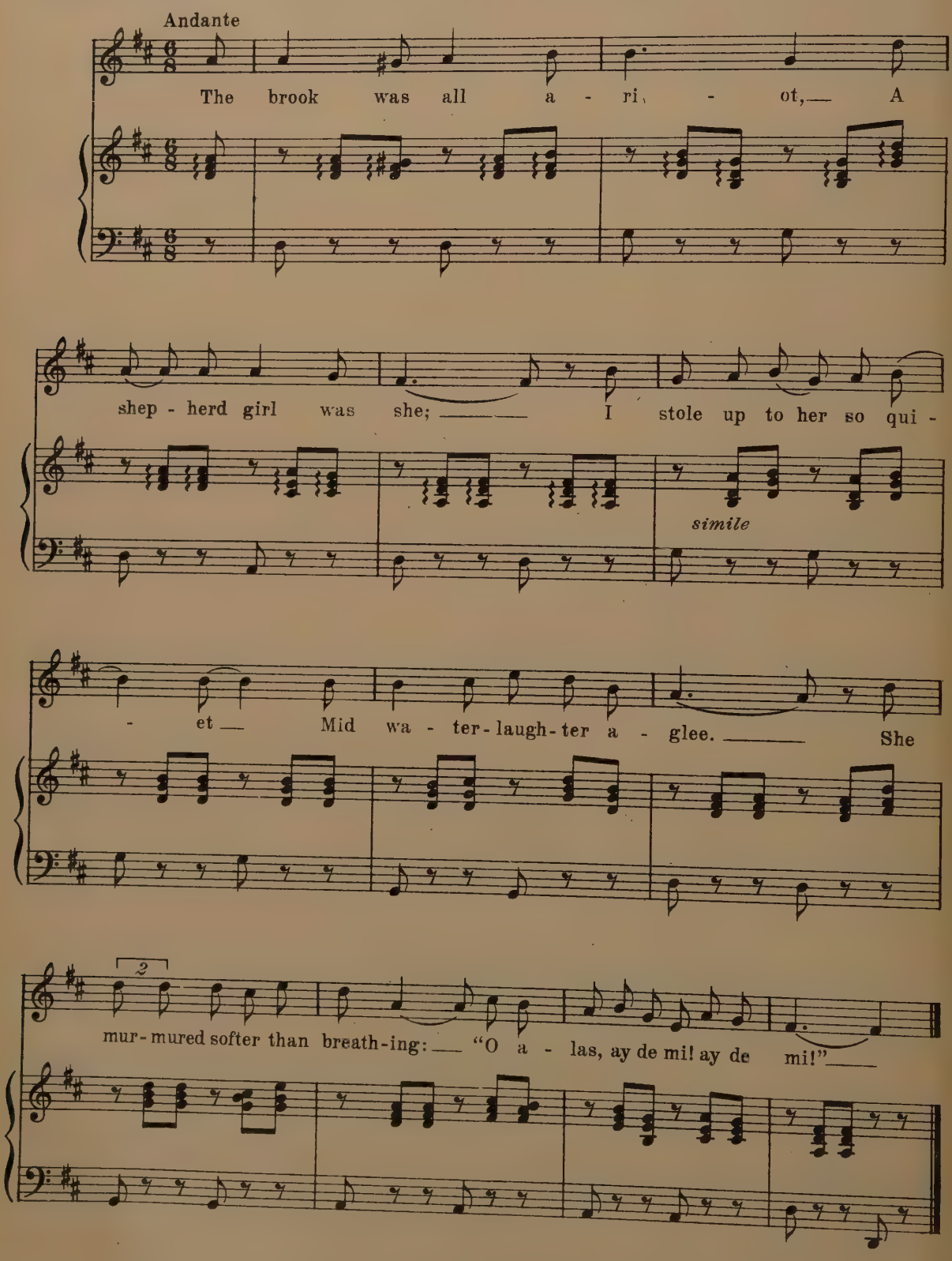
And there goes the bull; look out there,]2
Cowboy, don't let him come near!
I will send you a red blanket]2
So that you can tease him here.
(*The bull*) Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Hurry up, cowboy; he makes for you now.
Head him off; show them what you can do now.
Rope him now! That I have done!
Tie him up! That I have done!
Throw him down! That I have done!
I'll show you how if you do not know.]2
(*The bull*) Mmm, mmm, mmm!

Translation by
MUNA LEE

THE SHEPHERD GIRL

English version by
Florence Wilkinson


Andante
The brook was all a - ri - ot, A
shep - herd girl was she; I stole up to her so qui -
simile
- et Mid wa - ter-laugh-ter a - glee. She
2
mur-mured softer than breath-ing: "O a - las, ay de mi! ay de mi!"

La Zagala

A orillas de una fuente,
Una zagala ví;
Y con el ruido del agua
Me fuí acercando hacia allí;
Y oí una voz que decia:
¡Ay de mi! ¡ay de mi! ¡ay de mi!

Como la ví solita
Mi amor le ofrecí yo;
Ella quedó turbada
Y nada me contestó;
Entonces dije para mi:
¡Ya calló, ya calló, ya calló!

La tomé de la mano
Y a un jardín me la llevé,
Y en su sensible pecho
Un ramo le coloqué.
La niña entonces me dijo:
¡Ay Jesús! ¡que atrevido es usté!

La cogí de la mano
Y a un café me la llevé,
Y en sus divinos labios
Un beso la coloqué.
La niña entonces me dijo:
¡Ahora si que lo quiero yo a usté!

The Shepherd Girl

The brook was all a-riot,—
A shepherd girl was she;
I stole up to her so quiet
Mid water-laughter a-glee.
She murmured softer than breathing:
"O alas, ay de mi! ay de mi!"

Because she looked so lonely,
"You pretty child!" said I.
And, frightened a little only,
She uttered never a cry.
I lilted, lighter than mocking:
"O alas, ay de mi! and ay, ay!"

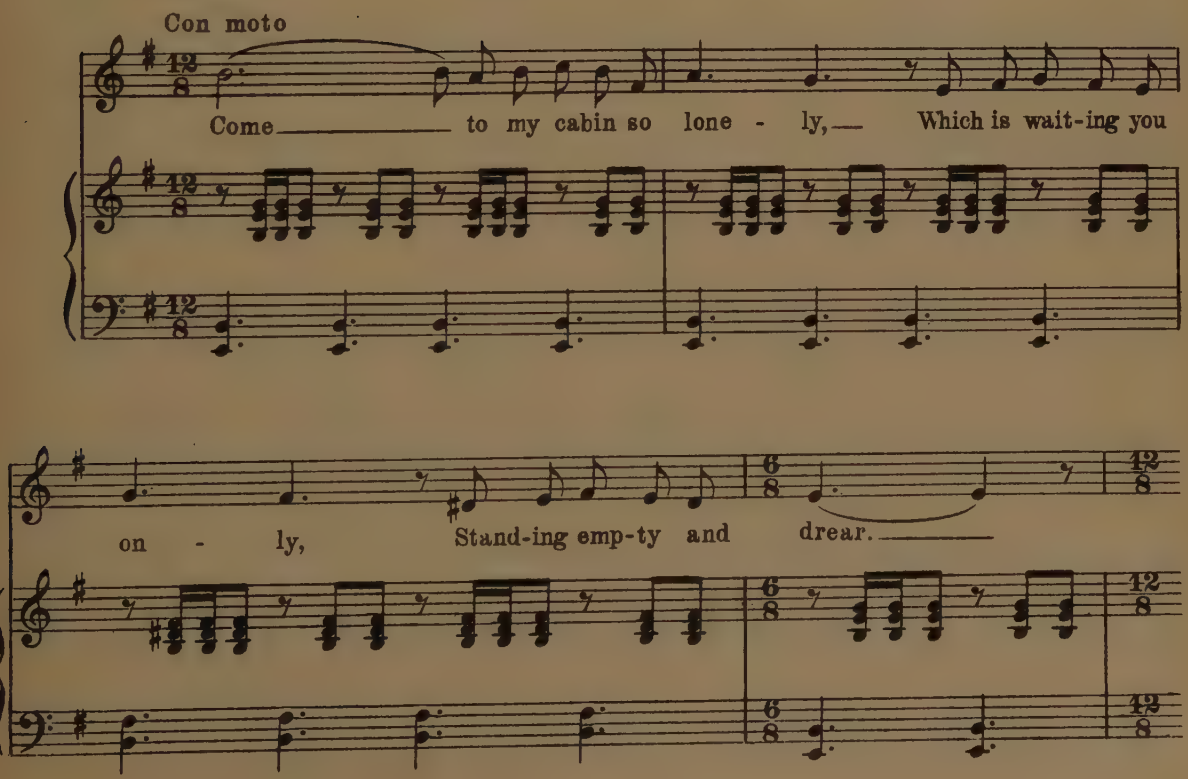
I took her slender fingers
In mine and led her where
The garden in shadow lingers.
I plucked her roses to wear,
And showered them down on her bosom.
"Don't you dare to," she cried, "don't you dare!"

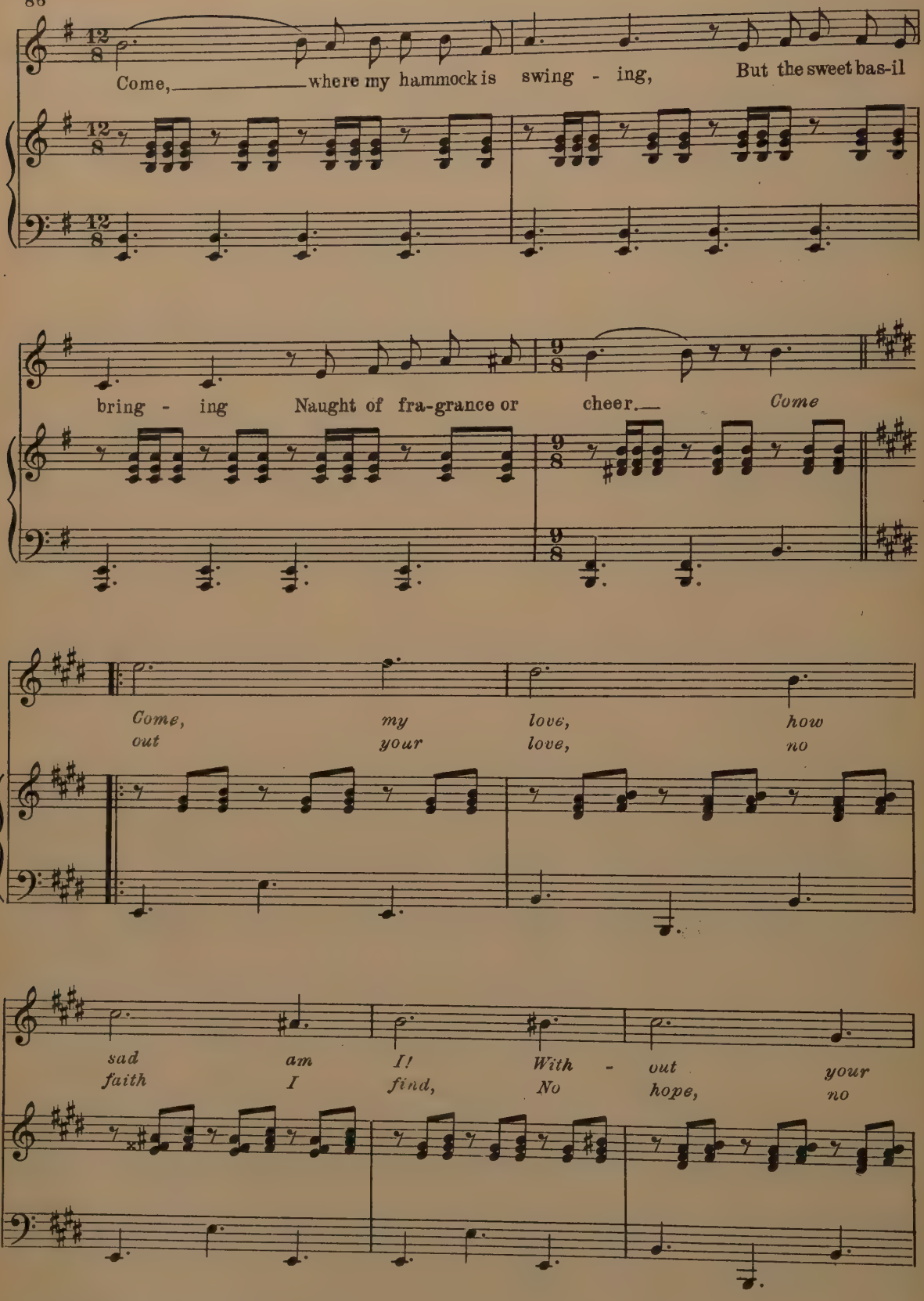
A café we had seen, ah,
As hand in hand we strolled.
"Divine are your lips, my niña,"
Across the table I told,
And kissed her lips while she murmured:
"I am yours, O my lover so bold."

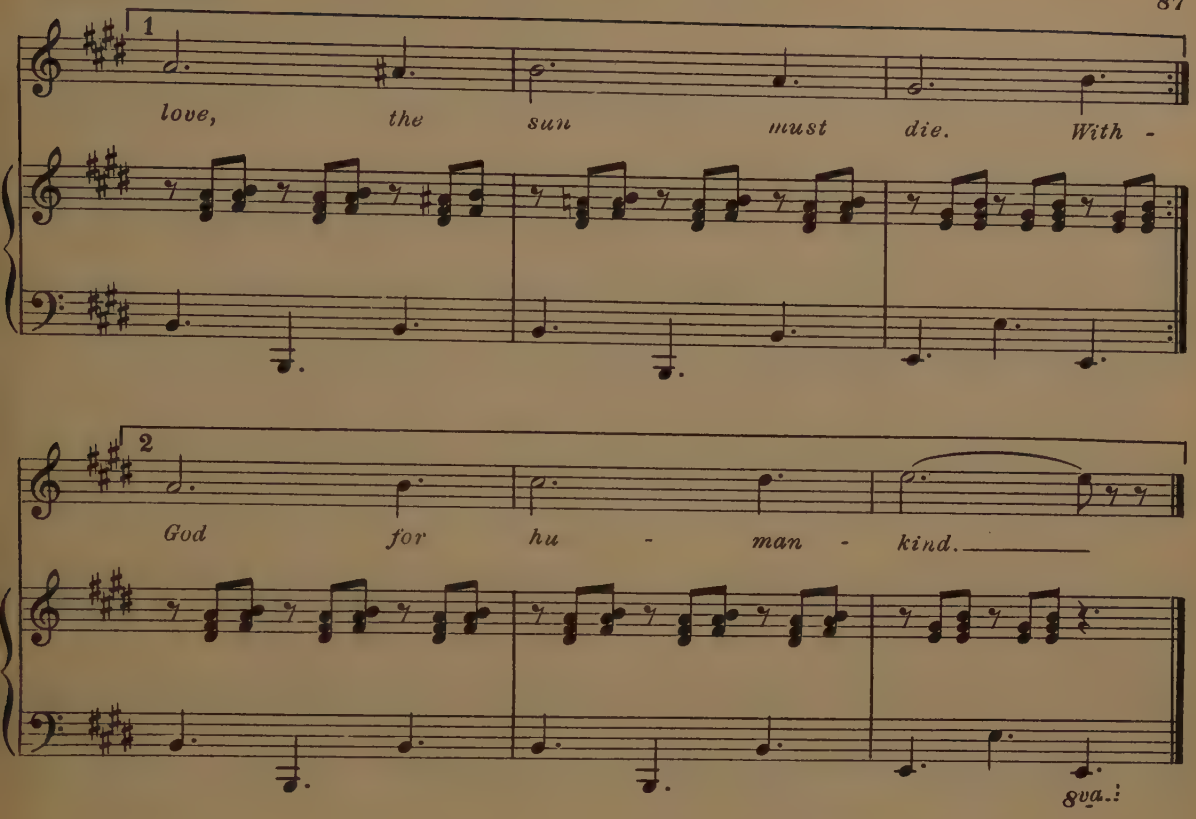
English version by
FLORENCE WILKINSON

English version by
Angela Morgan

THE CABIN




Come, where my hammock is swing - ing, But the sweet bas-il
bring - ing Naught of fra-grance or cheer. Come
Come, my love, how
out your love, no
sad am I! With - out your
faith I find, No hope, no



La Cabaña

Ven a mi pobre cabaña
Que te espera y extraña
Cuando faltas de aquí.
Ven, que te espera mi hamaca,
Y las flores de albahaca
No perfuman sin ti.

Ven, ven, mi amor, que triste estoy;
¡Sin ti no hay luz, sin luz no hay sol!
Ven, ven, mi amor, que triste estoy;
¡Sin ti no hay fe, sin fe no hay Dios!

Si vuelvas a mi cabaña
Donde llora la caña
Con suspiros de amor,
Se abrirán todas las flores
Y darán sus olores
Los naranjos en flor.

The Cabin

Come to my cabin so lonely,
Which is waiting you only,
Standing empty and drear.
Come, where my hammock is swinging,
But the sweet basil bringing
Naught of fragrance or cheer.

Come, come, my love, how sad am I!
Without your love, the sun must die.
Without your love, no faith I find,
No hope, no God for humankind.

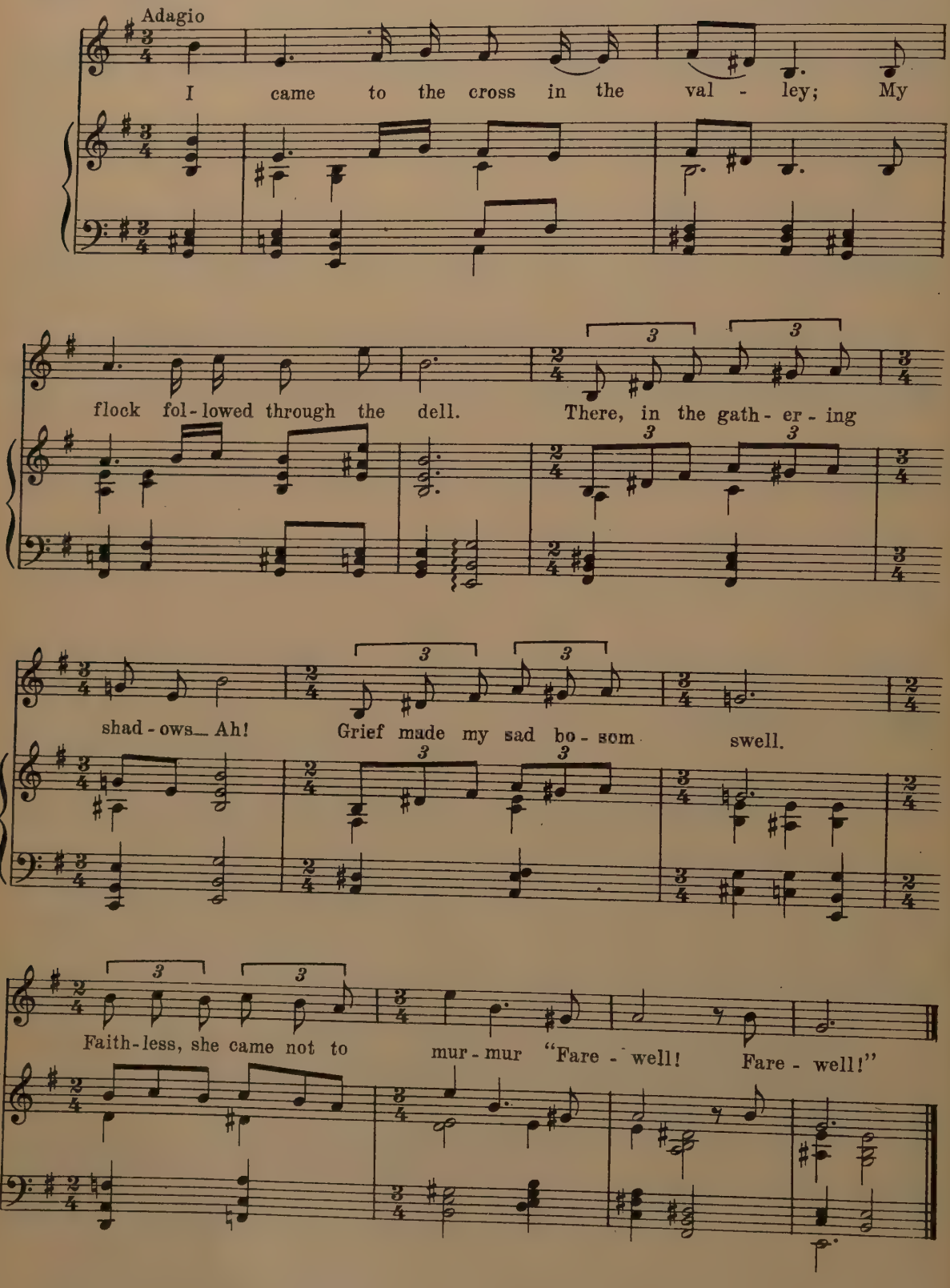
Come, where my cabin is sleeping,
And the sugar cane weeping
With the sadness of love.
Come, and the flowers will brighten,
And the orange tree whiten
With its blossoms above.

English version by
ANGELA MORGAN

THE CROSS IN THE VALLEY

English version by
Wilbur D. Nesbit

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Adagio
I came to the cross in the val - ley; My
flock fol-lowed through the dell. There, in the gath-er-ing
shad-ows_ Ah! Grief made my sad bo-som swell.
Faith-less, she came not to mur-mur "Fare - well! Fare - well!"

La Cruz del Valle

Al pie de la cruz del valle
Con mi rebaño me hallé,
Cuando la tarde caía, ¡ay!
Cuando se escondía el sol.
¡Y no me dijo la ingrata
Ni adios, ni adios!

Yo se que a la cruz del valle
Viene ella siempre a rezar,
Cuando las noches oscuras, ¡ay!
Anuncian la tempestad.
Y si la miran de cerca
Se ván, se ván.

Antenoche hasta su choza
Tocando mi quena fuí;
Oyó sin duda la ingrata, ¡ay!
Y no cesó de dormir.
Nunca mi quena más triste
La oí, la oí.

The Cross in the Valley

I came to the cross in the valley;
My flock followed through the dell.
There, in the gathering shadows—Ah!
Grief made my sad bosom swell.
Faithless, she came not to murmur,
"Farewell! Farewell!"

I know, to the cross in the valley
She comes when the storm is nigh;
Then will she whisper her prayers—Ah!
Then flee the clouds from the sky;
For, from the grace of her beauty
They fly, they fly.

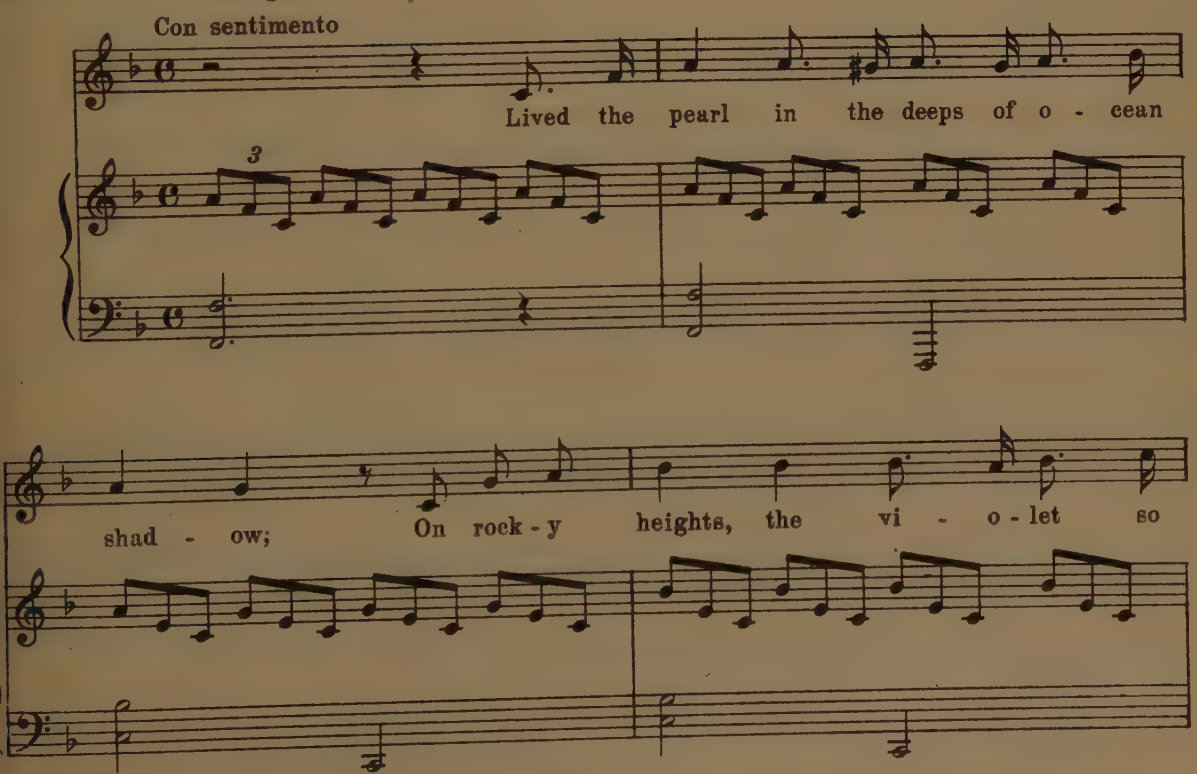
At night, 'neath her window playing,
My flute sought my love to tell.
Sleeping, she would not awaken—Ah!
Then all my melodies fell.
Never my flute sobbed so sadly,
"Farewell! Farewell!"

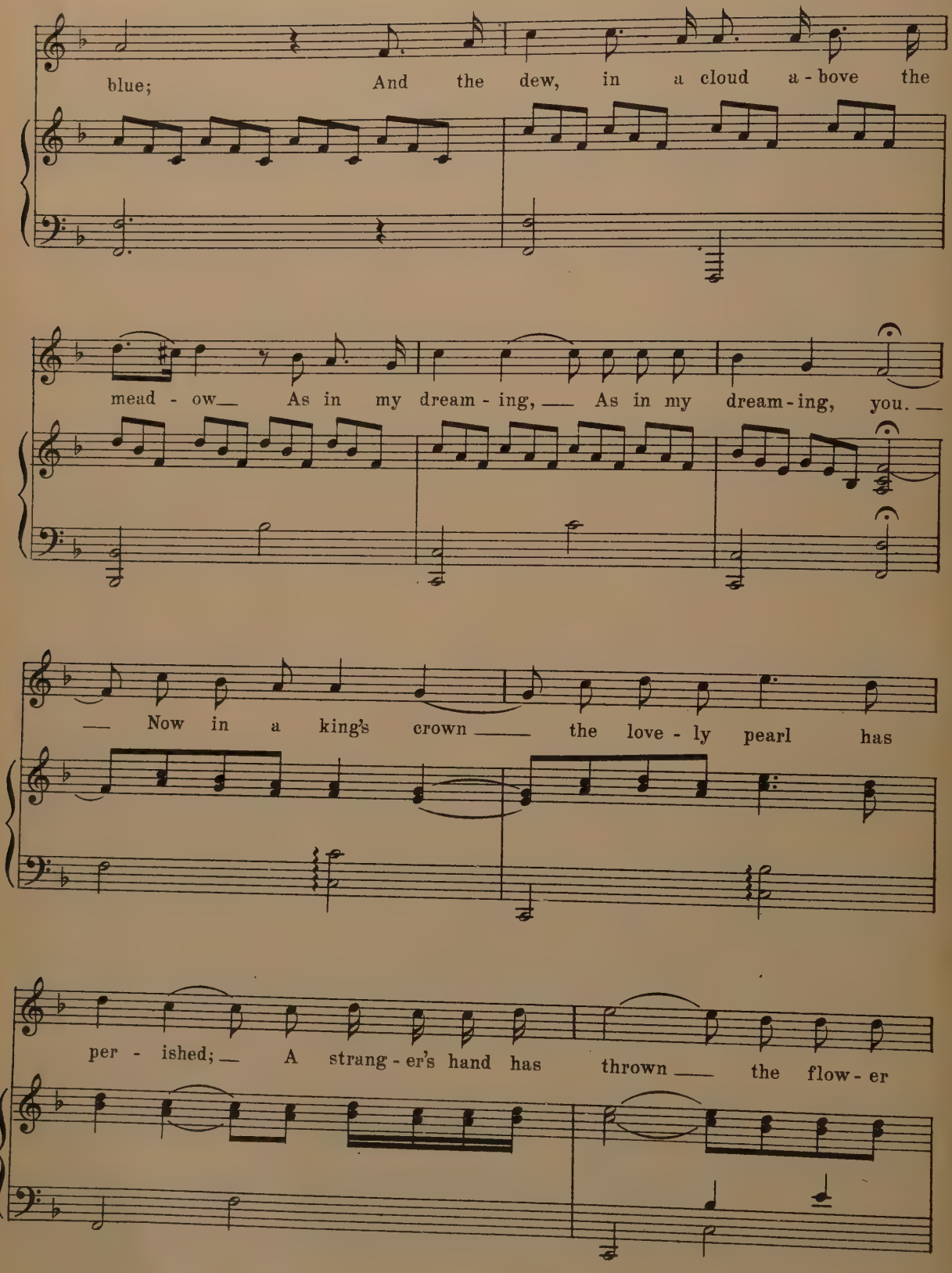
English version by
WILBUR D. NESBIT

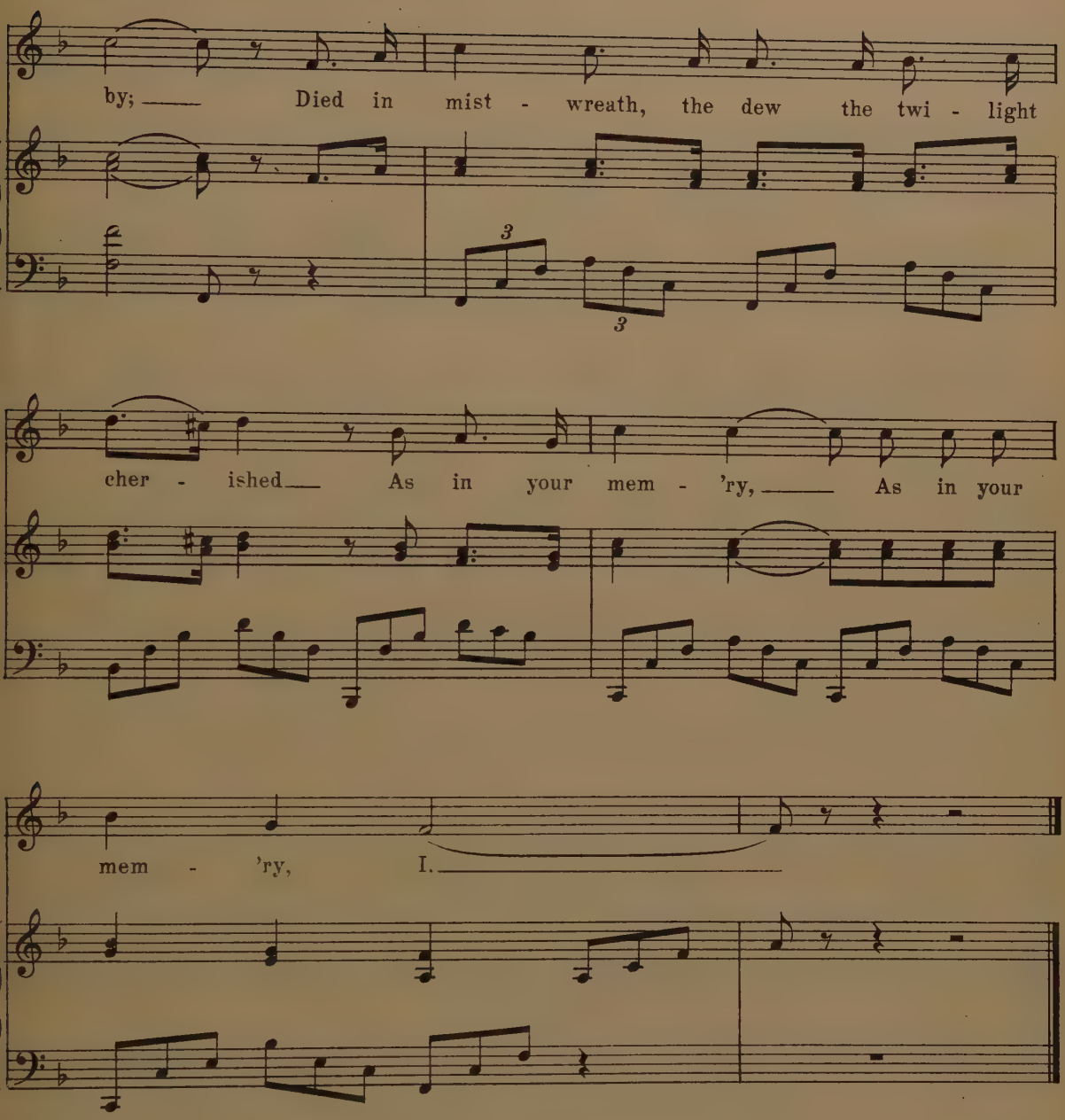
THE PEARL

English version by
Ruth Guthrie Harding

Attributed to
José Araya
Re-arranged




blue; And the dew, in a cloud a - bove the
mead - ow— As in my dream - ing, — As in my dream - ing, you. —
— Now in a king's crown — the love - ly pearl has
per - ished; — A strang - er's hand has thrown — the flow - er



La Perla

En el fondo del mar nació la perla,
En la alta roca la violeta azul,
En las nubes la gota de roció,
Y en mis ensueños, tú.

Murió la perla en la imperial corona,
En búcaro gentil la mustia flor,
En brillantes vapores el rocío,
Y en tu memoria, yo.

The Pearl

Lived the pearl in the deeps of ocean-shadow;
On rocky heights, the violet so blue;
And the dew, in a cloud above the meadow—
As in my dreaming, you.

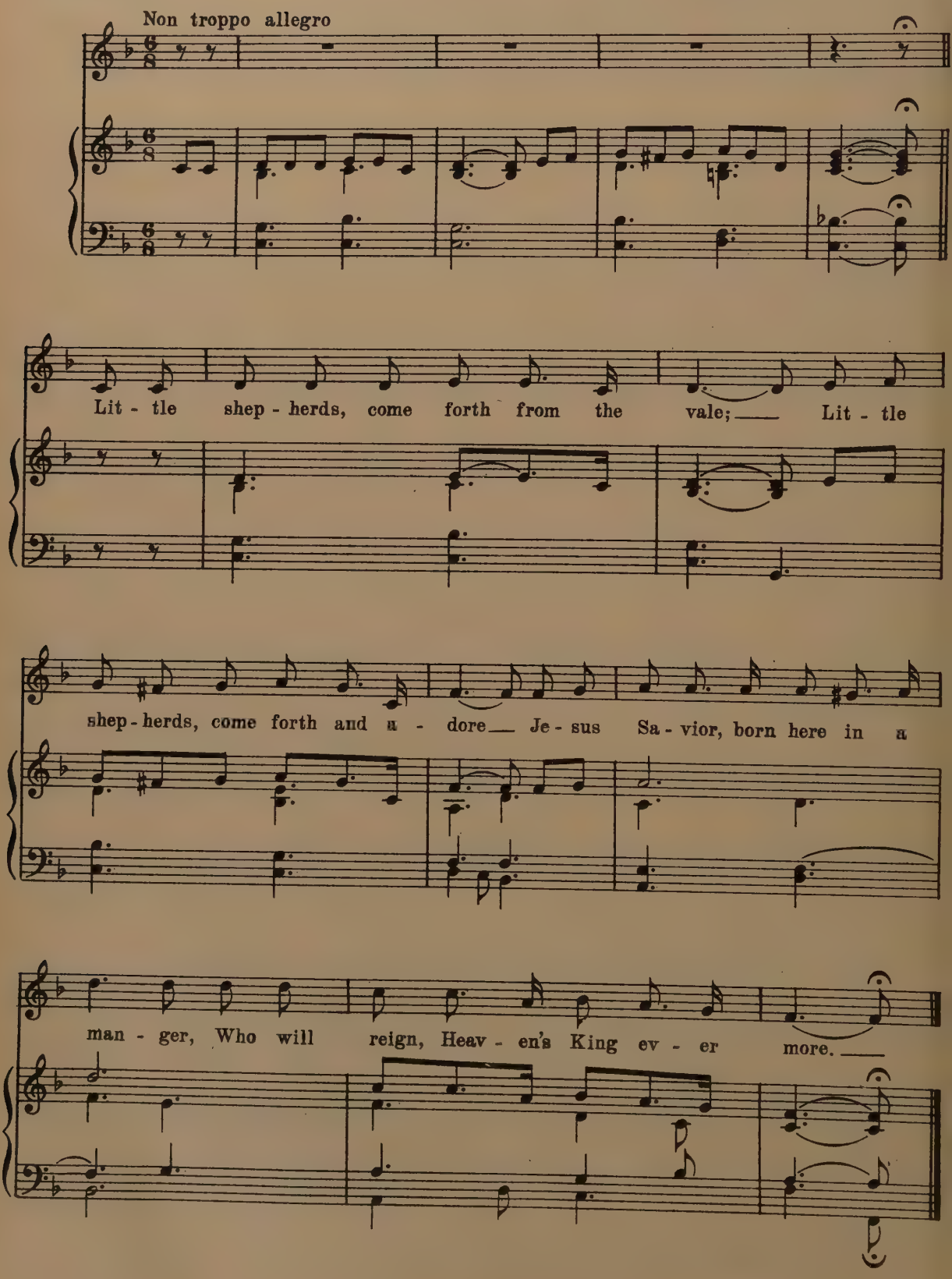
Now in a king's crown the lovely
pearl has perished;
A stranger's hand has thrown the flower by;
Died in mist-wreath, the dew
the twilight cherished—
As in your memory, I.

English version by
RUTH GUTHRIE HARDING

LITTLE SHEPHERDS

Translation by
Muna Lee

As sung by
Gonzalo C. Fernández
Arranged by Julio Osma


Non troppo allegro
Lit - tle shep - herds, come forth from the vale; Lit - tle
shep - herds, come forth and a - dore Je - sus Sa - vior, born here in a
man - ger, Who will reign, Heav - en's King ev - er more.

Villancico

Pastorcitos del valle, venid,
Pastorcitos, venid a adorar,
A Jesus que nació en un pesebre
Que es el Dios que aquí reinará.

En pesebre el Dios Niño nació,
Pastorcillos del mundo, venid
Con ofrendas de miel y de mirra,
Que se encuentra rodeado de amor.

¡Quién dijera que aquel que en Belén
Pobre y solo a este mundo llegó,
Era el Dios que en el cielo moraba
Y que solo nos vino a salvar!

Del Oriente los Magos vinieron
A Belén a adorar al Señor,
Que tan pobre nació en un pesebre
Y que es el hijo de Dios.

Little Shepherds

Little shepherds, come forth from the vale;
Little shepherds, come forth and adore
Jesus Savior, born here in a manger,
Who will reign, Heaven's King evermore.

To surround Him with tokens of love,
In the manger made great by His birth,
Bring the Infant, our Lord, myrrh and honey,
All ye dear little shepherds of earth.

Who would say that in Bethlehem town,
Poor and lonely, to earth there had come
One Who offers to us our salvation
And has Heaven above for His home!

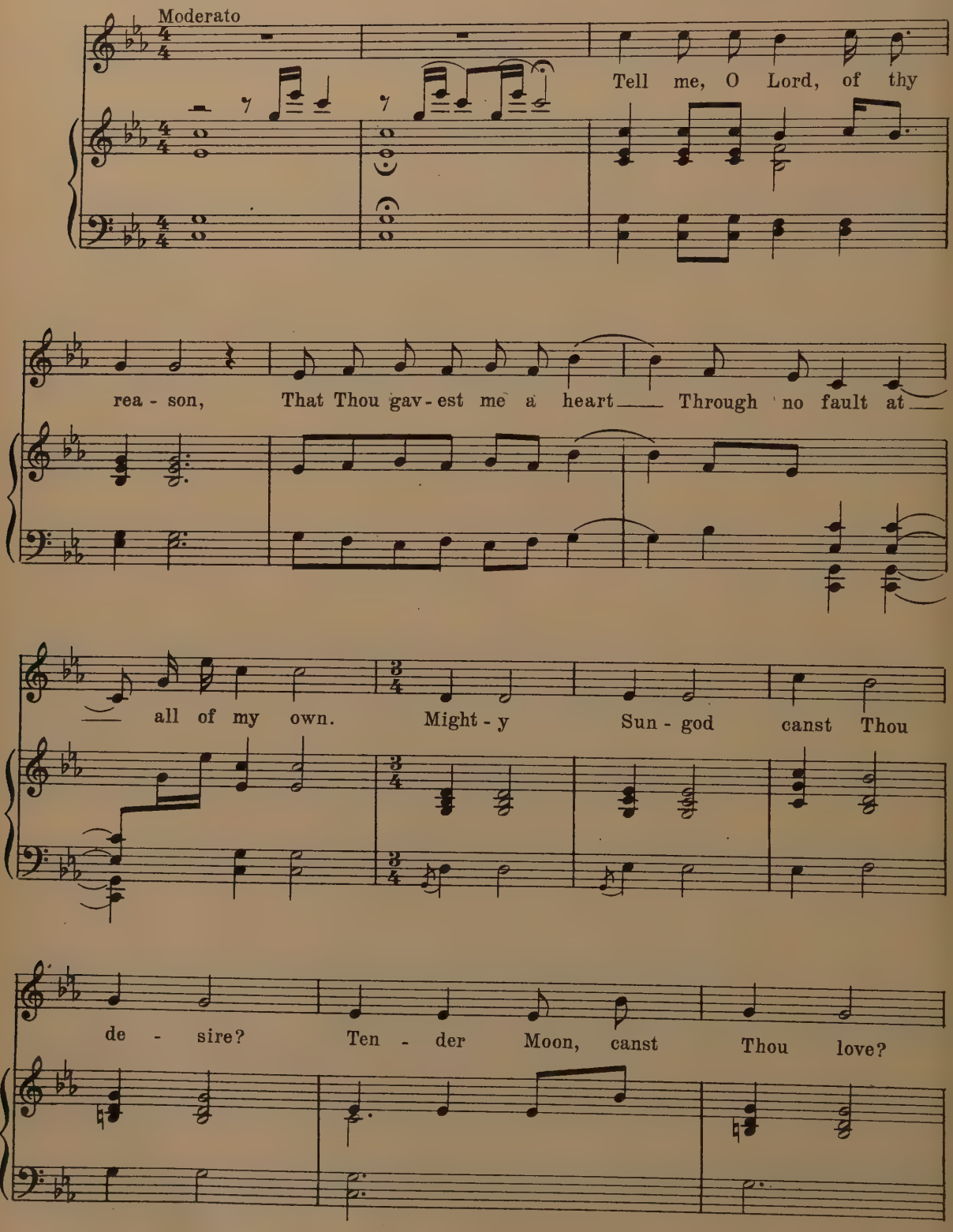
From the East there came forth three Wise Men,
Seeking Bethlehem town to adore
Jesus Savior, born there in a manger,
Who will reign, Son of God evermore.

Translation by
MUNA LEE

WHY, CREATOR?

English version by
Muna Lee

By Carlos Valderrama
from Inca themes


Moderato
Tell me, O Lord, of thy
rea - son, That Thou gav - est me a heart Through no fault at
all of my own. Might - y Sun - god canst Thou
de - sire? Ten - der Moon, canst Thou love?

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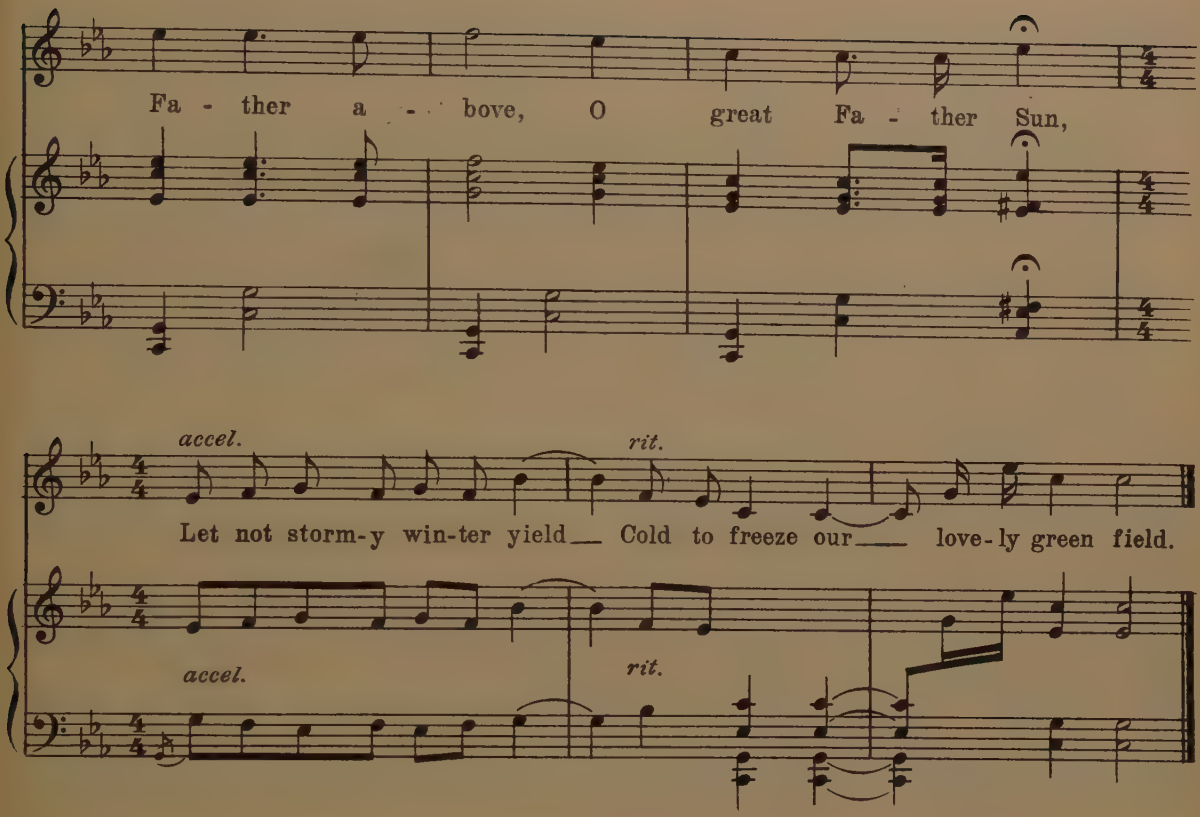


Imanirta

Imanírta pacha—camac
Sonkoynita camaraycui
Ima jucha ñokapámac?

Inti muna cuya cuya?
Cuiya cuna cuna?

Juyapayak:
Oh sumac camac
Amapuni casa churic
Pampa ñocayokta.

JUAN DURAN

Why, Creator?

Tell me, O Lord, of thy reason,
That Thou gavest me a heart
Through no fault at all of my own.

Mighty Sun-god, canst Thou desire?
Tender Moon, canst Thou love?

Father above,
O great Father Sun,
Let not stormy winter yield
Cold to freeze our lovely green field.

English version by
MUNA LEE

(Free Spanish translation)

¿Porqué, Creador del mundo,
Me hiciste con corazón
Sin culpa mía ninguna?

¿Sol poderoso, quieres amar?
¿Luna amorosa, puedes querer?

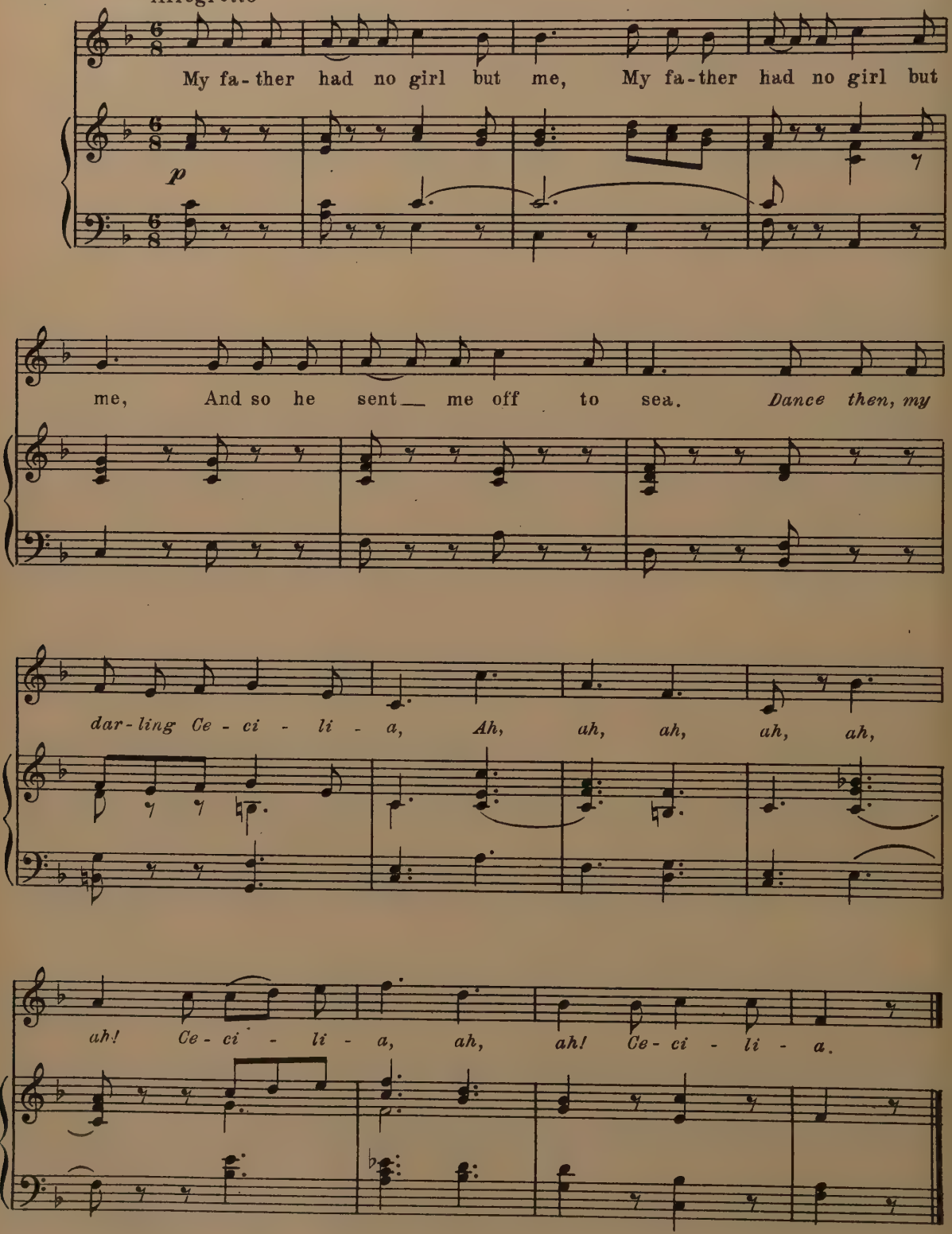
Dios misericordioso:
Oh hermoso padre Sol,
No permitas que el frío hiele
Nuestros hermosos campos.

CECILIA

English version by
Anne Higginson Spicer

Arranged by
Edward Burlingame Hill

Allegretto


My fa-ther had no girl but me, My fa-ther had no girl but
p
me, And so he sent me off to sea. Dance then, my
dar-ling Ce-ci-li-a, Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah,
ah! Ce-ci-li-a, ah, ah! Ce-ci-li-a.

Cécilia

Mon pèr' n'avait fille que moi,]2
Encor' sur la mer il m'envoie;

Sautez, mignonne Cécilia.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
Cécilia, ah, ah!
Cécilia.

Encor' sur la mer il m'envoie,]2
Le marinier qui m'y menait,

Le marinier qui m'y menait,]2
Il devint amoureux de moi.

Il devint amoureux de moi.]2
. . . Ma mignonette, embrassez-moi.

Ma mignonette, embrassez-moi.]2
. . . Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais.

Nenni, Monsieur, je n'oserais,]2
Car si mon papa le savait,

Car si mon papa le savait,]2
Fille battue ce serait moi.

Fille battue ce serait moi.]2
. . . 'Voulez-vous, bell', qui lui dirait?

'Voulez-vous, bell' qui lui dirait?]2
. . . Ce serait les oiseaux des bois.

Ce serait les oiseaux des bois.]2
. . . Les oiseaux des bois parlent-ils?

Les oiseaux des bois parlent-ils?]2
. . . Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi.

Ils parl'nt français, latin aussi.]2
Hélas! que le monde est malin—

Hélas! que le monde est malin]2
D'apprendre aux oiseaux le latin.

Cecilia

My father had no girl but me,]2
And so he sent me off to sea.

Dance then, my darling Cecilia
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah, ah!
Cecilia, ah, ah!
Cecilia.

And so he sent me off to sea;]2
A sailor lad conducted me.

A sailor lad conducted me,]2
Who quickly fell in love, did he.

Who quickly fell in love, did he,]2
And, "Love," he said, "give a kiss to me."

And, "Love," he said, "give a kiss to me,"]2
"I fear, good sir, that cannot be.

"I fear, good sir, that cannot be,]2
Father would know, and then, ah me!

"Father would know, and then, ah me!]2
A beaten daughter I would be.

"A beaten daughter I would be."]2
"Who would tell on us I don't see.

"Who would tell on us I don't see."]2
Two little birds that sing on the tree."

"Two little birds that sing on the tree?]2
Can little birds talk like you and me?"

"Can little birds talk like you and me?]2
"Yes, French and Latin as you shall see.

"Yes, French and Latin as you shall see.
"The world is a cruel place to be,]2

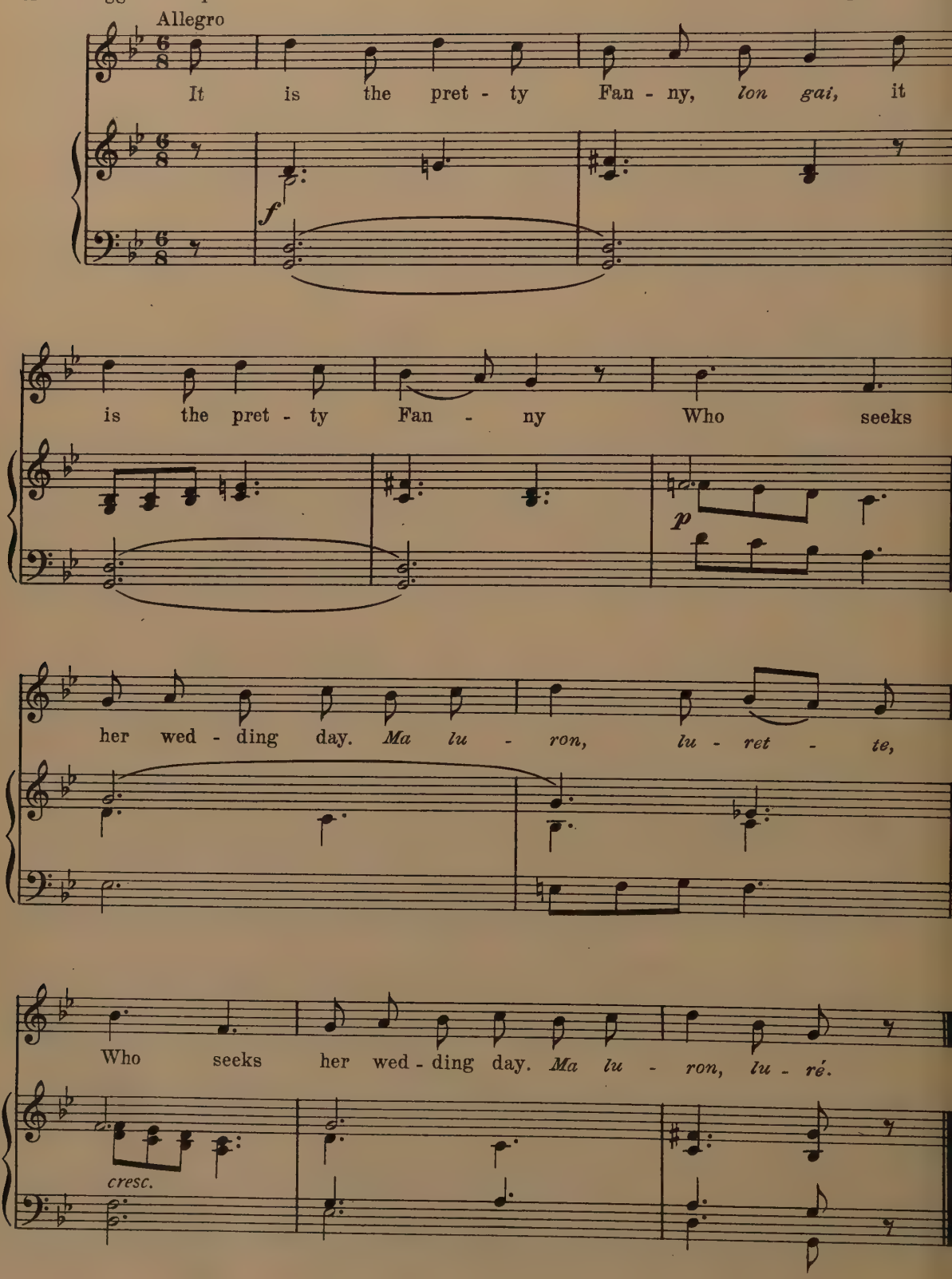
"The world is a cruel place to be,]2
"When Latin is taught to birds on the tree!"

English version by
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

PRETTY FANNY

English version by
Anne Higginson Spicer

Arranged by
Edward Burlingame Hill


Allegro
It is the pret - ty Fan - ny, lon gai, it
f
is the pret - ty Fan - ny Who seeks
p
her wed - ding day. Ma lu - ron, lu - ret - te,
Who seeks her wed - ding day. Ma lu - ron, lu - ré.
cresc.

La Belle Françoise

C'est la belle Françoise,
Lon gai,
C'est la belle Françoise
Qui veut s'y marier,
Ma luron lurette,
Qui veut s'y marier,
Ma luron luré.

Son amant va la voire
Bien tard après souper.

Il la trouva seulette
Sur son lit qui pleurait.

. . . Ah! qu'av'-vous donc, la belle,
Qu'av'-vous à tant pleurer?

. . . On m'a dit, hier au soire,
Qu'à la guerr' vous alliez.

. . . Ceux qui vous l'ont dit, belle,
On dit la vérité.

Venez m'y reconduire,
Jusqu'au pied du rocher.

Adieu, belle Françoise,
Je vous epouserai
Au retour de la guerre,
Si j'y suis respecté.

Pretty Fanny

It is the pretty Fanny,
*Lon gai,**
It is the pretty Fanny
Who seeks her wedding day.
Ma luron, lurette,†
Who seeks her wedding day,
Ma luron, luré.‡

Her lover comes a-calling
When supper's put away.

All by herself he found her,
And weeping where she lay.

'What ails you then, my dearest?
Why weep the hours away?"

"Last night they came and told me
To war you must away."

"The tale that they have told you,
It's all true what they say.

"To our old rock come with me
To cheer me on my way.

"So fare you well, sweet Fanny,
My wife you'll be some day,

"When I return from battle
If safely come I may."

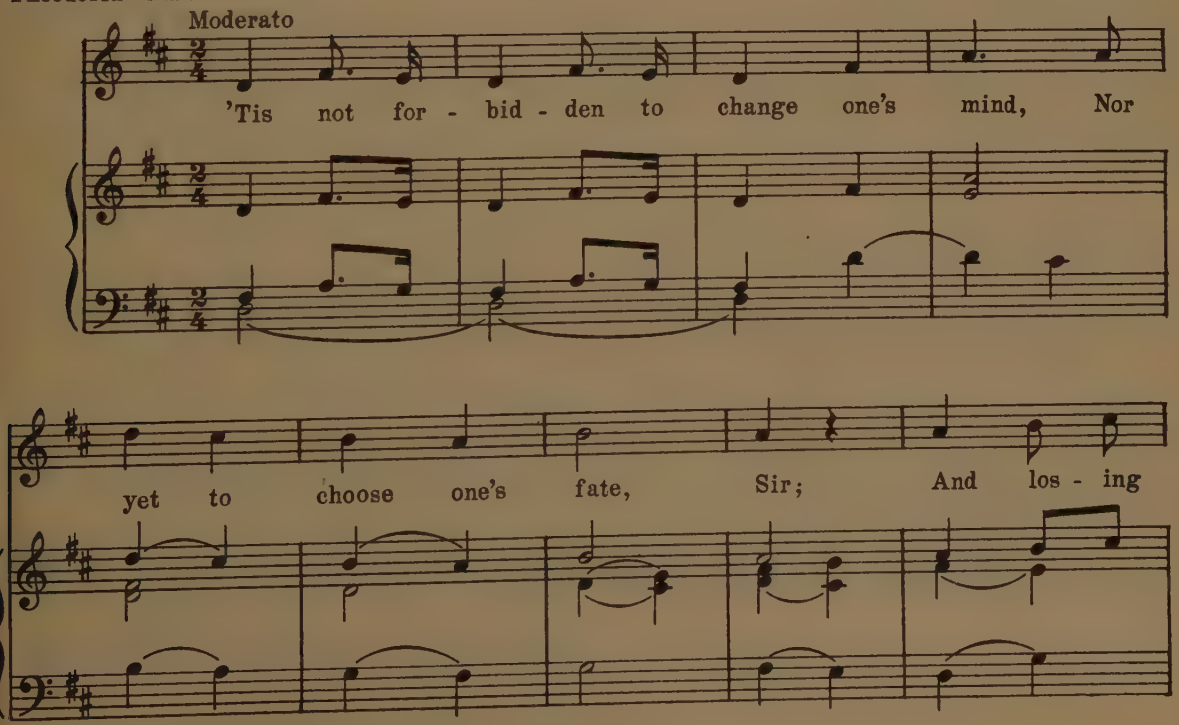
English version by
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

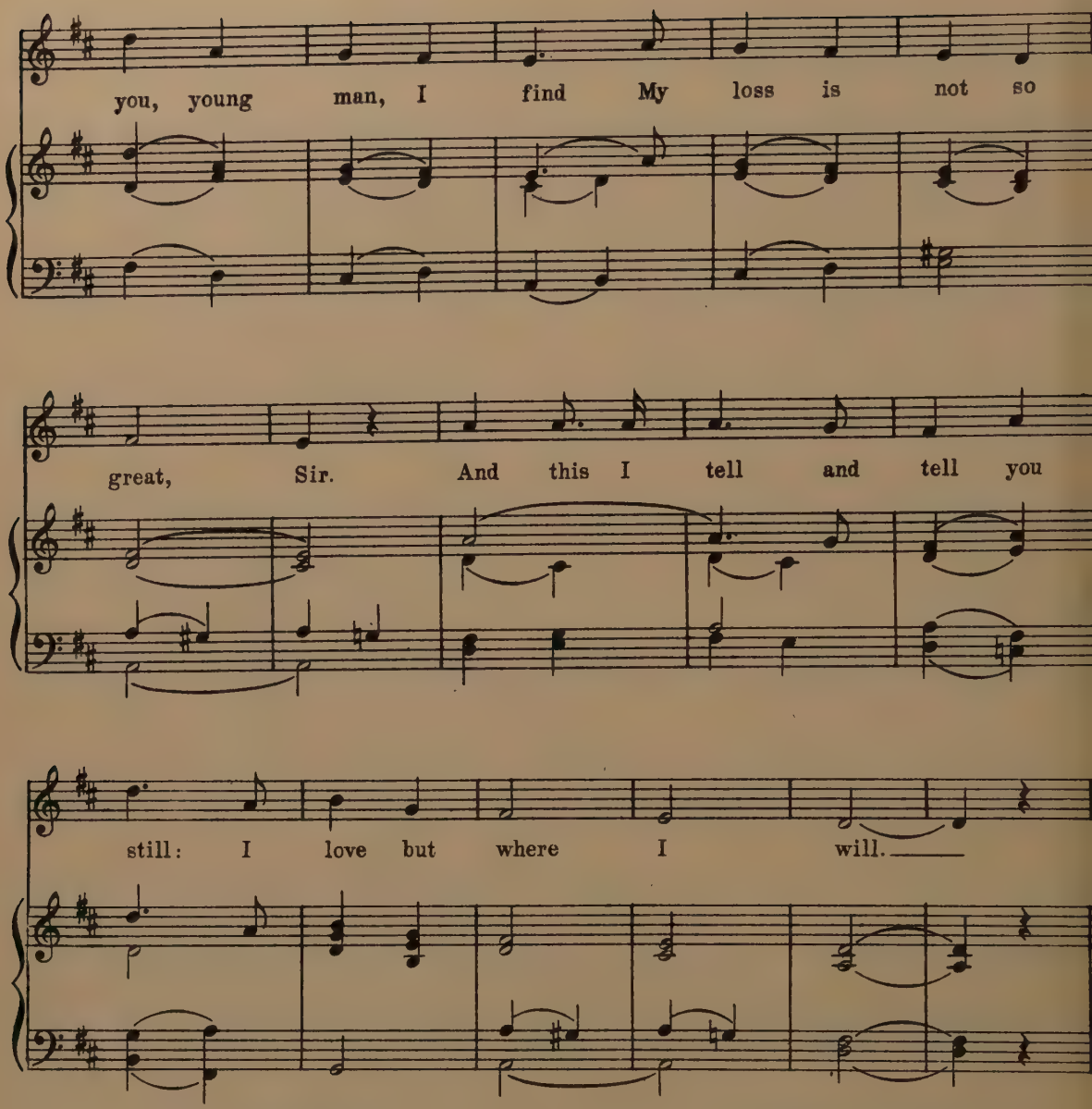
**Gay. †Lu-ret-ta. ‡Lu-ray.*

A CHANGE OF MIND

English version by
Theodosia Garrison

Arranged by
Edward Burlingame Hill





Le Changement

Le changement n'est pas défendu,
J'en amerai bien d'autres;
En vous perdant, mon beau monsieur,
Je ne perds pas grand' chose!
C'est pour vous dire encore bien mieux
Que j'aime quand je veux.

Si j'vous ai dit que je vous aimais,
Ne fallait pas le croire;
Si je l'ai dit, je m'en dédit—
J'en perds donc la mémoire.
C'est pour vous dire encore bien mieux
Que j'aime quand je veux.

A Change of Mind

'Tis not forbidden to change one's mind,
Nor yet to choose one's fate, Sir;
And losing you, young man, I find
My loss is not so great, Sir.
And this I tell and tell you still:
I love but where I will.

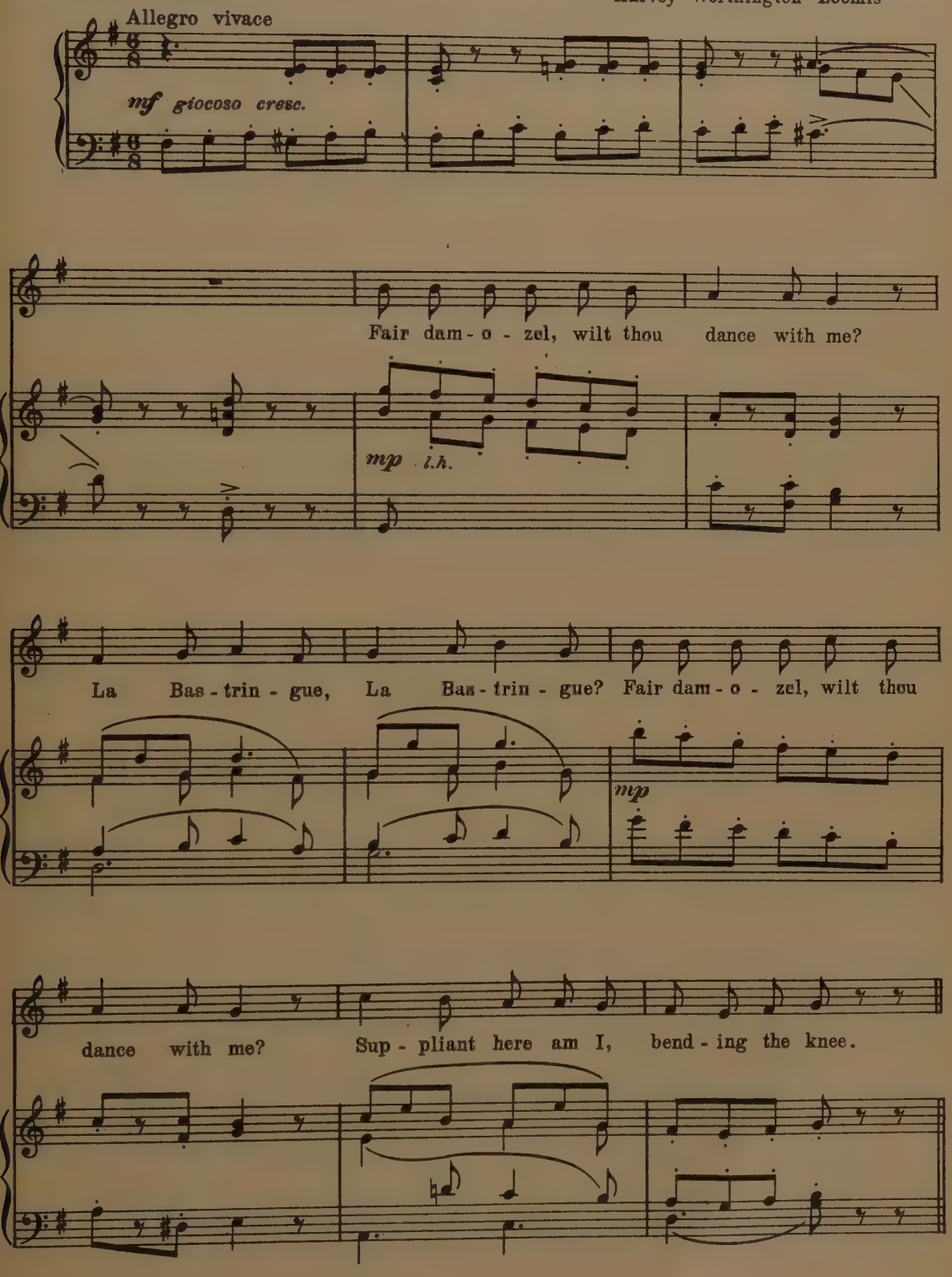
If once I said that I loved you well,
Now, why should you believe it?
'Twas but a jest I chose to tell,—
More fool you to receive it!
And this I tell and tell you still:
I love but where I will.

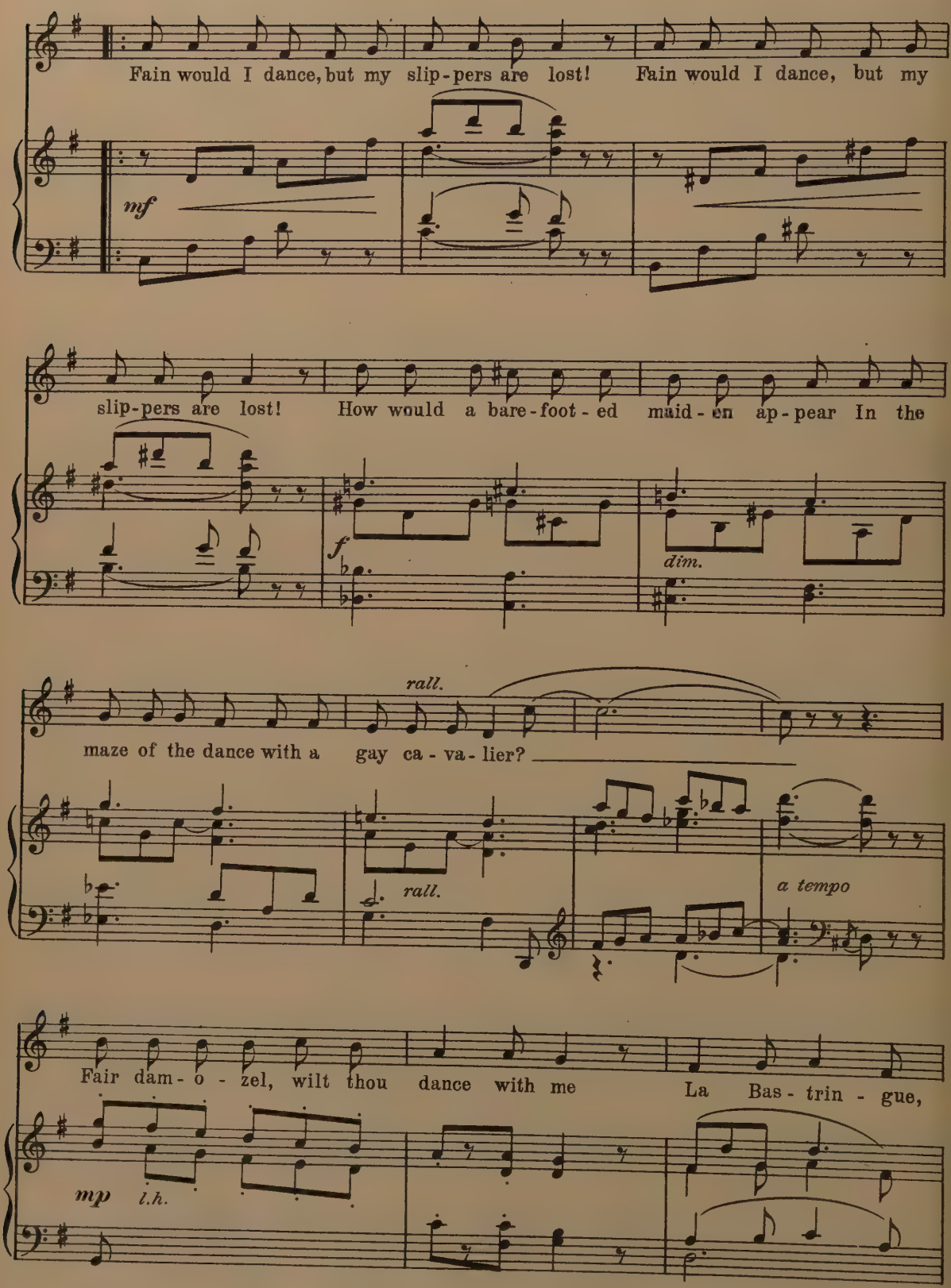
English version by
THEODOSIA GARRISON

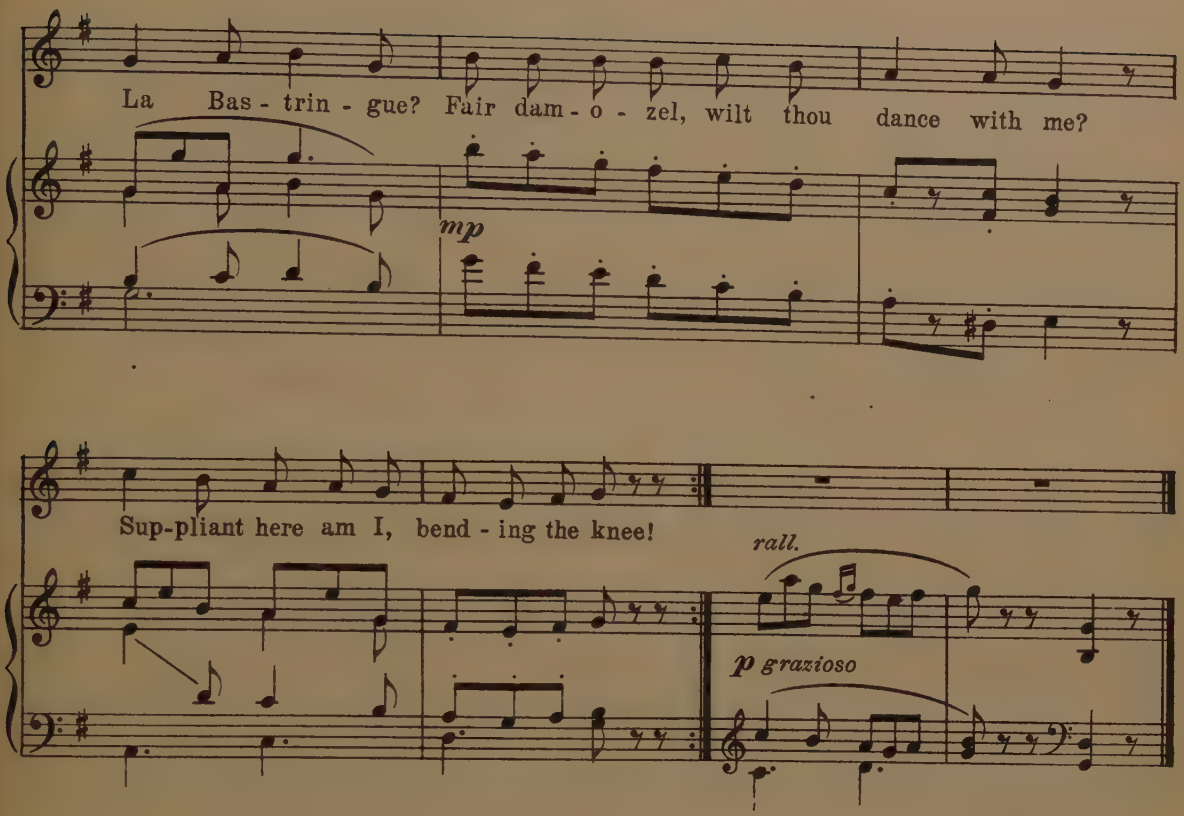
LA BASTRINGUE

Melody and text transcribed by
Alice La Mothe

Harmonization and English version by
Harvey Worthington Loomis


Allegro vivace
mf giocoso cresc.
Fair dam - o - zel, wilt thou dance with me?
mp l.h.
La Bas - trin - gue, La Bas - trin - gue? Fair dam - o - zel, wilt thou
mp
dance with me? Sup - pliant here am I, bend - ing the knee.


Fain would I dance, but my slip-pers are lost! Fain would I dance, but my
mf
slip-pers are lost! How would a bare-foot-ed maid-en ap-pear In the
f
dim.
rall.
maze of the dance with a gay ca-va-lier?
rall.
a tempo
Fair dam-o-zel, wilt thou dance with me La Bas-trin-gue,
mp
l.h.



La Bastringue

Mademoisell', voulez-vous danser
La Bastringue, La Bastringue?
Mademoisell', voulez-vous danser
La Bastringue qui va commencer?

Merci, Monsieur, je n'ai pas des souliers]3
Pour danser La Bastringue qui va commencer!

Mademoisell', voulez-vous, etc.

La Bastringue*

Fair damozel, wilt thou dance with me
La Bastringue, La Bastringue?
Fair damozel, wilt thou dance with me?
Suppliant here am I, bending the knee.

Fain would I dance, but my slippers are lost!]2
How would a barefooted maiden appear
In the maze of the dance with a gay cavalier?

Fair damozel, etc.

English version by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

***Pron.: Bas-strahng-u(r).*

From "Negro Folk Singing Games and Folk Games of the Habitants." By Grace Cleveland Porter.

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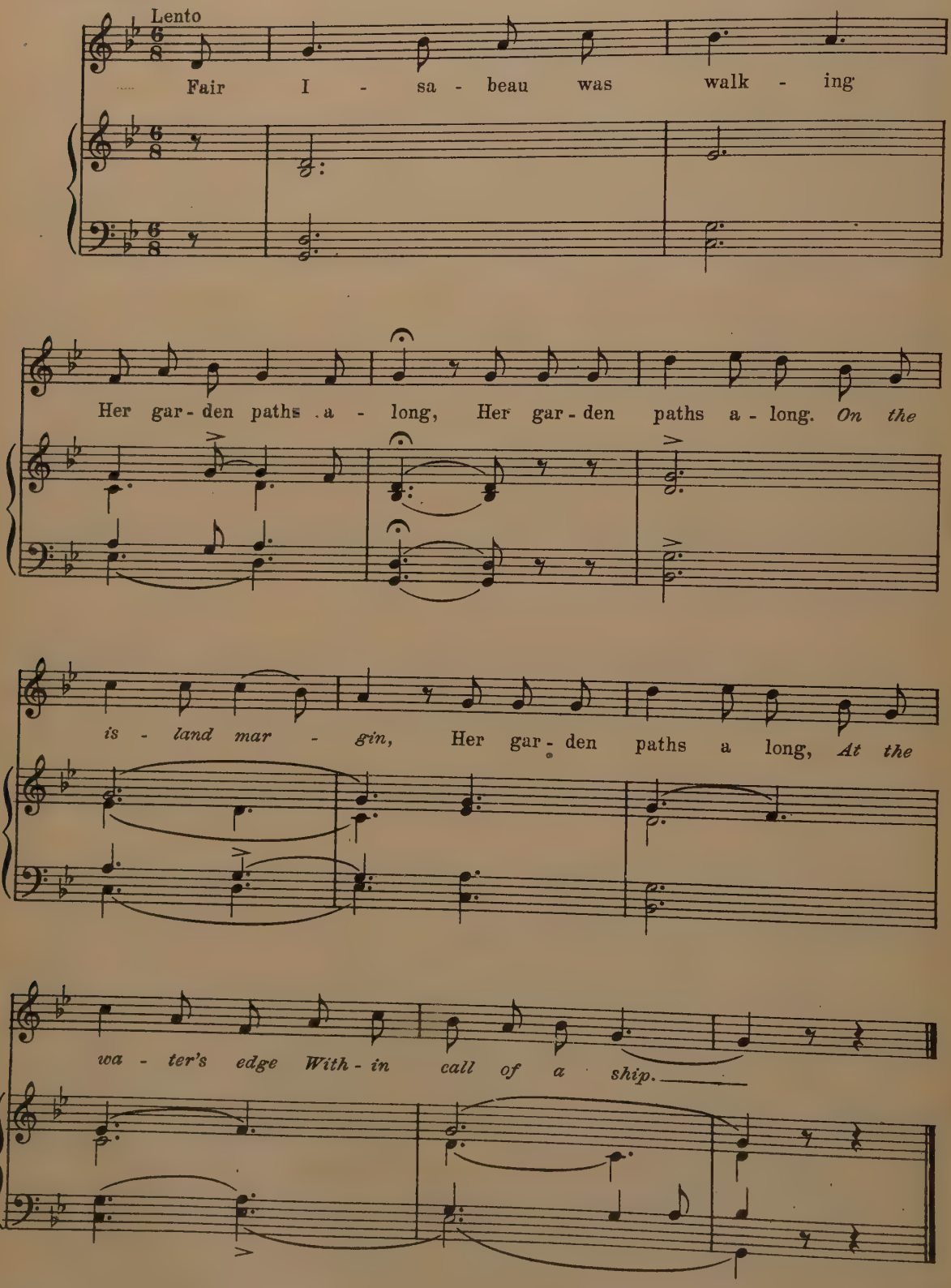
FAIR ISABEAU WAS WALKING

English version by
Zona Gale

Arranged by
Edward Burlingame Hill


Lento
Fair I - sa - beau was walk - ing
Her gar - den paths a - long, Her gar - den paths a - long. On the
is - land mar - gin, Her gar - den paths a long, At the
wa - ter's edge With - in call of a ship.

Isabeau s'y promène

Isabeau s'y promène
Le long de son jardin.]2

Sur le bord de l'île,
Le long de son jardin
Sur le bord de l'eau,
Sur le bord du vaisseau.

Elle fit un' rencontre
De trente matelots.]2

Le plus jeune des trente,
Il se mit à chanter.]2

. . . La chanson que tu chantes,
Je voudrais la savoir.]2

. . . Embarque dans ma barque,
Je te la chanterai.]2

Quand ell' fut dans la barque
Ell' se mit à pleurer.]2

. . . Qu'avez-vous donc, la belle,
Qu'av'-vous à tant pleurer?]2

. . . Je pleur' mon anneau d'ore,
Dans l'eau-z-il est tombé.]2

. . . Ne pleurez point, la belle,
Je vous le plongerai.]2

De la première plonge
Il n'a rien ramené.]2

De la seconde plonge
L'anneau-z-a voltigé.]2

De la troisième plonge
Le galant s'est noyé.]2

Fair Isabeau was Walking

Fair Isabeau was walking
Her garden paths along.]2

On the island margin,
Her garden paths along,
At the water's edge
Within call of a ship.

She met there in her garden
Full thirty sailor men.]2

The youngest of the thirty
Began to sing a song.]2

"The song that you are singing,
O tell me what it is."]2

"If you will board my good ship
Then I will sing to you."]2

But when she crossed the good ship
So sorely did she weep.]2

"O Beauty, what's the matter?
Why do you weep so sore?"]2

"My gold ring I am mourning;
I dropped it in the sea."]2

"O never weep, my Beauty,
Swift for it I will dive."]2

The first dive in the billows
Gave nothing to his hand.]2

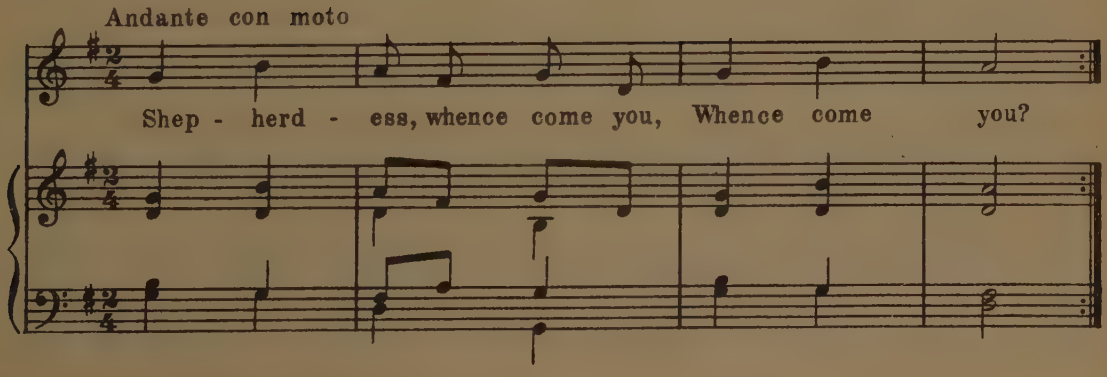
The next time did the sailor
See fluttering down the ring.]2

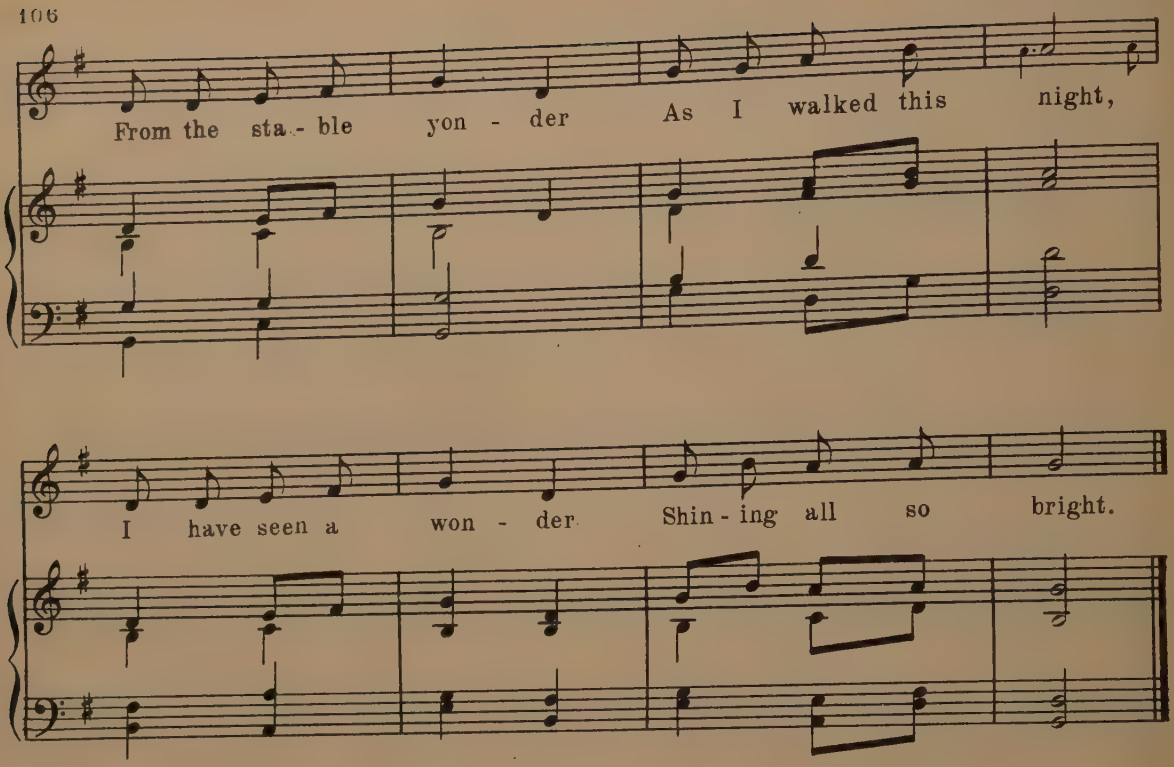
The third time dived the gallant
Ah, never to return.]2

English version by
ZONA GALE

SHEPHERDESS, WHENCE COME YOU?

English version by
Margaret Widdemer





D'où viens-tu, Bergère?

D'où viens-tu, bergère,]2
D'où viens-tu?
Je viens de l'étable,
De m'y promener;
J'ai vu un miracle
Ce soir arrivé.

Qu'as-tu vu, bergère,]2
Qu'as tu vu?
J'ai vu dans la crêche
Un petit enfant
Sur la paille fraîche
Mis bien tendrement.

Rien de plus, bergère,]2
Rien de plus?
Saint' Marie, sa mère,
Qui lui fait boir' du lait,
Saint Joseph, son père,
Qui tremble de froid.

Rien de plus, bergère,]2
Rien de plus?
Ya le boeuf et l'âne
Qui sont par devant,
Avec leur haleine
Réchauffant l'enfant.

Rien de plus, bergère,]2
Rien de plus?
Ya trois petits anges
Descendus du ciel,
Chantant les louanges
Du père éternel.

Shepherdess, Whence Come you?

Shepherdess, whence come you,]2
Whence come you?
From the stable yonder
As I walked this night,
I have seen a wonder
Shining all so bright.

Shepherdess, what saw you,]2
What saw you?
In the manger sleeping
A young child I saw,
That his rest was keeping
Softly on the straw.

Shepherdess, what more, then,]2
Tell us true?
Mary was his mother,
Gave to him the breast;
Joseph was his father,
Scarce for cold could rest.

Shepherdess, what more, then,]2
Tell us true?
Ox and ass were kneeling
Lowly in the stall,
While their white breath stealing
Warmed the king of all.

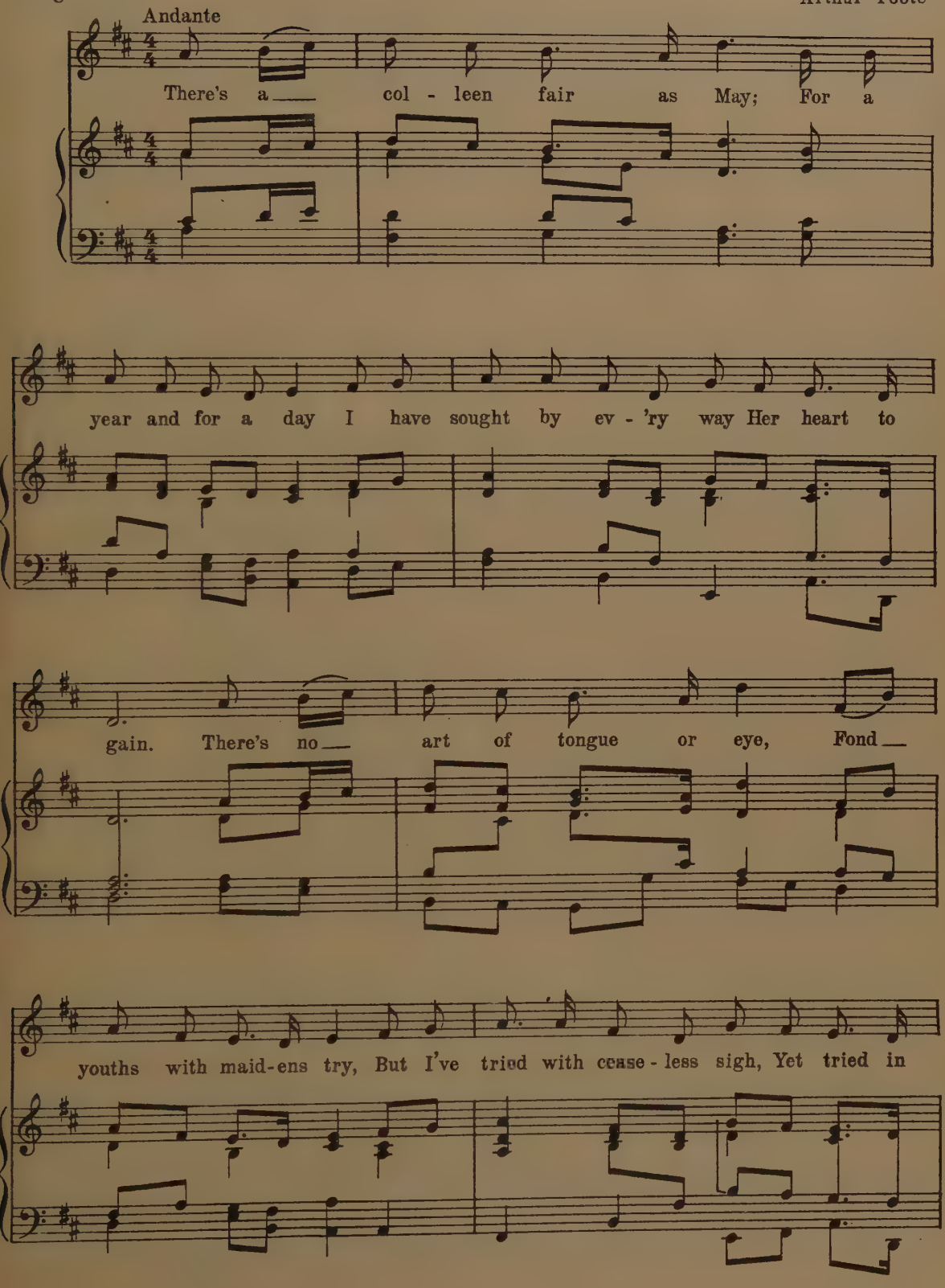
Shepherdess, what more, then,]2
Tell us true?
Down there came from Heaven
Little angels three,
There praise to Christ was given,
God eternally.

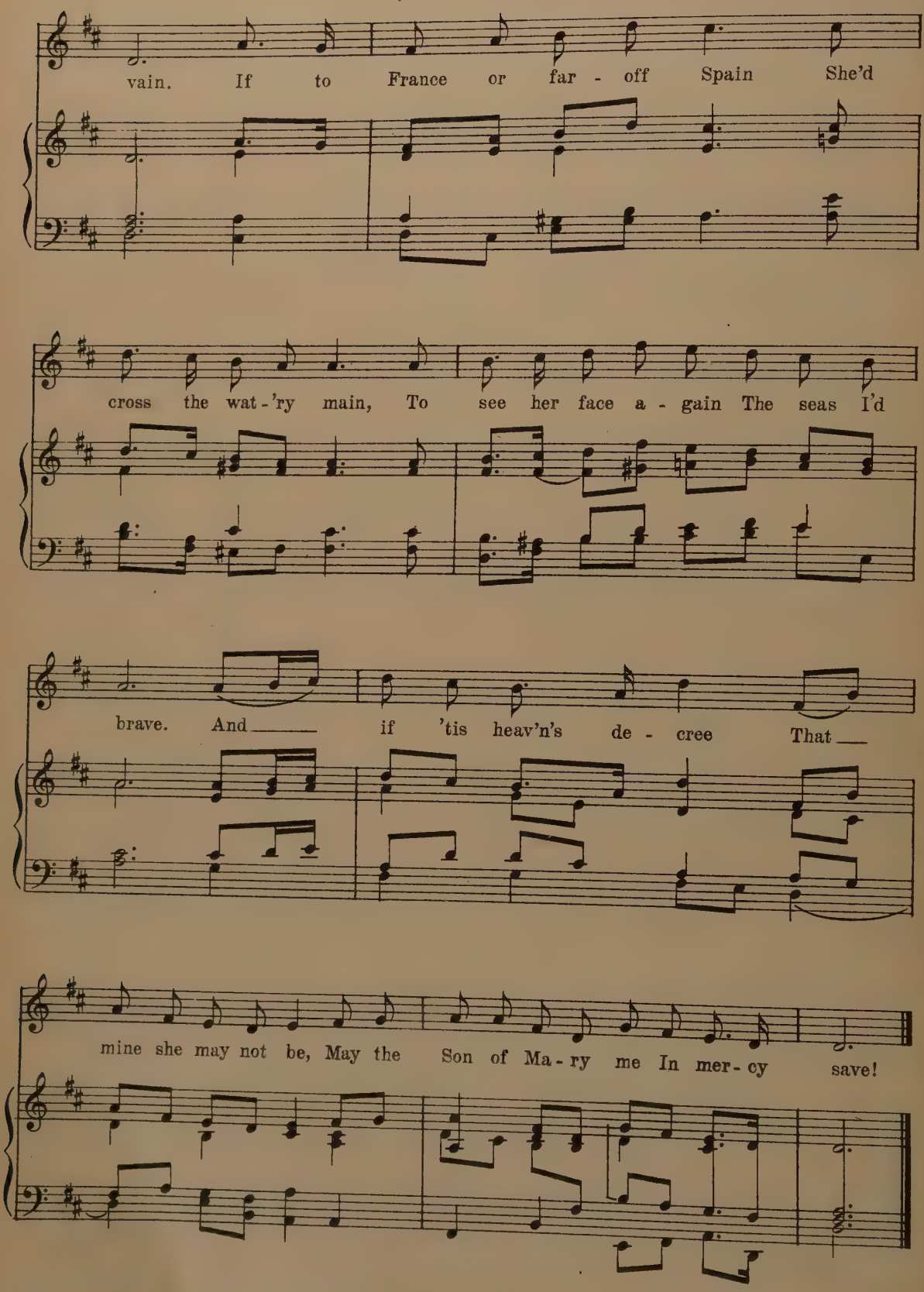
English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

Translation by
George Petrie

Arranged by
Arthur Foote


Andante
There's a col - leen fair as May; For a
year and for a day I have sought by ev - 'ry way Her heart to
gain. There's no art of tongue or eye, Fond
youths with maid-ens try, But I've tried with cease - less sigh, Yet tried in


vain. If to France or far - off Spain She'd
cross the wat-'ry main, To see her face a - gain The seas I'd
brave. And ___ if 'tis heav'n's de - cree That ___
mine she may not be, May the Son of Ma - ry me In mer - cy save!

Ṗéarla an Ḃrollaiġ Ḃáin.

Atá cailín deas am ċráḋ,
le bliaḋain agus le lá,
Is ní ḟéadaim a fáġáil le bréagaḋ;
Ní 'l aisde ċlis le ráḋ,
Dá gcanaid fir le mná,
Nár ċaiṫeamair gan táḃaċt léi-si:
Do'n Ḟrainc nó do'n Spáin,
Dá dtéiġeaḋ mo ġráḋ,
Go raġainn-si gaċ lá dá féaċain,
Is mar an ḃfuil sé a n-dán
Dúinn an ainnir ċiúin seo d'ḟáġail,
Uċ! Mac Muire na n-gráṡ d'ár saoraḋ.

'Sa ċailín ċailce ḃláṫ,
Dá d'tugas searc is gráḋ;
Ná taḃair si gaċ tráṫ ḋam éaraḋ;
'Sa liaċt ainnir ṁín am ḋeáiġ,
Ré buaiḃ is maoin 'na láiṁ,
Dá n-gaḃamaís a t'áit-si ċéile:
Póg is míle fáilte,
'S barraiḋe geal do láṁ,
Asé 'niarrfuinn-si go bráṫ más spréiḋ leat:
'S mar an daṁsa 'taoi tú a n-dán,
A Ṗéarla an Ḃrollaiġ ḃáin,
Nár ṫíġ mise slán ó'n n-aonaċ.

The Snowy-Breasted Pearl

There's a colleen fair as May;
For a year and for a day
I have sought by ev'ry way
Her heart to gain.

There's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh,
Yet tried in vain.

If to France or far-off Spain
She'd cross the wat'ry main,
To see her face again
The seas I'd brave.

And if 'tis heav'n's decree
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary me
In mercy save!

Oh, thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I've giv'n true love,
Do not ever thus reprove
My constancy.

There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in land and kine,
If my heart would but incline
To turn from thee.

But a kiss, with welcome bland,
And touch of thy fair hand
Are all that I'd demand,
Wouldst thou not spurn;

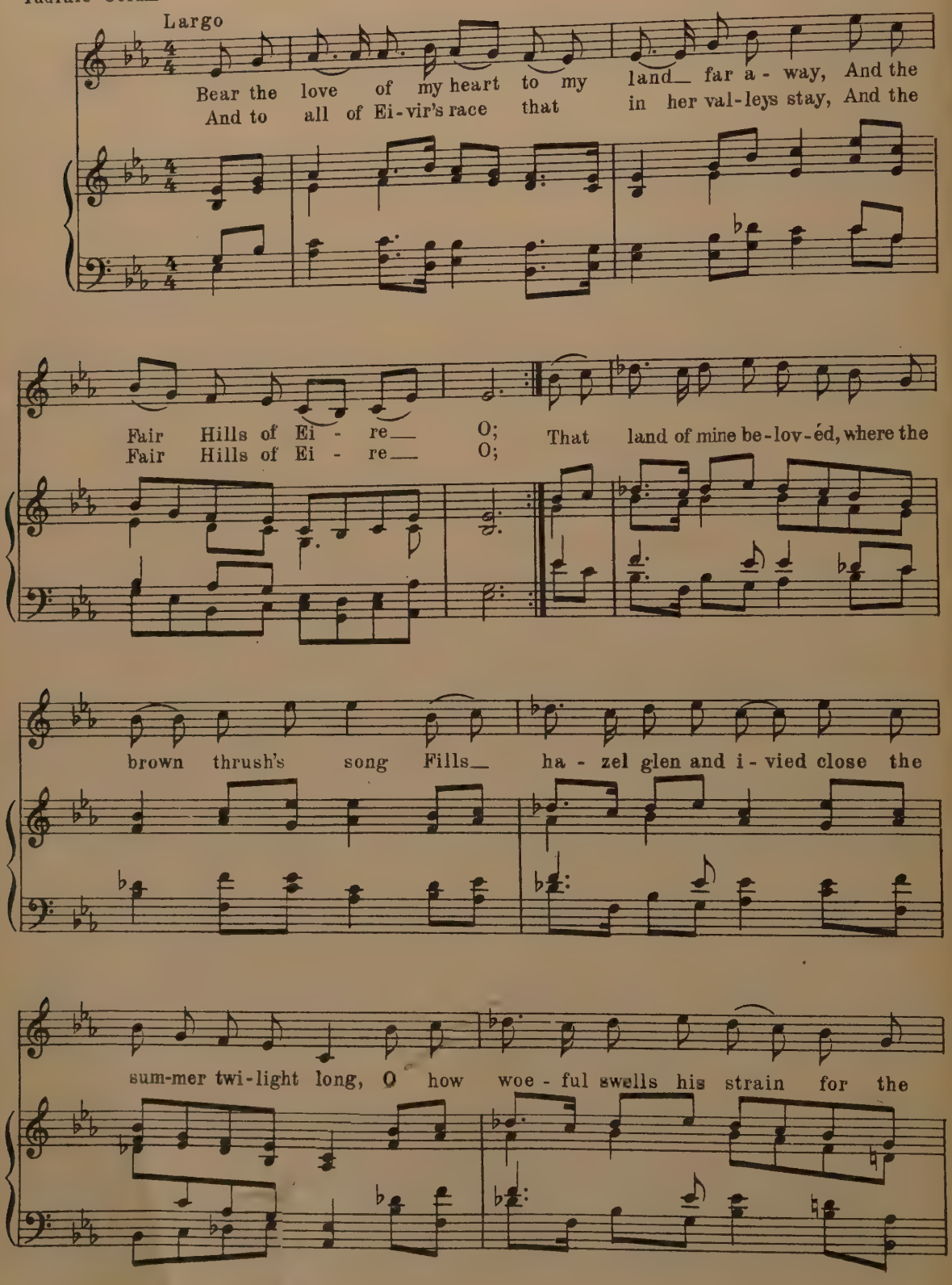
For if not mine, dear girl,
Oh, Snowy-breasted Pearl!
May I never from the Fair
With life return!

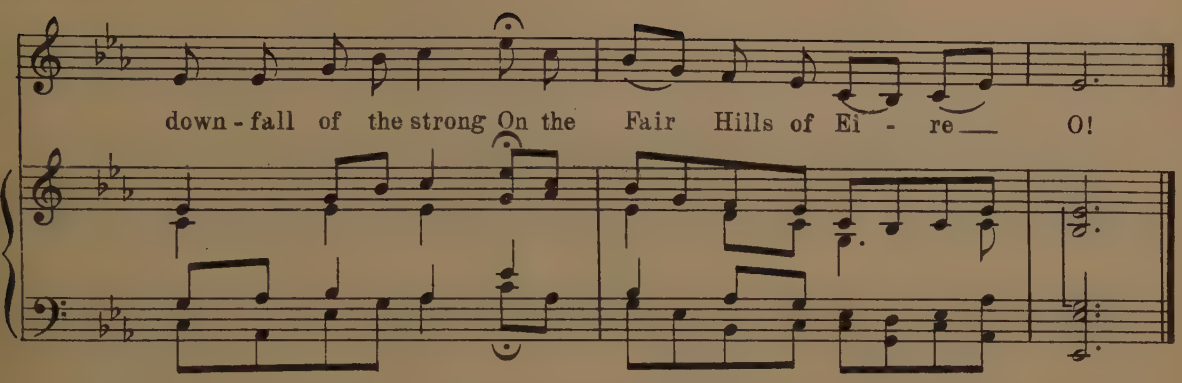
Translation by
George Petrie

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O

Translation by
Padraic Colum

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Largo
Bear the love of my heart to my land far a - way, And the
And to all of Ei-vir's race that in her val-leys stay, And the
Fair Hills of Ei - re O; That land of mine be-lov-éd, where the
Fair Hills of Ei - re O;
brown thrush's song Fills ha - zel glen and i - vied close the
sum-mer twi-light long, O how woe - ful swells his strain for the


down - fall of the strong On the Fair Hills of Ei - re O!

Bán-ċnoic Éireann óġ

Beir beannaċt óm' ċroiḋe ġo tir na h-Éireann
Ġo bán-ċnoic Éireann óġ!
Ċum a maireann de ṡíolraḋ ir a'r Éiḋir,
Ar ḃán-ċnoic Éireann óġ.
An áit úd 'nar ḃ-aoibinn binn-ġuṫ éan,
Mar ṡám-ċruit ċaoin aġ caoineaḋ Ġaoḋal,
'Sé mo ċár a ḃeiṫ míle, míle i ġ-céin,
Ó ḃán-ċnoic Éireann óġ.

Ir orġailte fáilteaċ an áit rin Éire,
Bán-ċnoic Éireann óġ!
Aġur toraḋ na rláinte a mbárr na déire,
A mbán-ċnoic Éireann óġ.
Ba ḃinne 'ná meura ar ṫéadaiḃ ceoil,
Seinm 'ġur ġéiṁreaḋ a laoġ 'r a mbó,
Aġur taiṫneaṁ na ġréine orṫa aorda 'r óġ
Ar ḃán-ċnoic Éireann óġ.

The Fair Hills of Eire O

Bear the love of my heart to my land far away,
And the Fair Hills of Eire O;
And to all of Eivir's race that in her valleys stay,
And the Fair Hills of Eire O;
That land of mine belovéd, where the brown thrush's song
Fills hazel glen and ivied close the summer twilight long,
O how woeful swells his strain for the downfall of the strong
On the Fair Hills of Eire O!

'Tis my lone soul's close sorrow that still I must be far
From the Fair Hills of Eire O,
Where the skies are high and mistless, but hold no homing star
For the Fair Hills of Eire O.
O the honey in her tree-tops where her oak-woods darkly grow,
And the freshness of her cresses where her clear well-waters flow,
And the lushness of her meadows where her soft-eyed cattle low
On the Fair Hills of Eire O!

Translation by
PADRAIC COLUM

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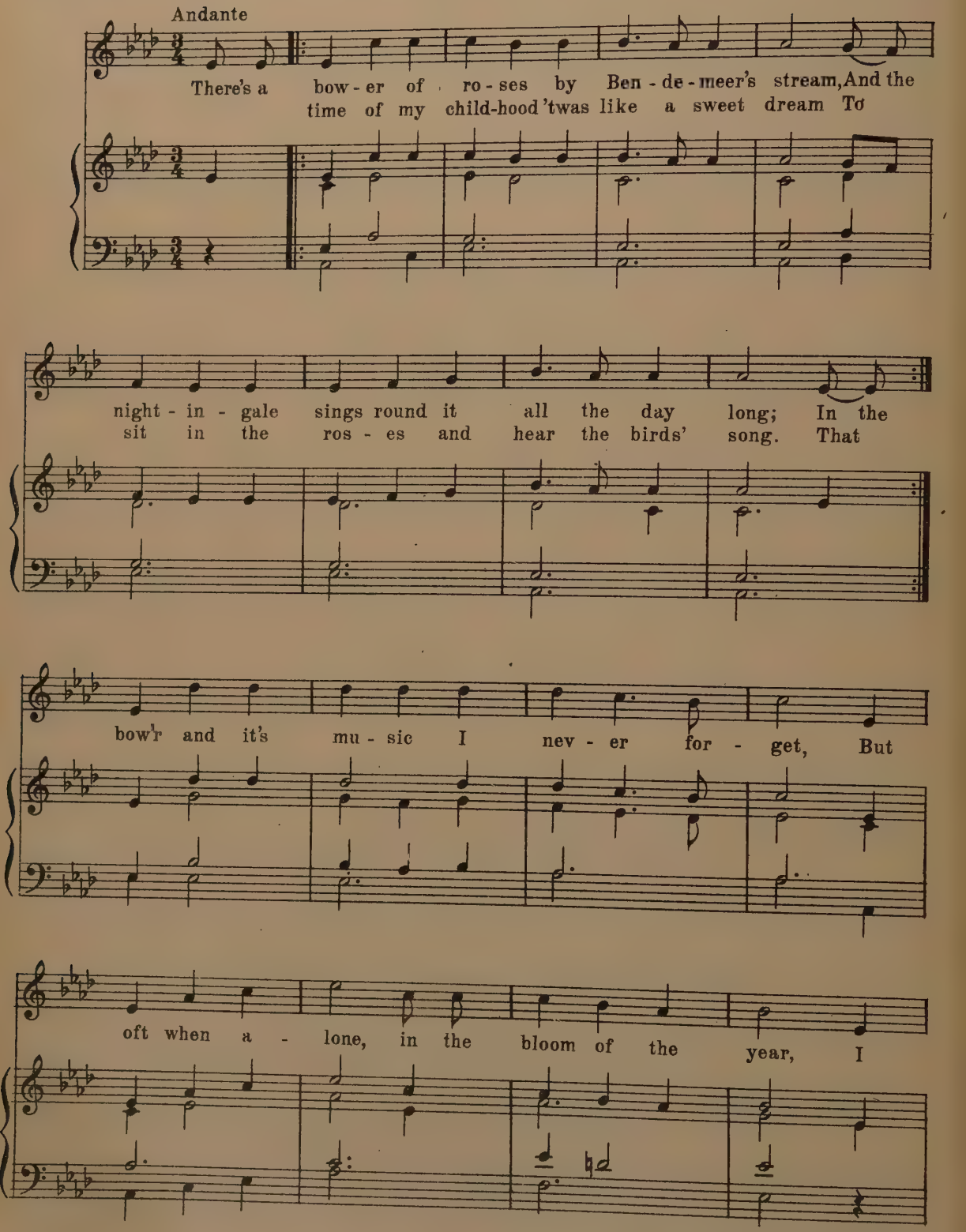
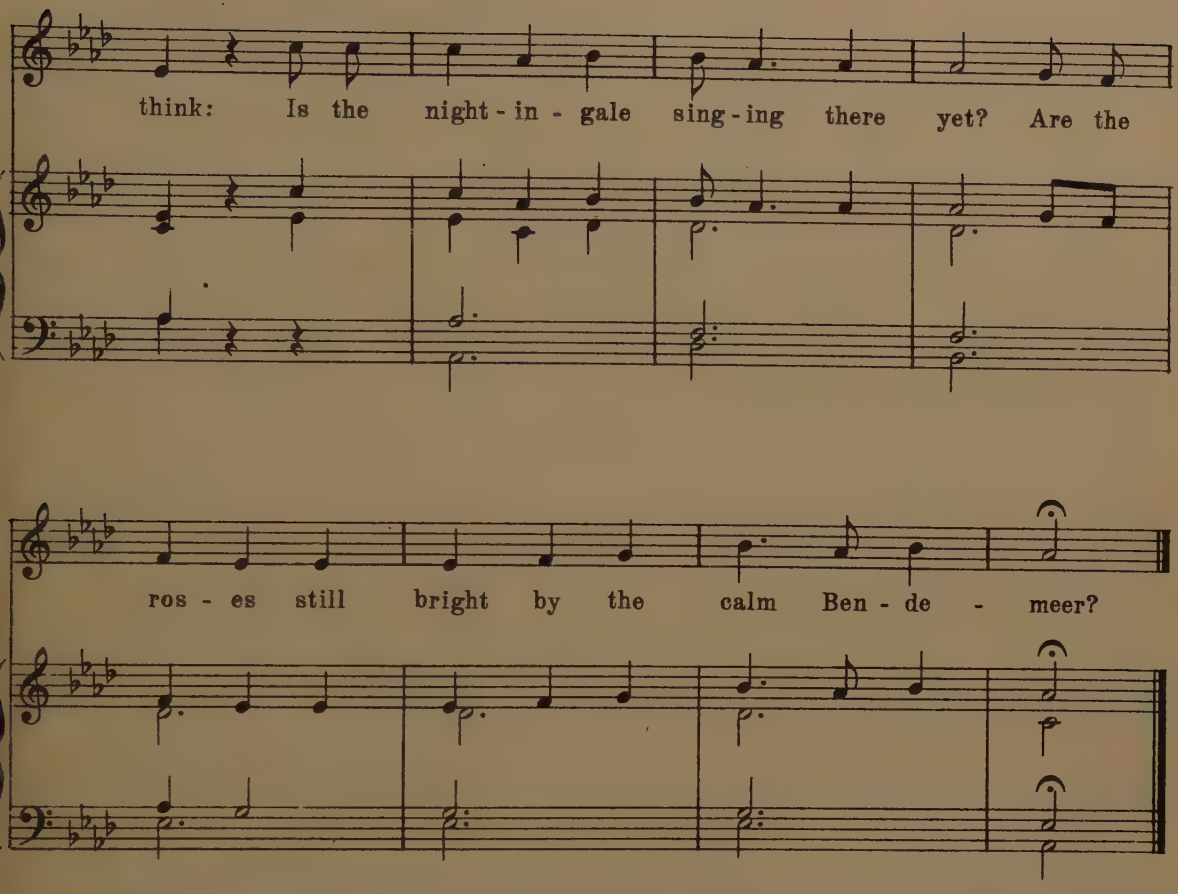
BENDEMEER'S STREAM

Words by
Thomas Moore

Andante


There's a bow - er of ro - ses by Ben - de - meer's stream, And the
time of my child-hood 'twas like a sweet dream To
night - in - gale sings round it all the day long; In the
sit in the ros - es and hear the birds' song. That
bow'r and it's mu - sic I nev - er for - get, But
oft when a - lone, in the bloom of the year, I



Bendemeer's Stream

There's a bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream,
And the nightingale sings round it all the day long;
In the time of my childhood 'twas like a sweet dream
To sit in the roses and hear the birds' song.
That bower and its music I never forget,
But oft, when alone, in the bloom of the year,
I think: Is the nightingale singing there yet?
Are the roses still bright by the calm Bendemeer?

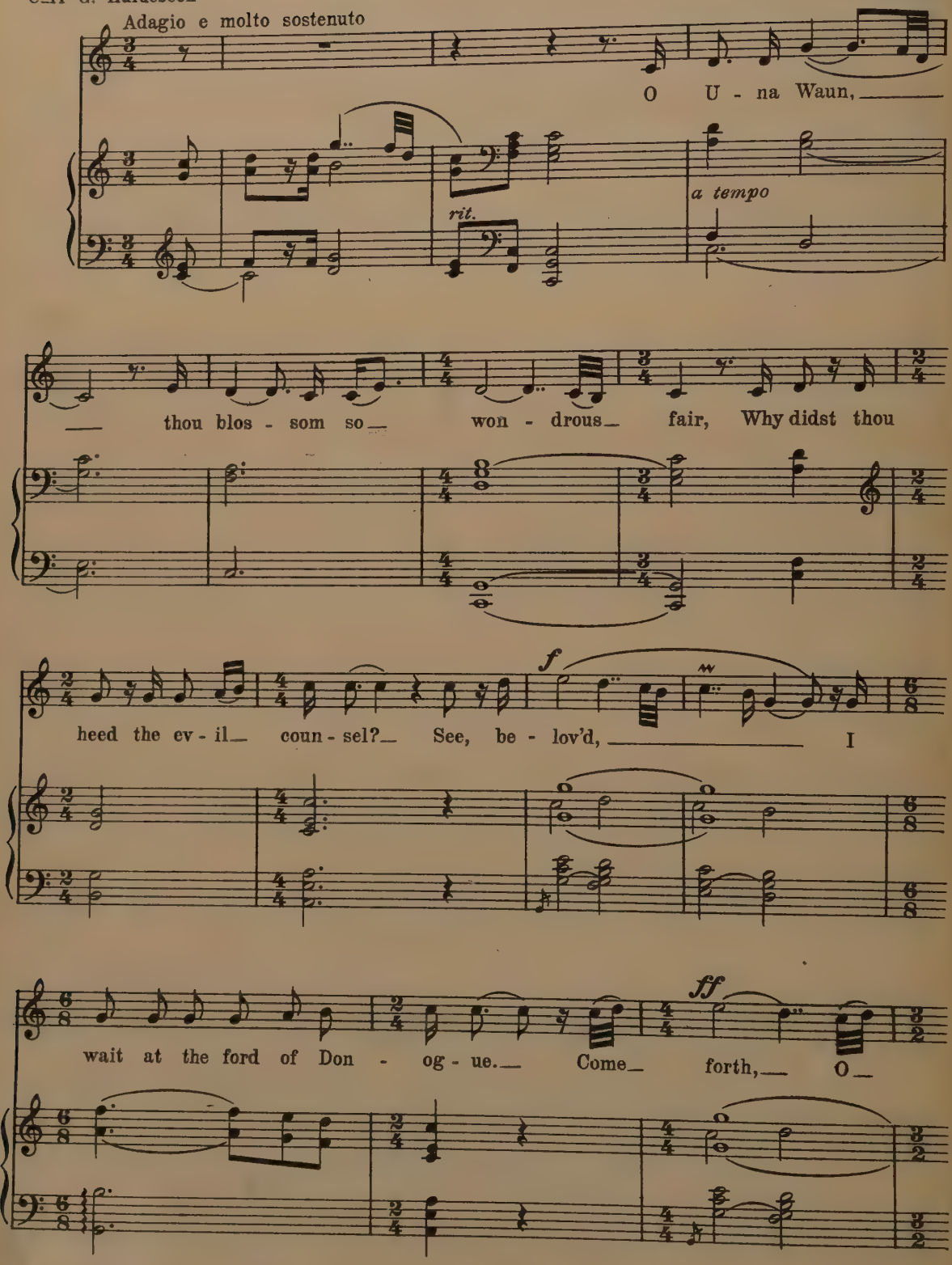
No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered, while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer, when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul, as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer.

THOMAS MOORE

FAIR UNA

Old Irish Air
Arranged by
Carl G. Hardebeck

Translation by
Carl G. Hardebeck



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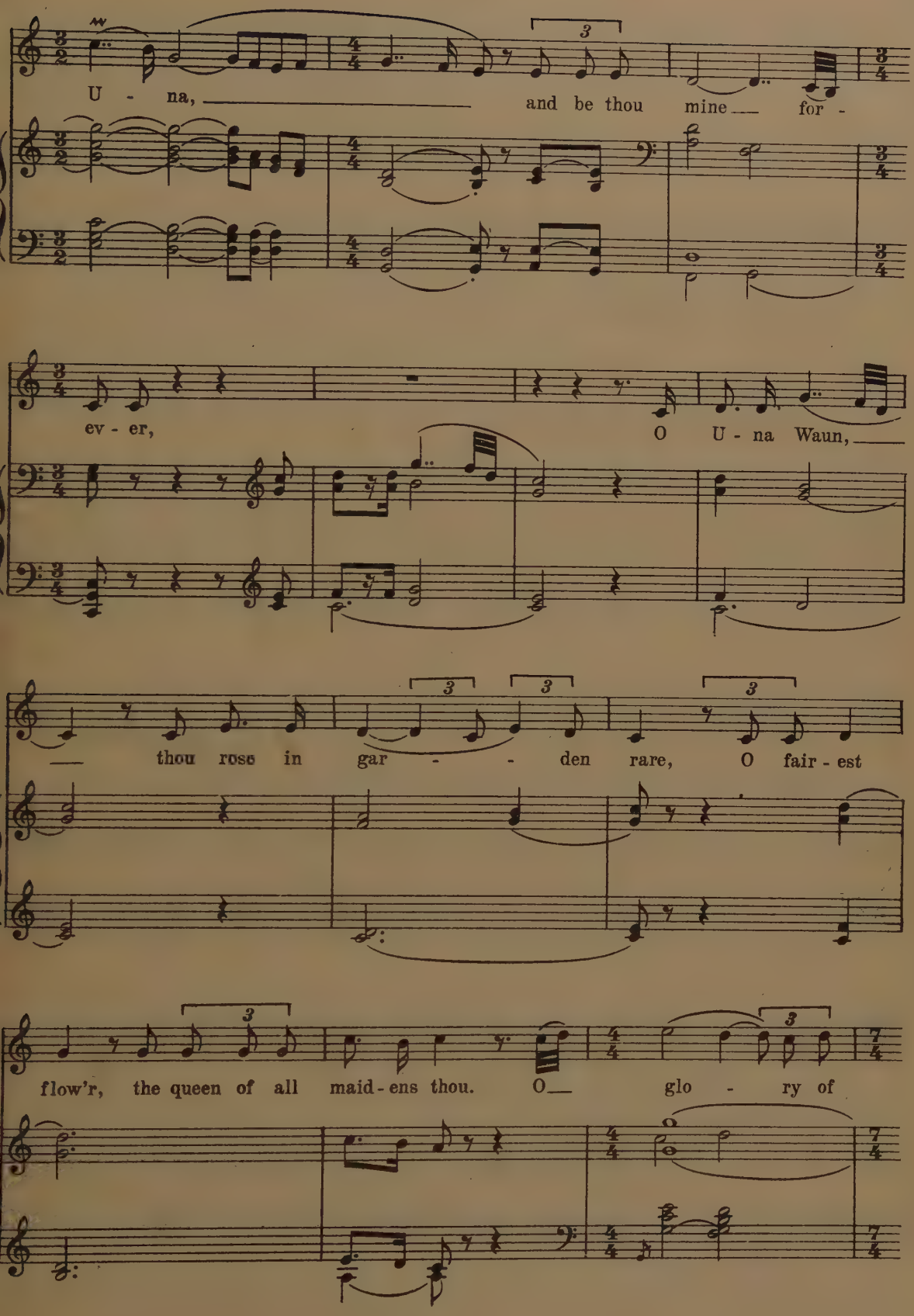
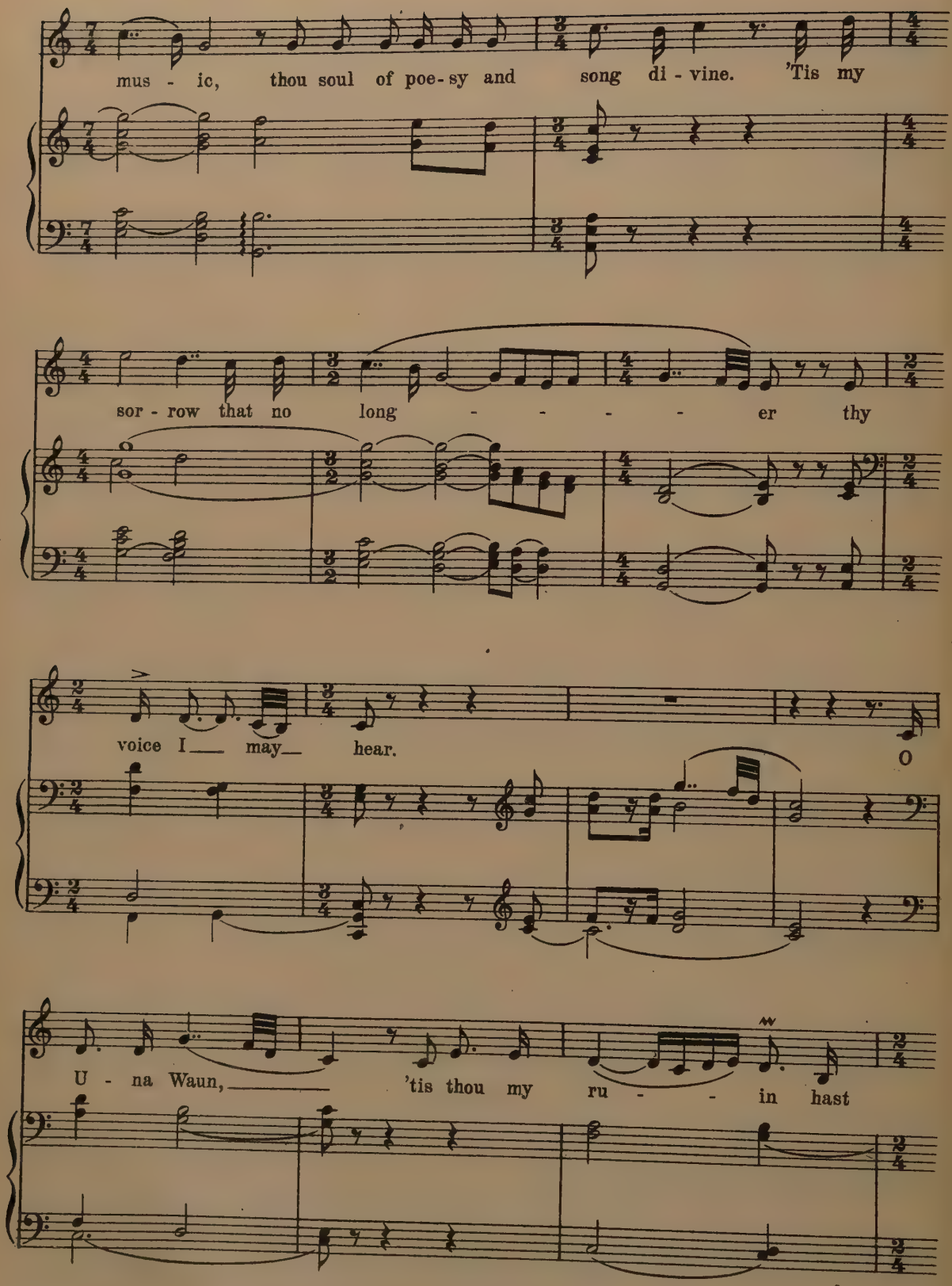
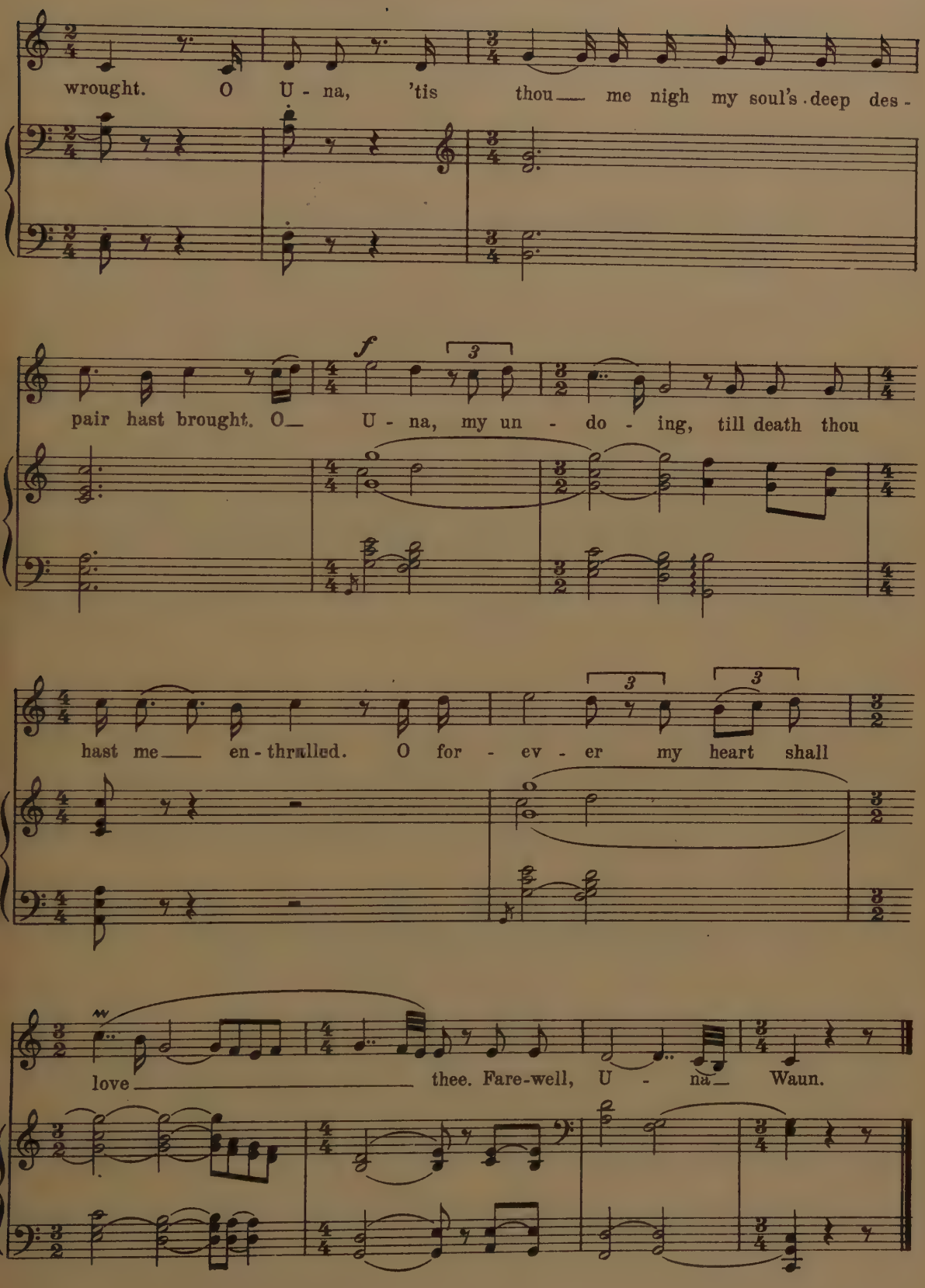

U - na, and be thou mine for -
ev - er, O U - na Waun,
thou rose in gar - - den rare, O fair - est
flow'r, the queen of all maid - ens thou. O glo - ry of


mus - ic, thou soul of poe-sy and song di - vine. 'Tis my
sor - row that no long - - - - er thy
voice I___ may___ hear. O
U - na Waun,_____ 'tis thou my ru - - in hast


wrought. O U - na, 'tis thou me nigh my soul's deep des -
pair hast brought. O U - na, my un - do - ing, till death thou
hast me en - thralled. O for - ev - er my heart shall
love thee. Fare-well, U - na Waun.

Úna Bán

A Úna Bán, a Bláit na n-dlaoi ómrac
Tar éis do Báis de Barr drog cómairle
Feuc! a ḡrád, cia aca a b'fearr de'n dá cómairle
A éin i g-cliaBán. Sin é i n-Át na Donóige

A Úna Bán, ba rós i n-gáirdín tú
'S ba coinnleoir óir, ar Bórd na bainriogna tú
Ba céileaBar 'rba ceólmar ag gaBáil an Bealaiḡ seo
romain tú
Sé mo creac maidne Brónac nár pósad liom tú

A Úna Bán, is tú do mearaiḡ mo cíall
A Úna, is tú a cuaid go dlút idir mé as Día
A Úna, an craoB cumartа, a lúibín carta na g-ciaB
Nár Bfearr dom-sa a Beit gan súilib. 'Ná dil d'
feiceál ariam.

Fair Una

O Una Waun, thou blossom so wondrous fair,
Why didst thou heed the evil counsel?
See, belov'd, I wait at the ford of Donogue.
Come forth, O Una, and be thou mine forever.

O Una Waun, thou rose in garden rare,
O fairest flow'r, the queen of all maidens thou.
O glory of music, thou soul of poesy and song divine.
'Tis my sorrow that no longer thy voice I may hear.

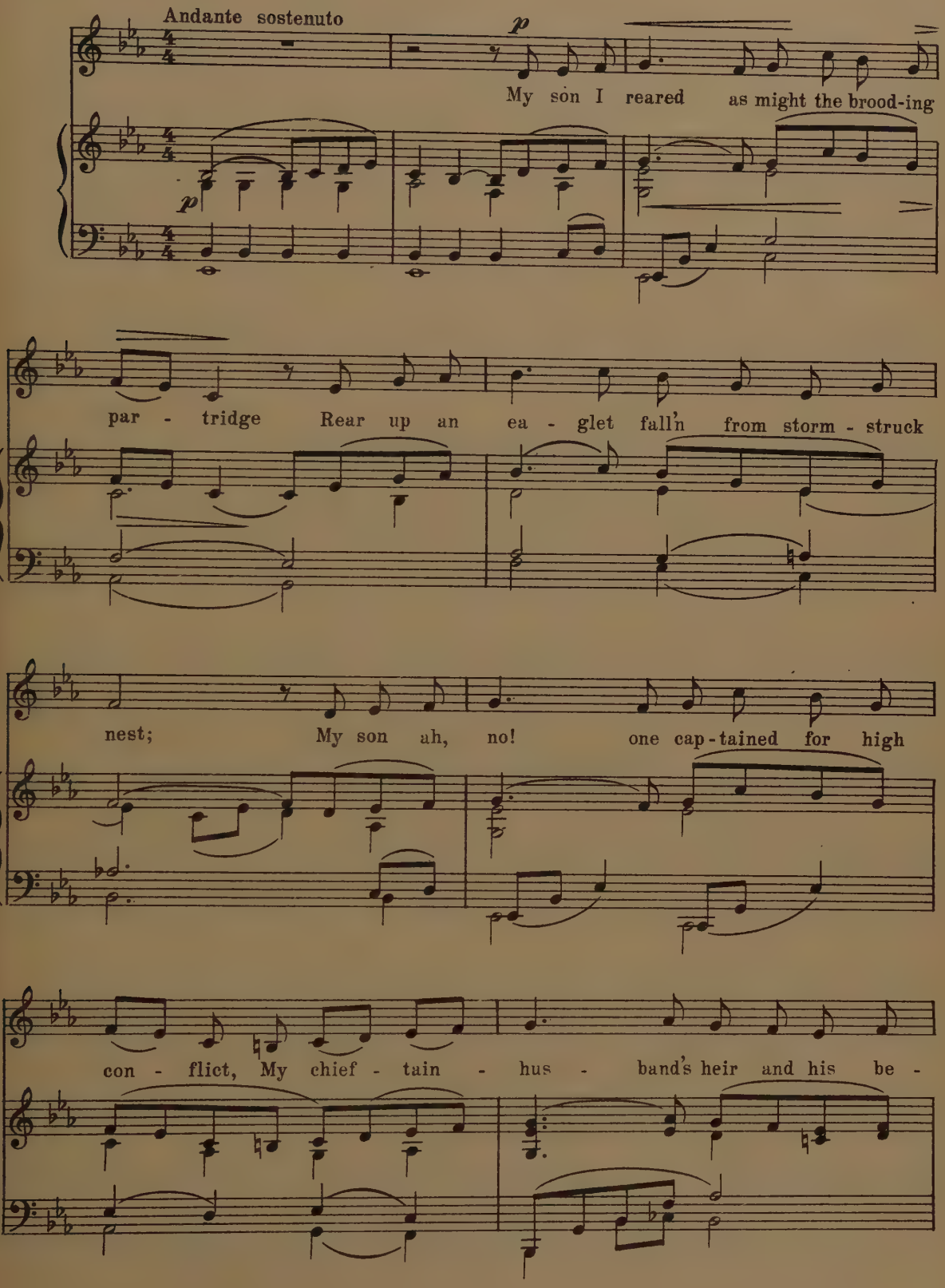
O Una Waun, 'tis thou my ruin hast wrought.
O Una, 'tis thou me nigh my soul's deep despair hast brought.
O Una, my undoing, till death thou hast me enthralled.
O forever my heart shall love thee. Farewell, Una Waun.

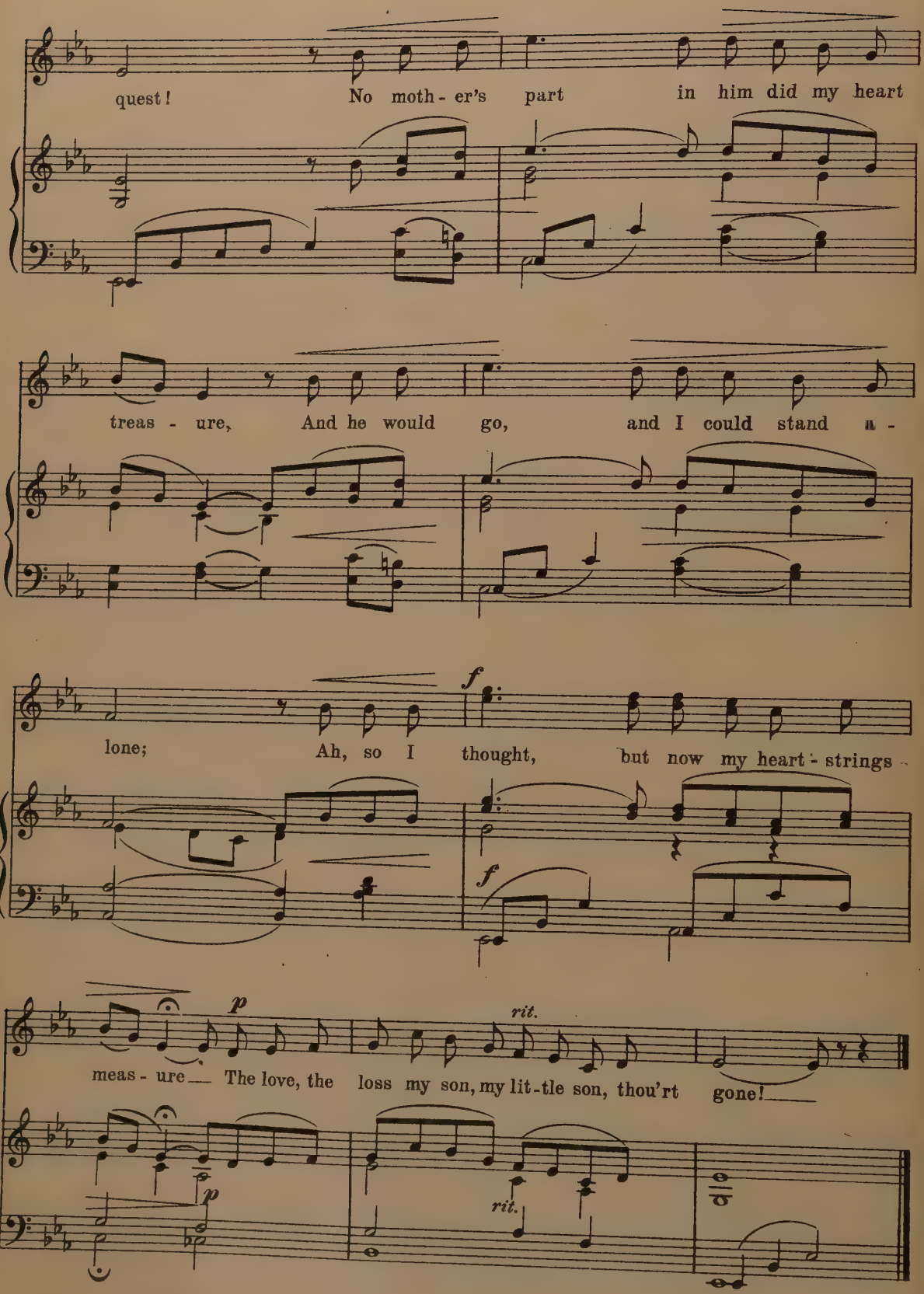
Translation by
CARL G. HARDEBECK

THE WIFE OF TONE

Words by
Padraic Colum

Londonderry Air
Arranged by
Frederick S. Converse


Andante sostenuto
p
My son I reared as might the brood-ing
p
par - tridge Rear up an ea - glet fall'n from storm - struck
nest; My son ah, no! one cap-tained for high
con - flict, My chief - tain - hus - band's heir and his be -


quest! No moth - er's part in him did my heart
treas - ure, And he would go, and I could stand a -
lone; Ah, so I thought, but now my heart - strings -
meas - ure The love, the loss my son, my lit - tle son, thou'rt gone!
f
p
rit.

The Wife of Tone

My son I reared as might the brooding partridge
Rear up an eaglet fall'n from storm-struck nest;
My son—ah, no! one captained for high conflict,
My chieftain-husband's heir and his bequest!

No mother's part in him did my heart treasure,
And he would go, and I could stand alone;
Ah, so I thought, but now my heart-strings measure
The love, the loss—my son, my little son, thou'rt gone!

I see the grey roads winding, winding from me,
And thou upon them, exiled, and away;
I turn unto the empty house that's by me—
Ah, dark this day as on Wolfe Tone's death's day!

But no, no, no! Up from the sod beside me,
Up, up, with glorious singing speeds the lark;
Tis Wolfe Tone's spirit, his, to reconcile me;
And in a sword-flash, gone the loneliness, the dark!

PADRAIC COLUM

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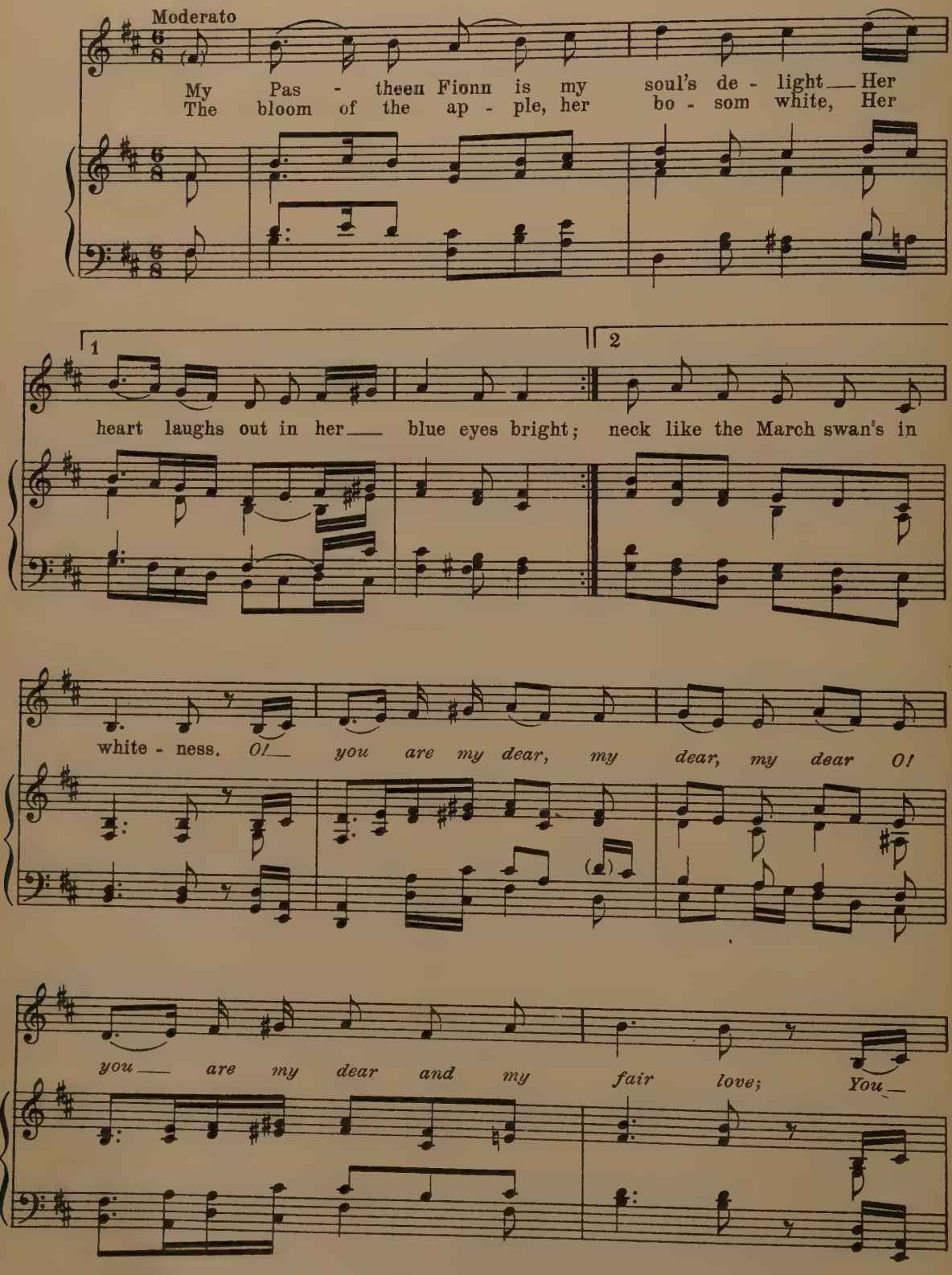
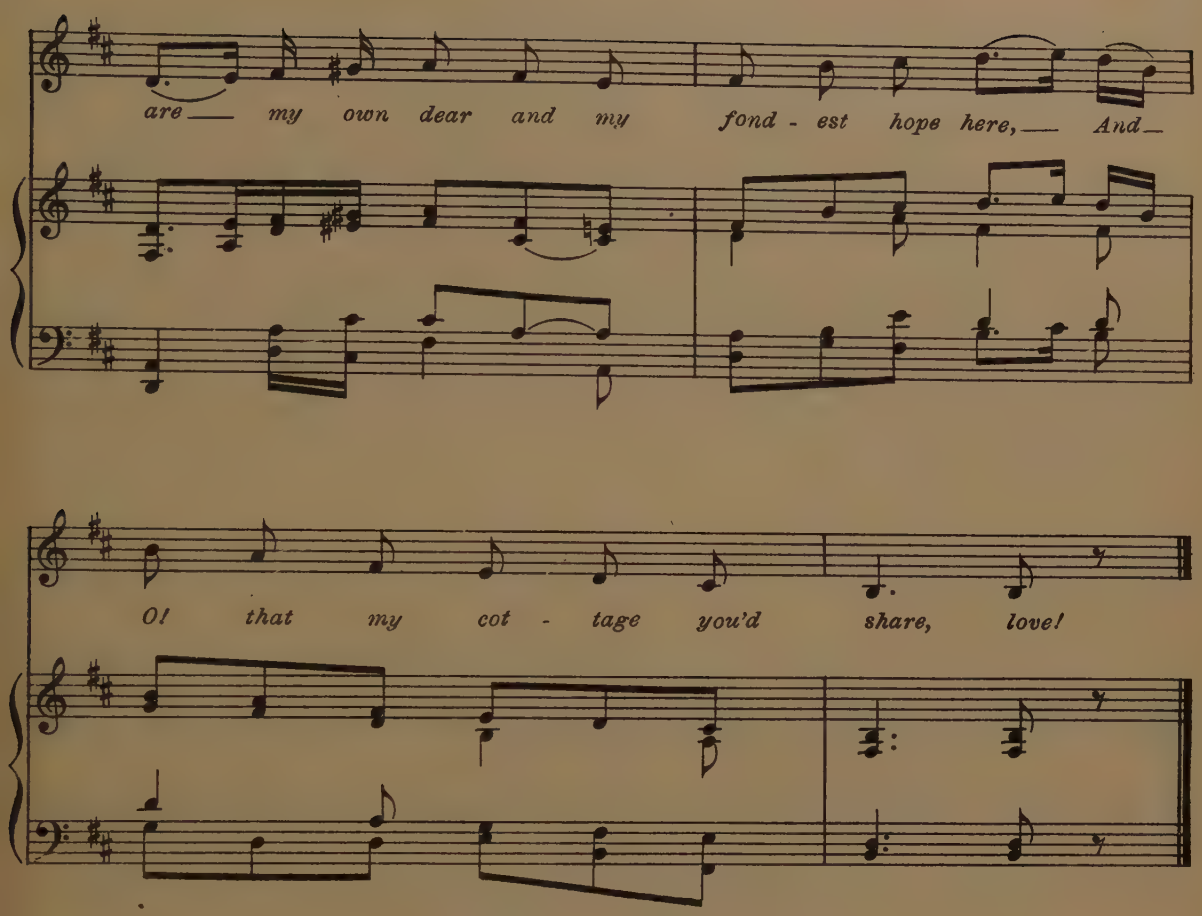
THE FAIR YOUNG CHILD

Translation by
Edward Walsh

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Moderato
My Pas - theen Fionn is my soul's de - light Her
The bloom of the ap - ple, her bo - som white, Her
1
2
heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright; neck like the March swan's in
white - ness. O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear O!
you are my dear and my fair love; You



are — my own dear and my fond - est hope here, — And —

O! that my cot - tage you'd share, love!

Ṗáisdín Fionn

Is gráḋ le m'anam mo Ṗáisdín Fionn!
A croiḋe 's a h-aigne ag gáirid liom,
A cioċa geala mar ḃláṫ na n-uḃall;
'S a píod mar eala lá Márta.

Is tusa mo rún, mo rún, mo rún,
Is tusa mo rún a's mo ġráḋ geal,
Is tusa mo rún, 's mo ċumann go duan,
'Sé mo ċreaċ gan tú 'gam ó d'ṁáṫair!

Is cara mo ċroiḋe mo Ṗáisdín Fionn!
A ḋá gruaḋ ar lasaḋ mar ḃláṫ na g-crann,
Tá mise saor ar mo Ṗáisdín Fionn,
Aċt aṁáin gur ólas a sláinte.

Do ḃí mé naoi n-oiḋċe a m' luiḋe go boċt,
O ḃeiṫ ſínte faoi 'n dílinn idir ḋá ṫor;
A ċumann mo ċroiḋe! 'ſ mé 'g ſmaoineaḋ ort,
'S naċ ḃ-faġainnſe le fead 'ná le glaoḋ ṫú.

Tréigfead mo ċaraid 'ſ mo ċáirde gaoil,
A'ſ tréigfiḋ mé a maireann de mnáiḃ a' t-ſaoġail,
Ní ṫréigfead le m' ṁarṫainn ṫú, 'ġráḋ mo ċroiḋe,
Go ſínfear a g-cóṁra faoi ċlár mé.

The Fair Young Child

My Pastheen Fionn is my soul's delight—
Her heart laughs out in her blue eyes bright;
The bloom of the apple, her bosom white,
Her neck like the March swan's in whiteness.

O! you are my dear, my dear, my dear,
O! you are my dear and my fair love;
You are my own dear and my fondest hope here,
And O! that my cottage you'd share, love!

Love of my bosom, my fair Pastheen,
Whose cheek is red like the roses' sheen;
My thoughts of the maiden are pure I ween,
Save toasting her health in my lightness.

In fever for nine long nights I've lain
From lying in the hedge-row beneath the rain,
While, gift of my bosom! I hoped in vain
Some whistle or call might awake you.

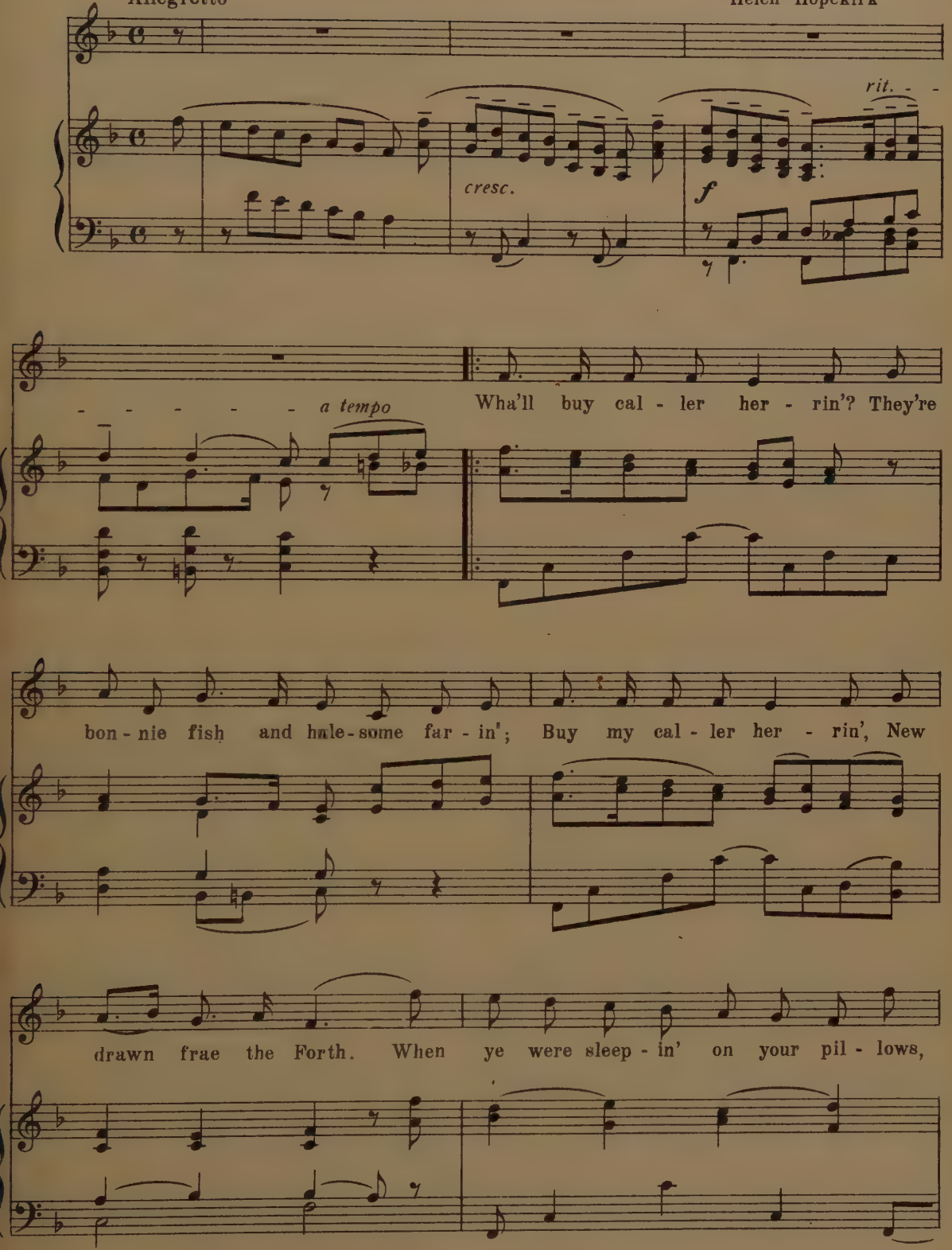
From kinsfolk and friends, my fair, I'd flee,
From all the beautiful maids that be,
But I'll never leave you, sweet *gramachree*,
Till death in your service o'ertakes me.

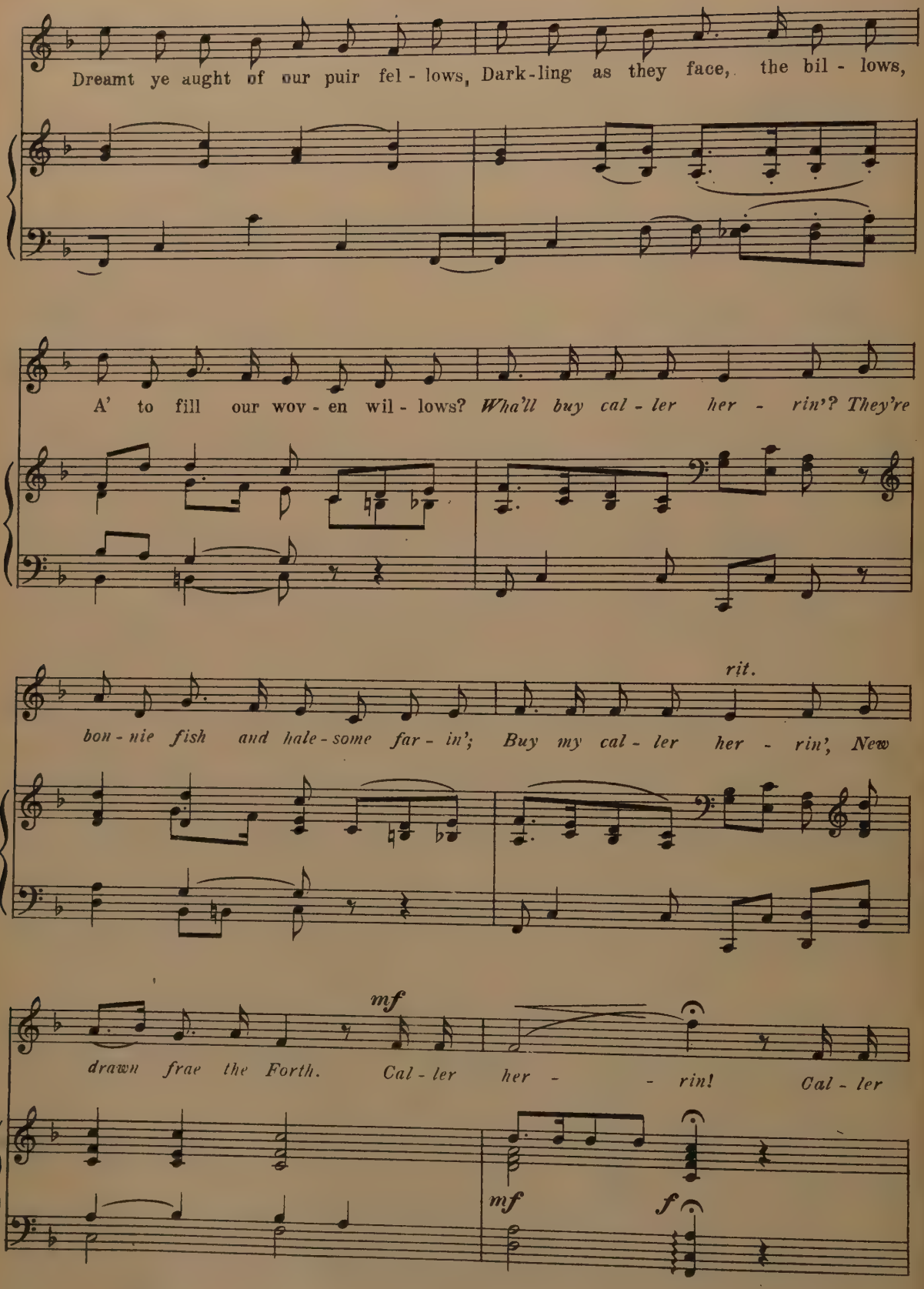
Translation by
EDWARD WALSH

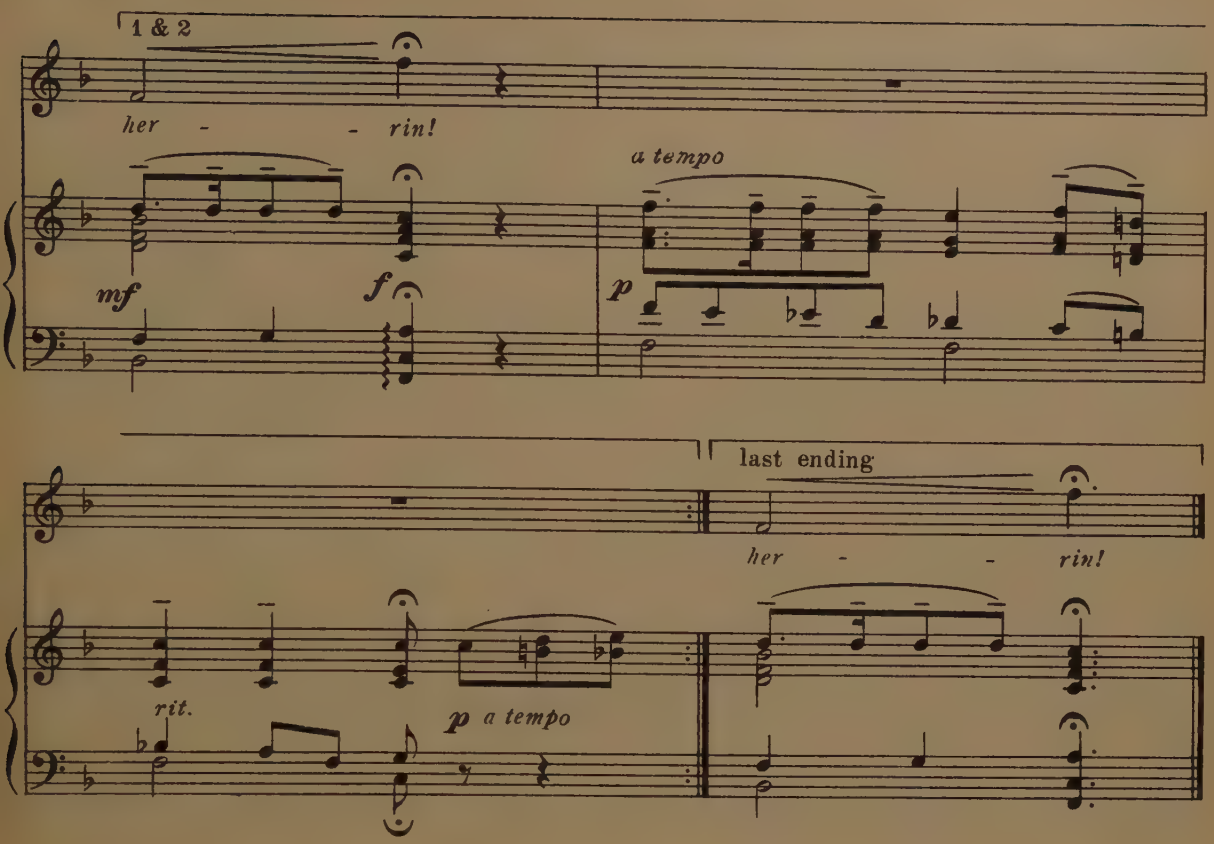
CALLER HERRIN'

Words by
Lady Caroline Nairne

Old Scots Air
Attributed to Nathanial Gow
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk


Allegretto
rit.
cresc.
f
a tempo
Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're
bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in'; Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New
drawn frae the Forth. When ye were sleep - in' on your pil - lows,


Dreamt ye aught of our puir fel - lows, Dark-ling as they face, the bil - lows,
A' to fill our wov - en wil - lows? Wha'll buy cal - ler her - rin'? They're
rit.
bon - nie fish and hale - some far - in'; Buy my cal - ler her - rin', New
mf
drawn frae the Forth. Cal - ler her - - rin! Cal - ler
mf
f



Caller Herrin'

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows?

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.
Caller herrin'!
Caller herrin'!

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin'
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.
When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silk and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.

Wha'll buy caller herrin'?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Neebor wives! noo tent my tellin':
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in your dealin';
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'!

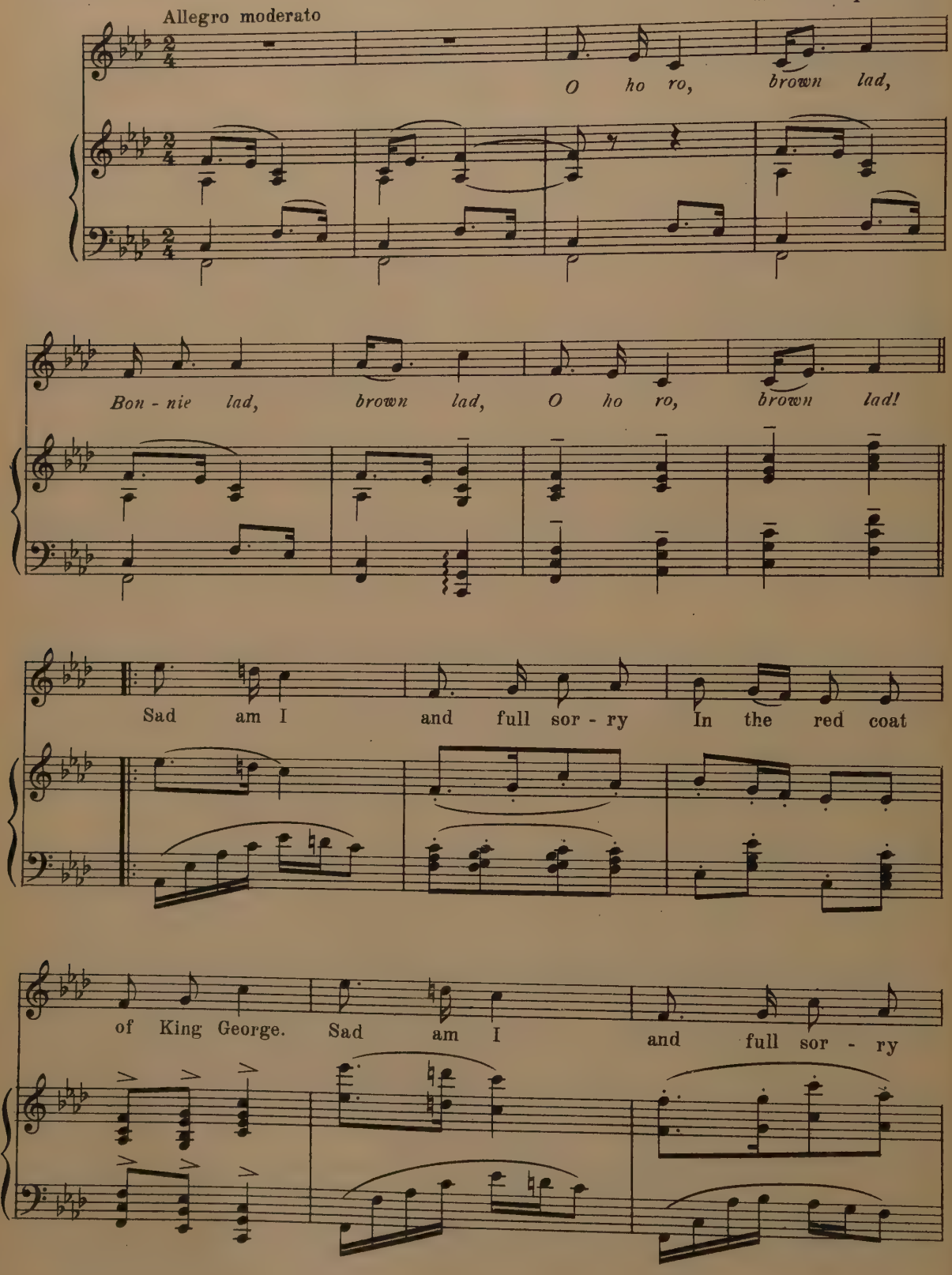
LADY CAROLINE NAIRNE

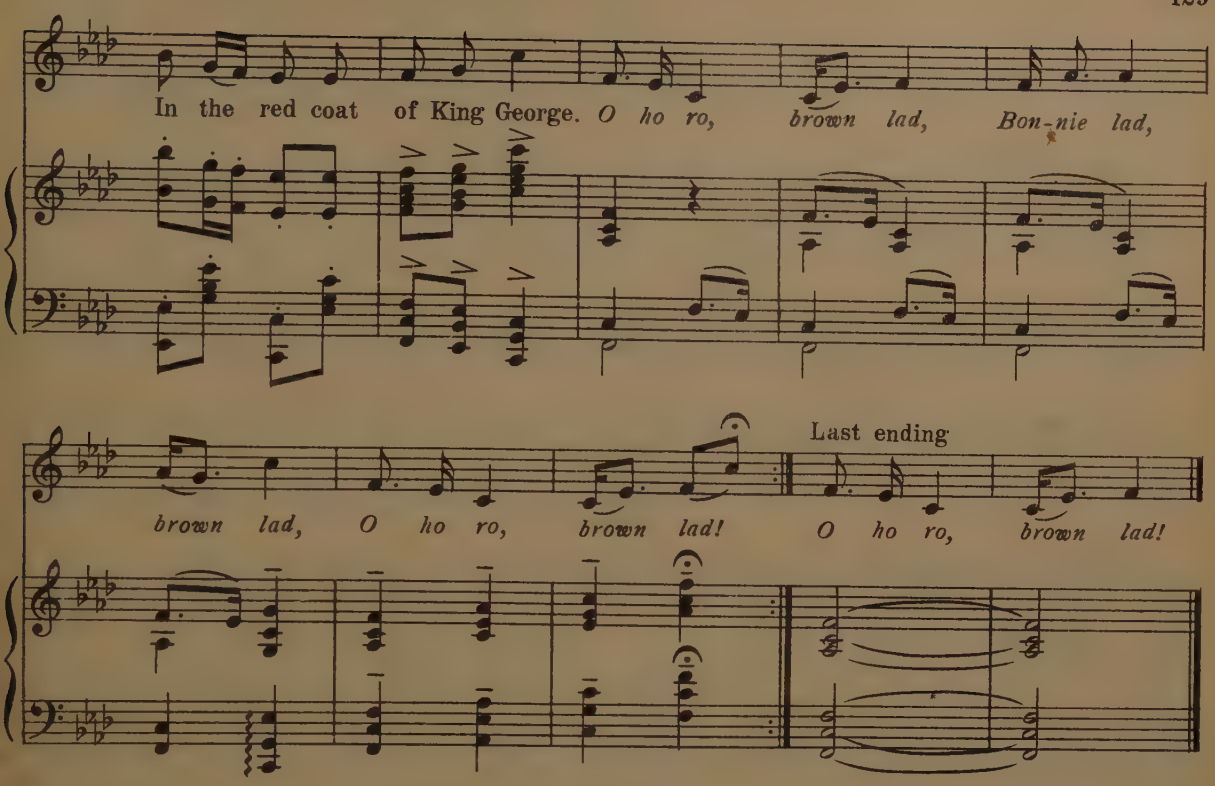
THE BROWN LAD

(Waulking Song from the Hebrides)

Translation by
Padraic Colum

Recorded by Amy Murray
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk


Allegro moderato
O ho ro, brown lad,
Bon - nie lad, brown lad, O ho ro, brown lad!
Sad am I and full sor - ry In the red coat
of King George. Sad am I and full sor - ry



An Gille Donn

O ho ro, 'ille dhuinn!
'Ille dhuinn, bhòidhich,
O ho ro, 'ille dhuinn!

Gur-a mis' tha fo mhulaid,
Giulan cùla Righ Deorsa.

Mi bhi 'giùlan a' ghunna,
Ann an Cuideachd a' Chòirneil.

Fhuair sinn òrdugh 'bhi 'marsadh,
Gu sràid nan ceum còhmnard.

Gu sràid nan ceum socrach,
Nach dochaim'n ar bròg an.

Luchd na còtaichean-ruadha,
Ga'n cur tairis do'n-t-Olaind.

Gur h-ann feasgar Di-Sathurn,
Thug sinn 'cath a bha deònach.

B'ioma té 'bha gun chèile
'N 'am èirigh Di-Domhnuich.

Agus nighean fir fearainn
'Bha 'na laidhe 'na-h-ourachd.

An deis a cèile 'thoirt uaipa,
'S nach fuasgaileadh òr e.

A's an-t-soiraidh s'gu'm leannan,
Theid mi dhachaidh ma's beò 'dhomh.

The Brown Lad

O ho ro, brown lad!
Bonnie lad, brown lad,
O ho ro, brown lad!

Sad am I and full sorry
In the red coat of King George.

Shouldering pack and musket
In the Colonel's infantry.

Marching as I am ordered,
Keeping step with rank and file.

Feet will grow sore and falter
For the first time shod with brogues.

Heavy will be the red coat
On the weary Holland march;

With the end of the marching,
Battle-lines fornenst us!

Many a wife left a widow
With the night of battle closed!

They'll not wish to be spending
Of the gold that is death's price.

Maids will mourn their staunch lovers
With heads bowed low to the ground!

Fare thee well, Morag, dear one!
If I live, I will come back.

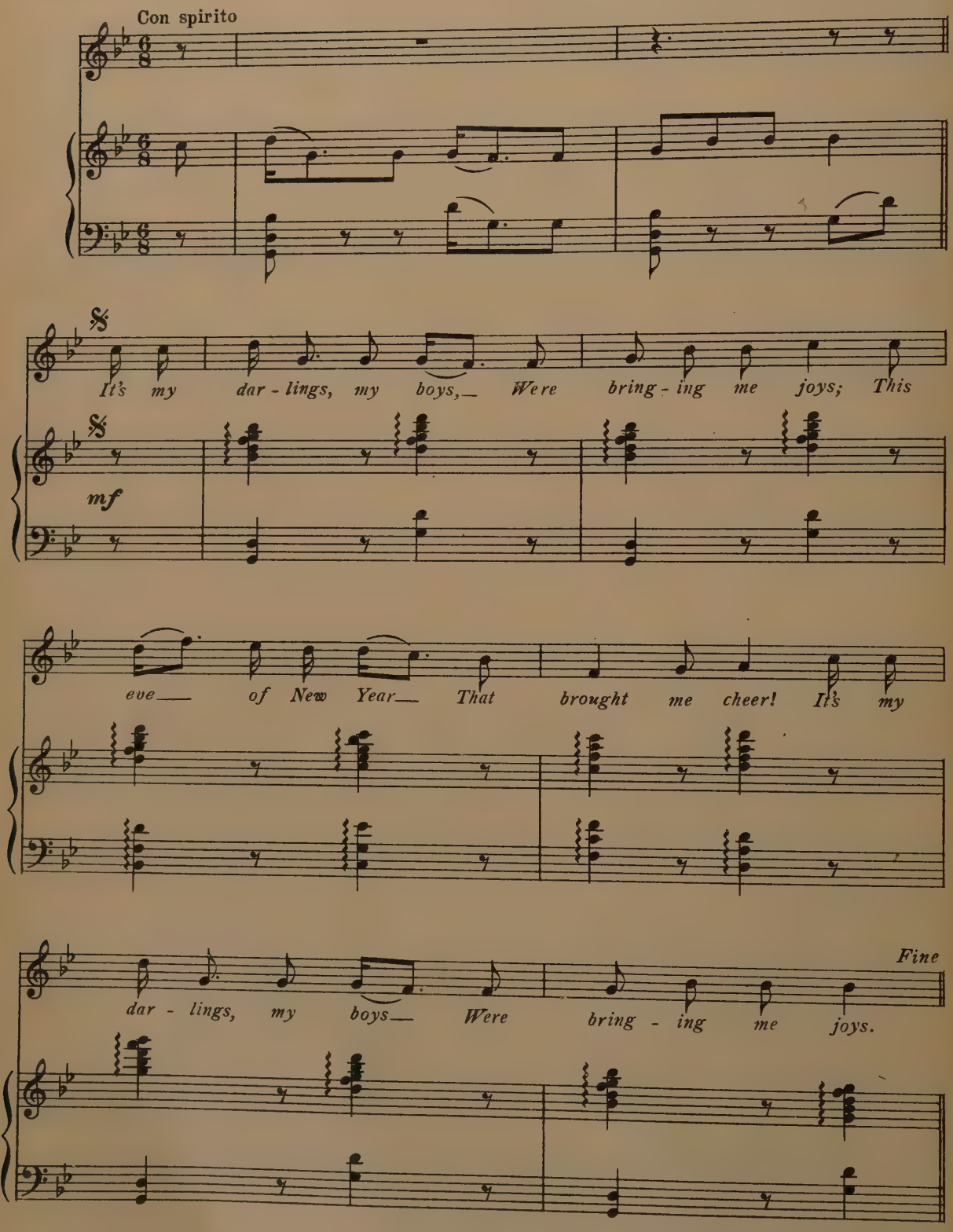
Translation by
PADRAIC COLUM

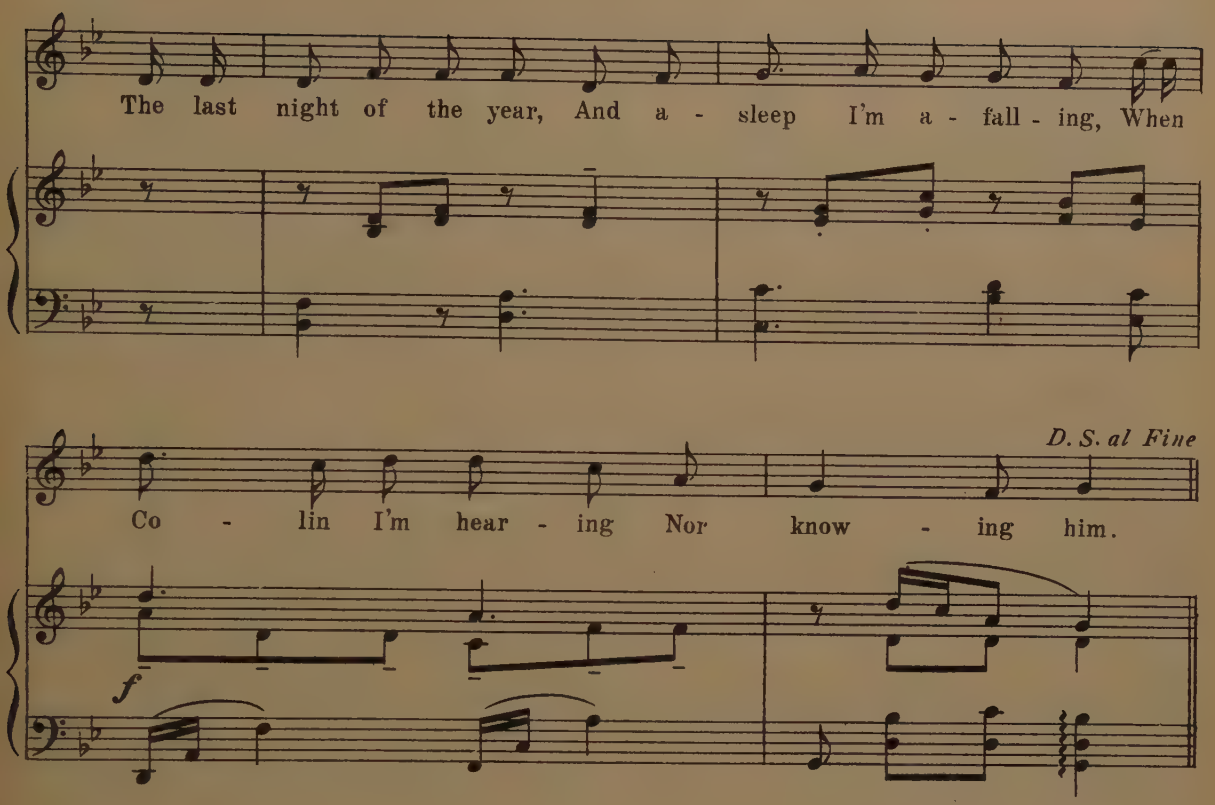
HOGMANAY NIGHT

(New Year's Song from the Hebrides)

Translation by
Amy Murray

Recorded by Amy Murray
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk


Con spirito
It's my dar - lings, my boys,— We're bring - ing me joys; This
mf
eve— of New Year— That brought me cheer! It's my
Fine
dar - lings, my boys— We're bring - ing me joys.



Na Gillean Mo Rùin

'S e gillean mo rùin
A thug oirrn sunnd;
'S e so a bhliadhn'-ùr
Thug sòlas dhuinn;
'S e gillean mo rùin
A thug oirrn sunnd.

A chiad Oidhche dhe'n Challuin,
'S mi tuitean am chadal,
Gun cuala mi Chaluinn
Gun chòrd e rium.

Dol deasail an tigh',
Buille chruiadh ris na fraighean,
Bha caman an làimh
Gach òganaich.

'S e gillean Lochabar,
A Lochaidh nam bradan,
'E failead nan adag,
Nach còrdach riuth

Bha fear dhuibh 's an Fhraing
'S gun tainig e nall
Gun òl, sinn an dràm
'S an tòiseach leis.

Hogmanay Night

It's my darlings, my boys,
Were bringing me joys;
This eve of New Year
That brought me cheer!
It's my darlings, my boys,
Were bringing me joys.

The last night of the year,
And asleep I'm a-falling,
When Colin I'm hearing
Nor knowing him.

Going round the house sunwise
And beating the walls,
With their staves in their hands,
Every mother's son.

It's the boys from Lochaber,
From Lochy of salmon;
It's welcome they are
To this house of mine!

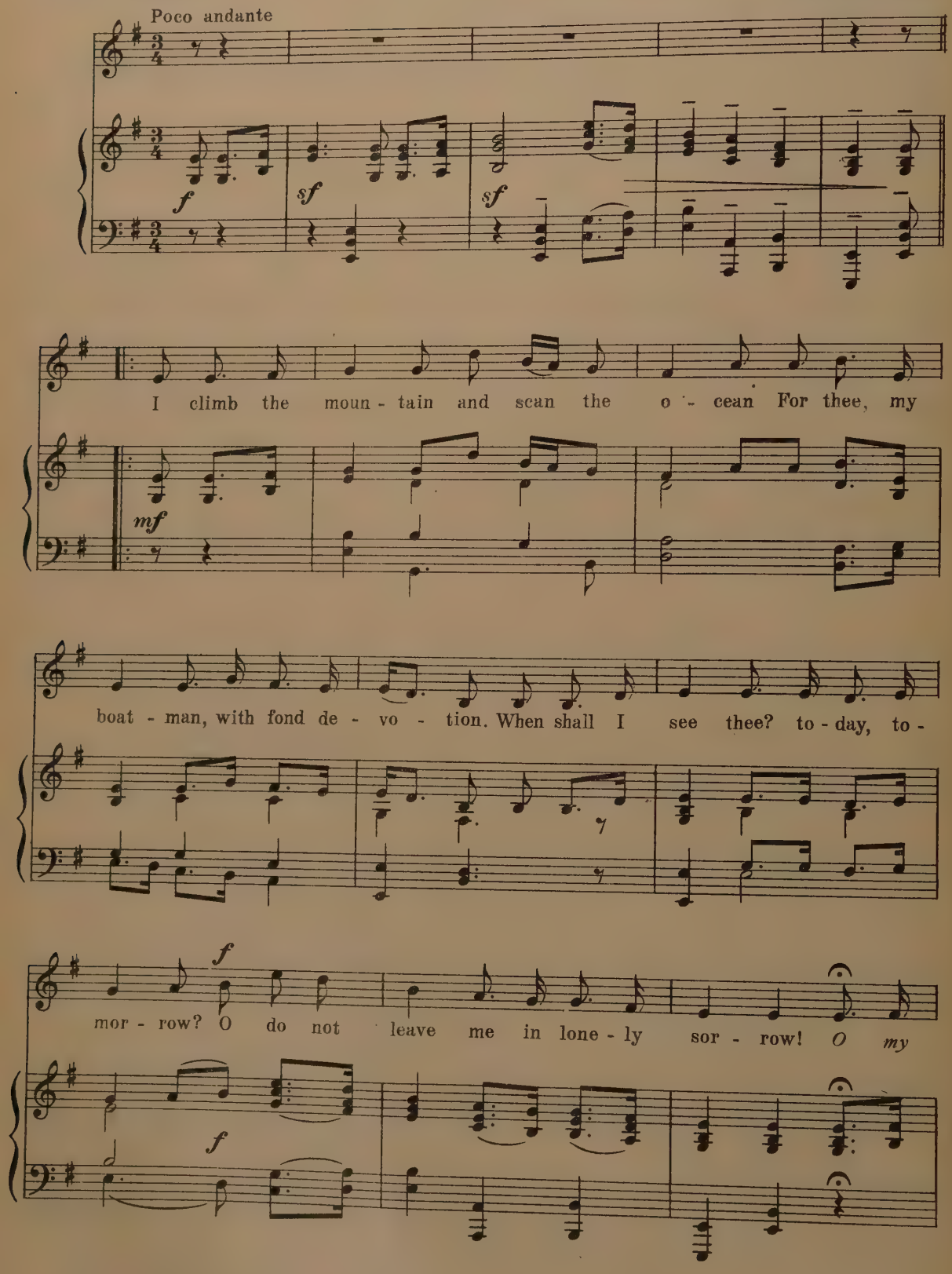
It's the dark man from France;
O he'll never be leaving
Without drinking the dram
I'll be pouring him.

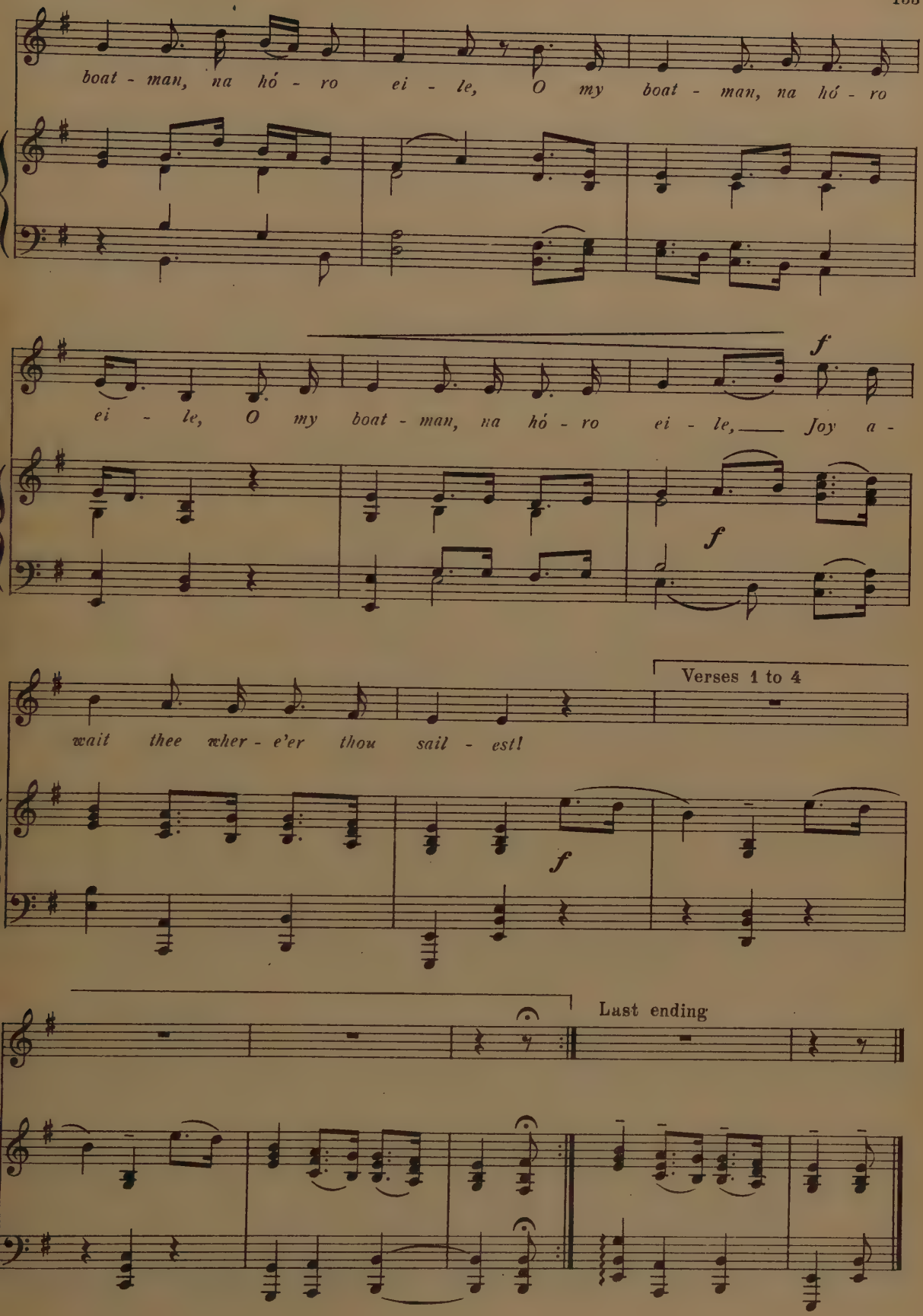
Translation by
AMY MURRAY

I CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN

Translation by
Lachlan MacBean

Old Gaelic Air
Arranged by
Helen Hopekirk


Poco andante
f
sf
sf
I climb the moun - tain and scan the o - cean For thee, my
mf
boat - man, with fond de - vo - tion. When shall I see thee? to - day, to -
f
mor - row? O do not leave me in lone - ly sor - row! O my
f


boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro
ei - le, O my boat - man, na hó - ro ei - le, Joy a -
f
f
wait thee wher - e'er thou sail - est!
Verses 1 to 4
f
Last ending

I Climb the Mountain*

I climb the mountain and scan the ocean
For thee, my boatman, with fond devotion.
When shall I see thee? today, tomorrow?
O do not leave me in lonely sorrow!

O my boatman, na hóro eile,]3
Joy await thee where'er thou sailest!

From passing boatmen I'd fain discover
If they have heard of, or seen my lover.
They never tell me; I'm only chided
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

My lover promised to bring his lady
A silken gown and a tartan plaidie,
A ring of gold which would show his semblance—
But O I fear me for his remembrance!

I may not hide it; my heart's devotion
Is not a season's brief emotion;
Thy love in childhood began to seize me,
And ne'er shall fade until death release me.

My heart is weary with ceaseless wailing,
Like wounded swan when her strength is failing;
Her notes of anguish the lake awaken,
By all her comrades at last forsaken.

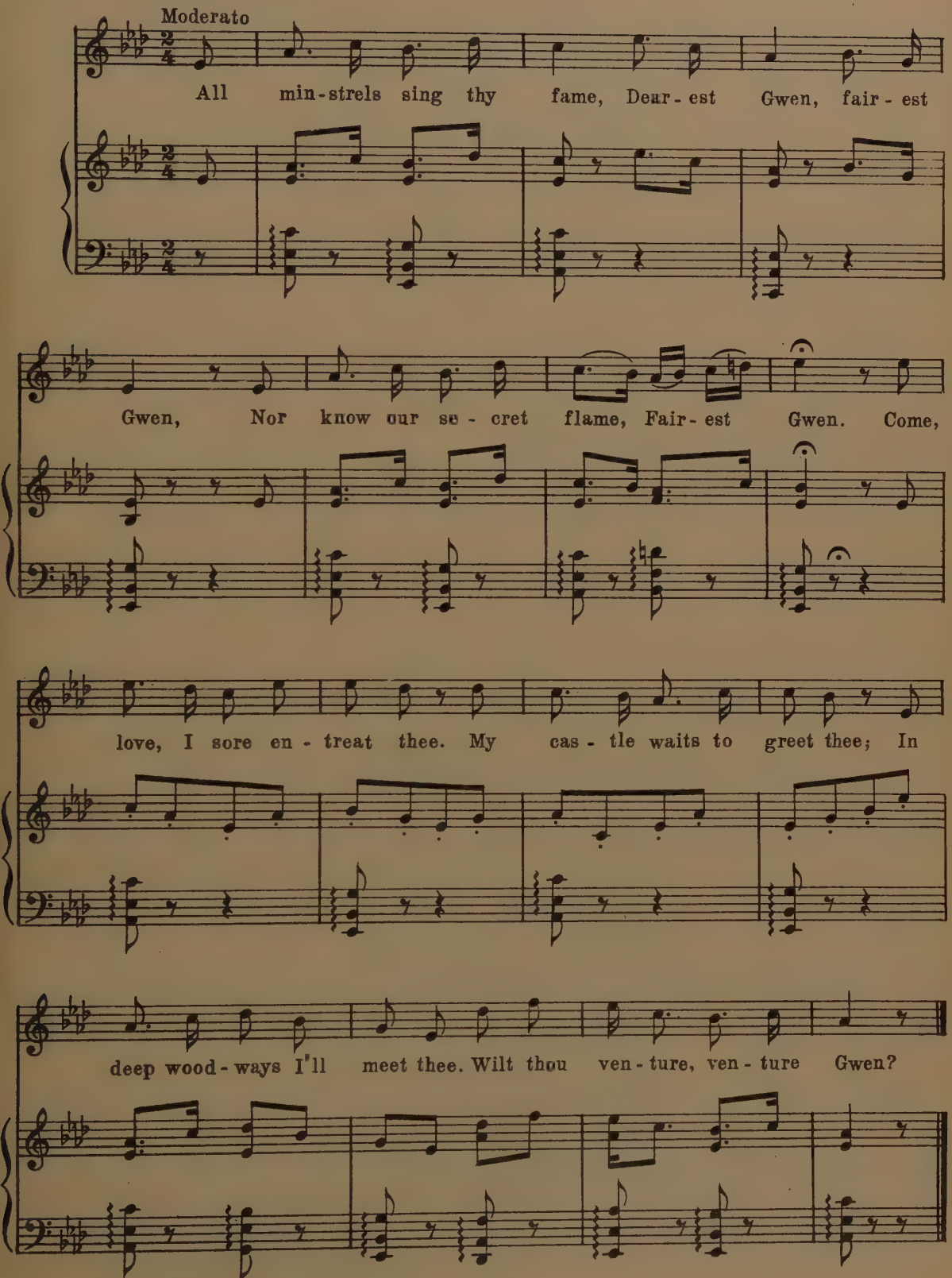
Translation by
LACHLAN MACBEAN

* We were unable to trace the original Gaelic text of this song.

VENTURE, GWEN

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Moderato


All min-strels sing thy fame, Dear-est Gwen, fair-est
Gwen, Nor know our se-cret flame, Fair-est Gwen. Come,
love, I sore en-treat thee. My cas-tle waits to greet thee; In
deep wood-ways I'll meet thee. Wilt thou ven-ture, ven-ture Gwen?

Mentra, Gwen

Am danat ti mae son,
Wenaf Wen, Wenaf Wen,
O Fynwy fawr i Fon,
Wenaf Wen!
I'r castell acw heno,
Rhaid iti droi a huno,
Hen deulu iawn sydd ynddo,
Da di mentra, mentra Gwen!

O'th flaen mae mynydd maith,
Wenaf Wen, Wenaf Wen,
Gwell iti dorri'th daith,
Wenaf Wen,
Wel yn fŷ mraich gan hynny,
Yr awn gan benderfynu,
Fod yn y castell lety,
Da di mentra, mentra Gwen.

Fi piau'r castell hwn,
Wenaf Wen, Wenaf Wen,
Ti elli fyw mi wn,
Wenaf Wen.
Yn wraig yn Nghastell Crogen,
I'w barchu ey a'i berchen;
A chymer fi'n y fargen,
Da di mentra, mentra, Gwen!

Venture, Gwen

All minstrels sing thy fame,
Dearest Gwen, fairest Gwen,
Nor know our secret flame,
Fairest Gwen.
Come, love, I sore entreat thee.
My castle waits to greet thee;
In deep wood-ways I'll meet thee.
Wilt thou venture, venture, Gwen?

Dark mountains o'er us tower,
Dearest Gwen, fairest Gwen,
And heavy storm-clouds lower,
Fairest Gwen.
But arm in arm, close clinging,
We'll climb the ridges singing
And set love's echoes ringing;
We will venture, venture, Gwen.

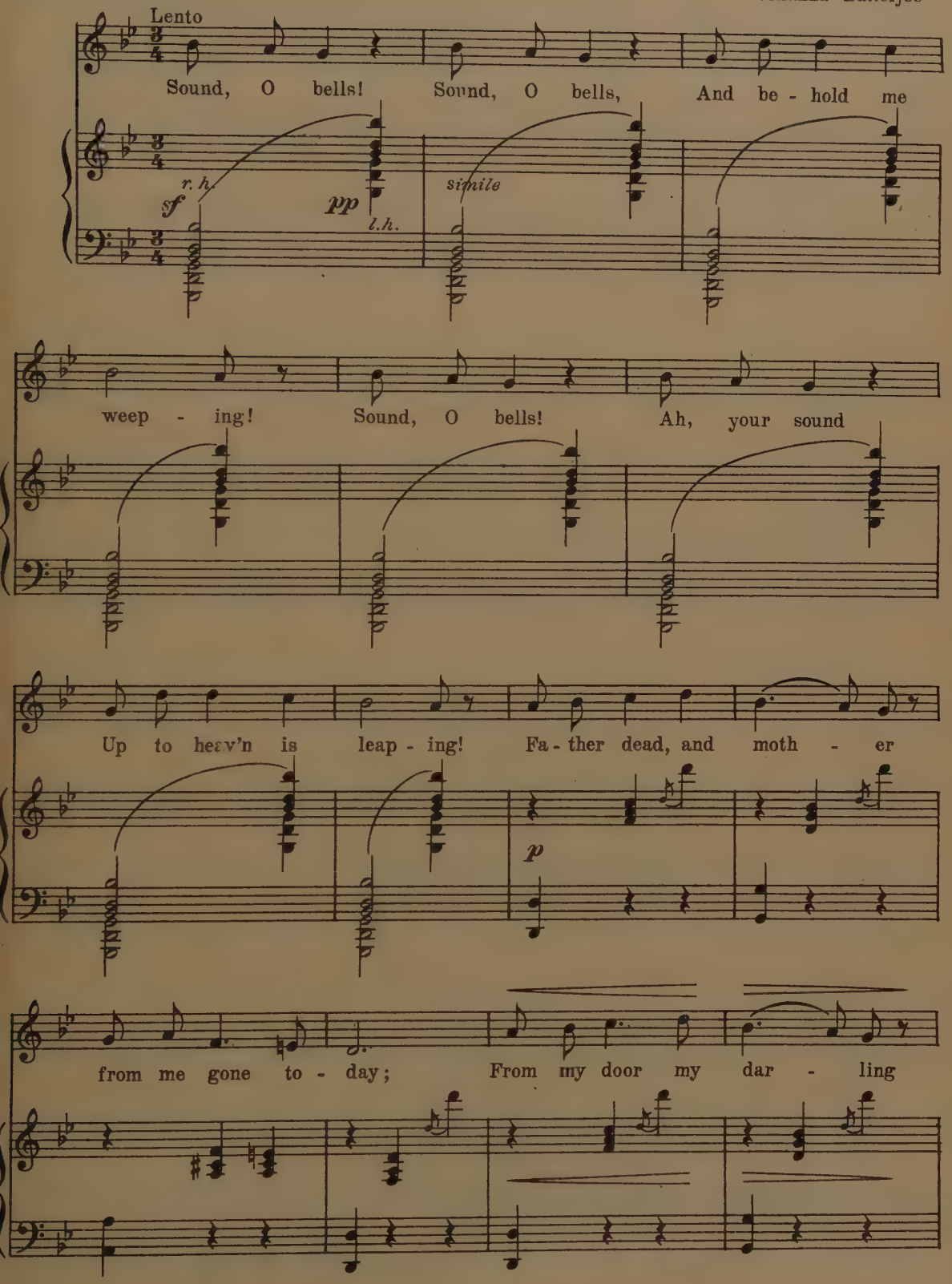
Yon Crogan Castle's mine,
Dearest Gwen, fairest Gwen;
My queen, and it is thine,
Fairest Gwen.
Now doth my fortress bound thee
And I, its lord, have crowned thee;
My men-at-arms surround thee;
Thou hast ventured, ventured, Gwen.

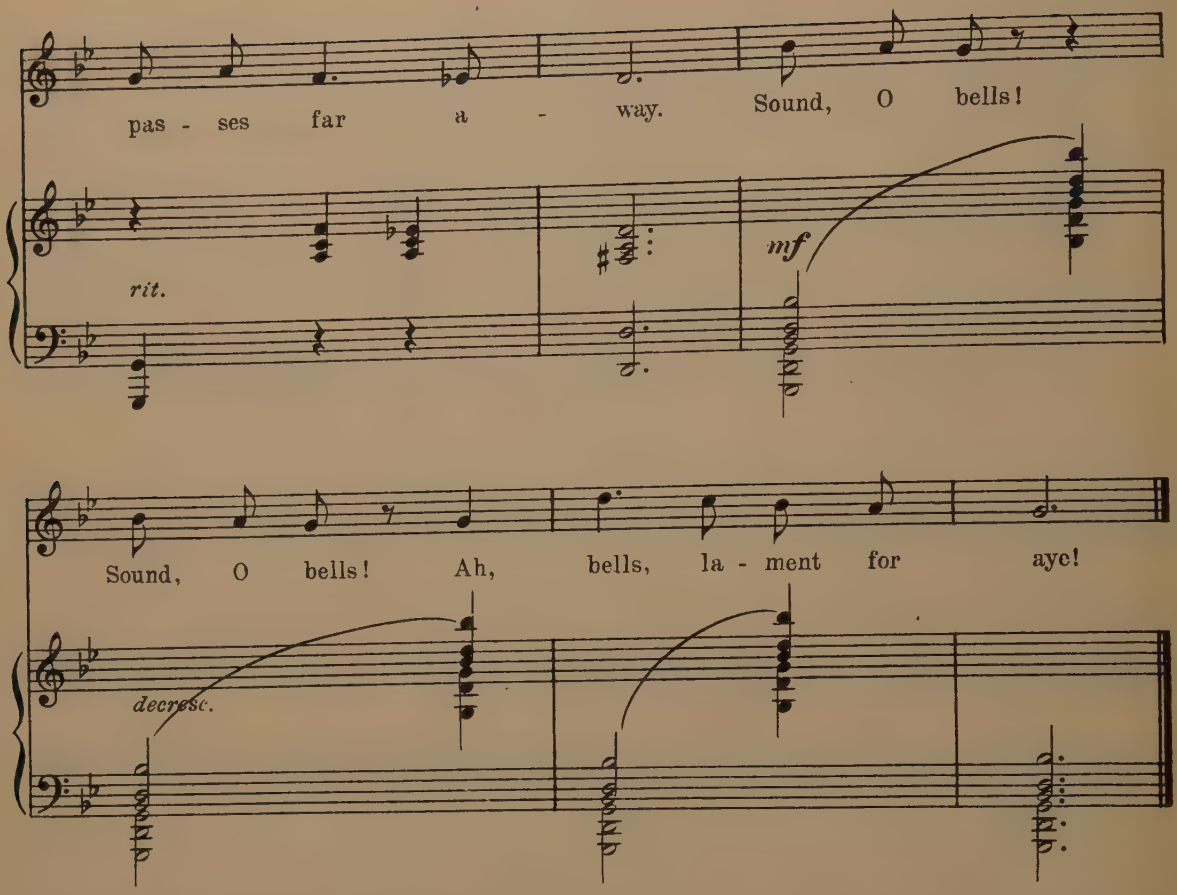
English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

THE BELLS

English version by
Richard Burton

Arranged by
Johanna Batteljée


Lento
Sound, O bells! Sound, O bells, And be - hold me
r. h.
sf
pp
l.h.
simile
weep - ing! Sound, O bells! Ah, your sound
Up to heav'n is leap - ing! Fa - ther dead, and moth - er
p
from me gone to - day; From my door my dar - ling



Les Cloques

Cloques, sonez, cloques, sonez!
Vos vèyez mès larmes.
Cloques, sonez, cloques, sonez!
Mon Dieu! qués alarmes . . .
No ma-mèr' est morte, no mon-pèr' parti,
Et devant no porte m'n amiss va mori.
Cloques, sonez, cloques, sonez!
Hé! cloques, sonez toudi!

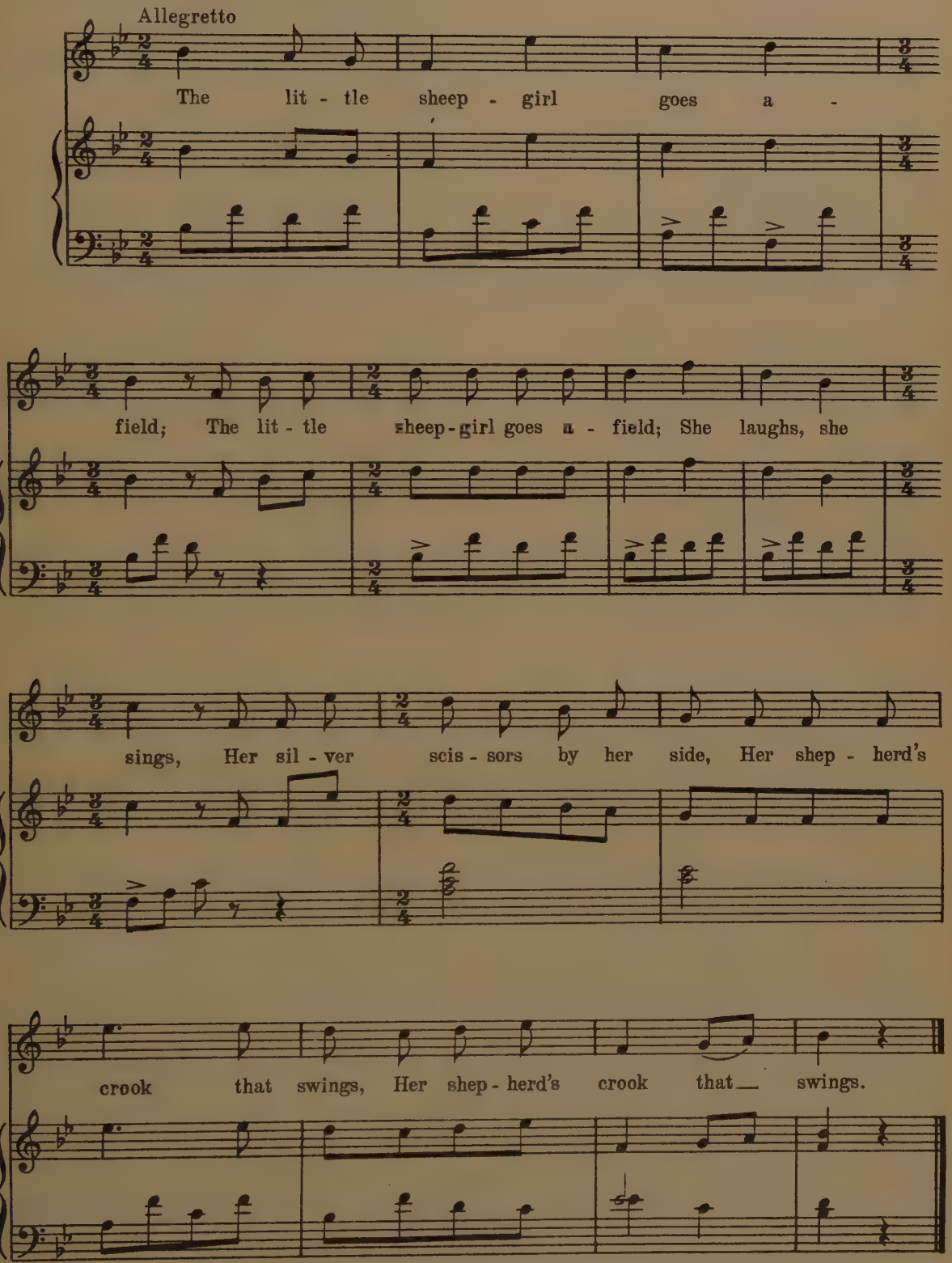
The Bells

Sound, O bells! Sound, O bells,
And behold me weeping!
Sound, O bells! Ah, your sound
Up to heaven is leaping!
Father dead, and mother from me gone today;
From my door my darling passes far away.
Sound, O bells! Sound, O bells!
Ah, bells, lament for aye!

English version by
RICHARD BURTON

THE LITTLE SHEEP-GIRL

Translation by
Leonora Speyer


Allegretto
The lit - tle sheep - girl goes a -
field; The lit - tle sheep-girl goes a - field; She laughs, she
sings, Her sil - ver scis - sors by her side, Her shep - herd's
crook that swings, Her shep - herd's crook that swings.

La Petite Bergère

La p'tit' bergèr' s'en va aux champs,]2
Riant, chantant,
Sa guillonnette à son côté
Et son ciseau d'argent.]2

Son cher amant s'en va auprès]2
En lui disant:
„Belle bergèr' qui va si vit',
Attendez un moment.]2

„Ne vous ai-j' pas vue l'autre jour]2
Près d'un amant?
Et moi, tout seul dans mon jardin
J'ai le coeur si chagrin.]2

„N'avez-vous pas dans votre main]2
La bague au doigt,
Le rond d'or que j' vous ai donné?
La bell', rendez-le moi."]2

„Tenez, Monsieur, v'là vot' rond d'or,]2
La bague aussi;
Je n' me soucie de vot' rond d'or
Et encor' moins de vous."]2

„Oh, la bell', si j'ai mal parlé,]2
Pardonnez-moi;
A deux genoux je m'y mettrai,
La bell' dans un moment."]2

„Non, non, Monsieur, il est trop tard,]2
Il n'est plus temps;
Vous m'avez donné mon congé,
Et moi j' l'ai pris."]2

The Little Sheep-Girl

The little sheep-girl goes a-field;]2
She laughs, she sings;
Her silver scissors at her side,
Her shepherd's crook that swings.]2

Her lover follows after her;]2
To her doth say:
"Fair shepherdess, go not so fast;
Wait for me now, I pray.]2

"Saw I a sweetheart not with thee]2
But yester-eve?
And in my garden I, alone,
My heart did sorely grieve.]2

"Gleams not upon thy hand a ring]2
I gave to thee?
A round of gold thy finger wears;
Now, pretty, yield it me."]2

"There, sir, it is, your round of gold,]2
Your ring so true;
I care not for your golden ring,
And even less for you."]2

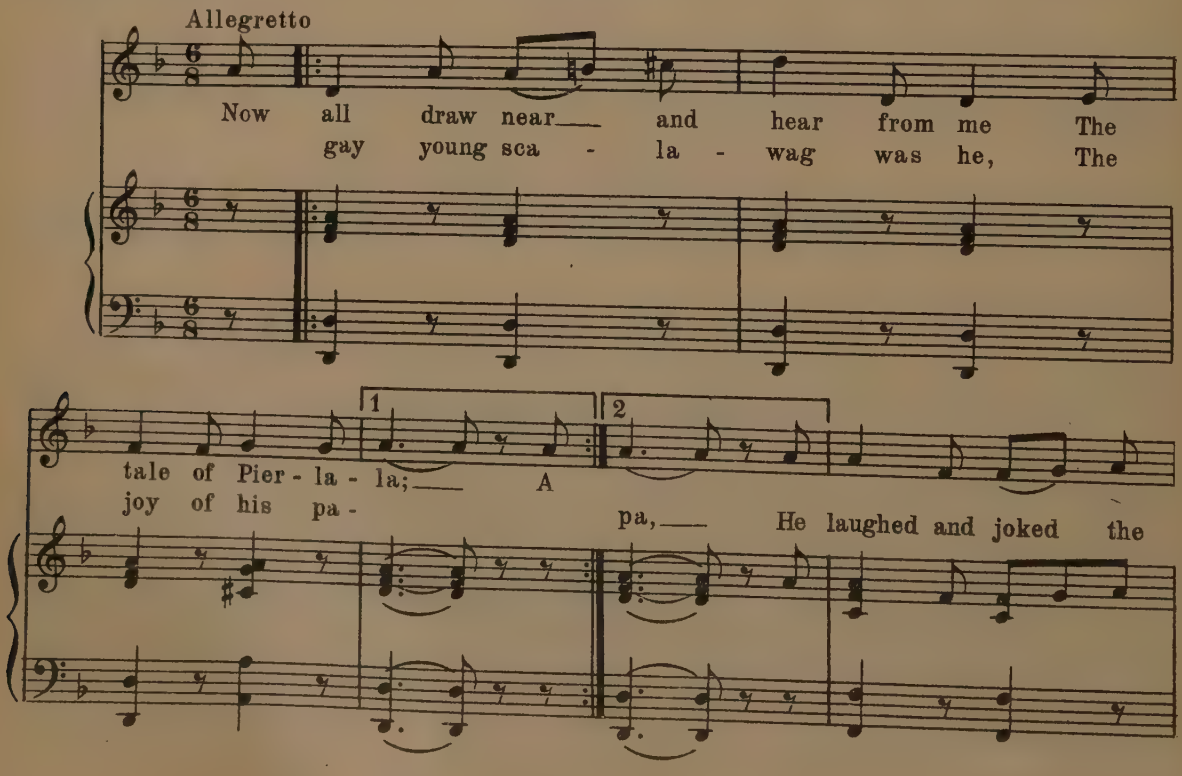
"O pretty one, forgive me now,]2
If I spoke ill;
On my two knees I'll kneel to thee,
O pretty one, I will."]2

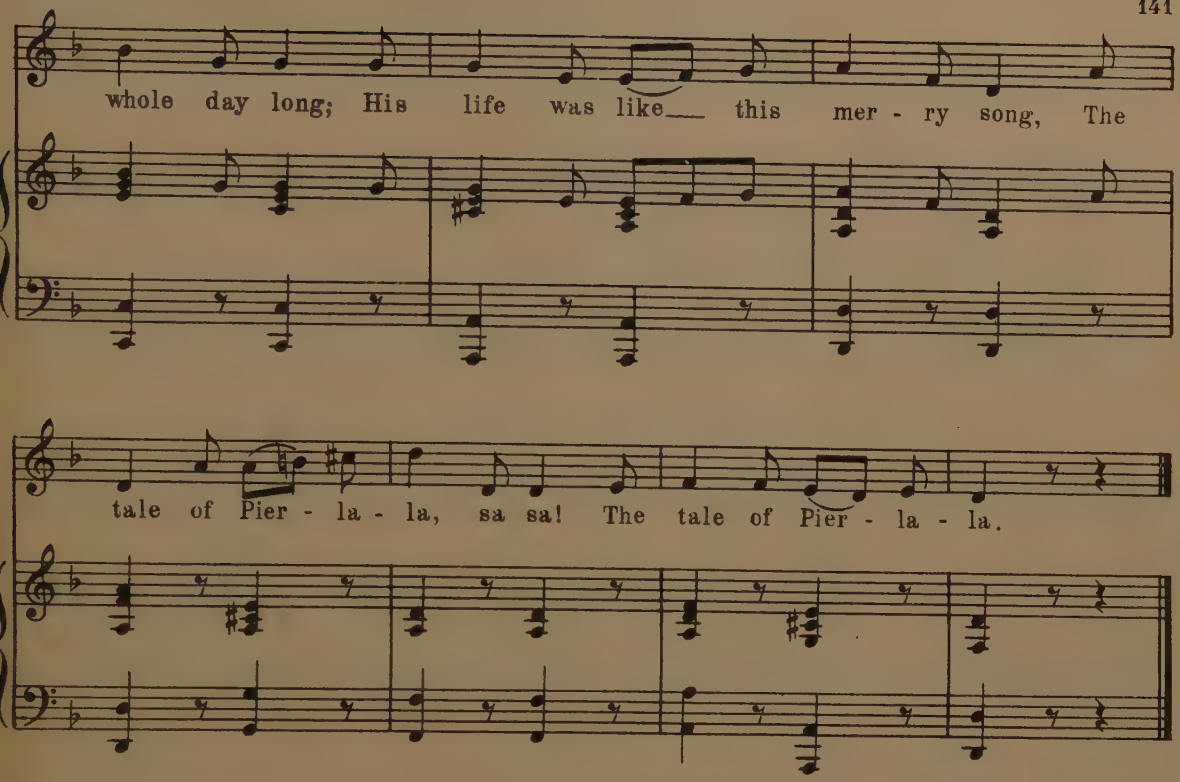
"No, no, kind sir, it is too late]2
For promise true;
You have dismissed me, sir, and so
I take my leave of you."]2

Translation by
LEONORA SPEYER

English version by
Anna Mathewson

PIERLALA


Allegretto
Now all draw near and hear from me The
gay young sca - la - wag was he, The
1
2
tale of Pier - la - la; A
joy of his pa - pa, He laughed and joked the



Pierlala

Komt hier al' bij, aanhoort dees klucht:
Het is van Pierlala,
Een drolig ventjen vol genucht,
De vreugd van zijn papa.
Wat in zijn leven is geschied,
Dat zult gij hooren in dit lied:
't Is al van Pierlala, sa! sa!
't Is al van Pierlala.

Zoo zeer was Pierlala bemind
Van vaartje en moertje tsaam,
Zij zegden: „Hoor eens, lieve kind,
Ons een'ger erfgenaam.
Gij wordt haast meester van ons goed,
Daerom ziet wel toe wat gij doet!"
„'t Is wel!" zij Pierlala, sa! sa!
„'t Is wel!" zij Pierlala.

Maar als nu was den vader dood,
Och armen, Pierlala!
Die heeft zijn vrienden al genood
Op d' uijtvaart van papa.
Hij hielt niet veel van lekkernij,
Hij gaf ze t'eten pap en brij:
„'t Is bon," zeij Pierlala, „Ha ha!"
„'t Is bon," zeij Pierlala.

Pierlala

Now all draw near and hear from me
The tale of Pierlala;
A gay young scalawag was he,
The joy of his papa.
He laughed and joked the whole day long;
His life was like this merry song,
The tale of Pierlala, sa, sa!
The tale of Pierlala.

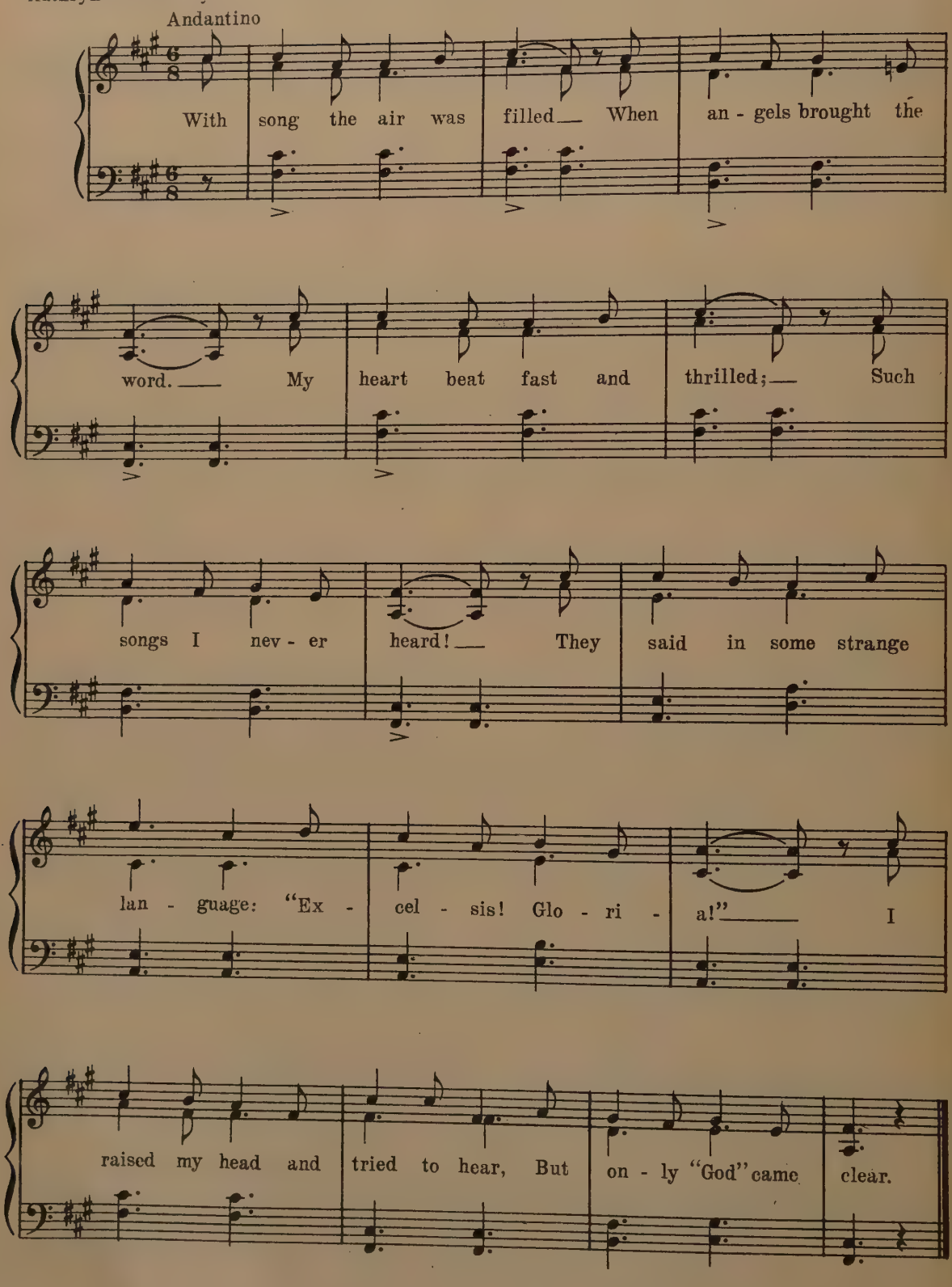
So well his parents loved their pet,
They said to him, "Dear child,
Some day our riches you will get,
So, therefore, don't be wild.
Our only son and heir are you;
Now, please, be careful what you do."
"All right," said Pierlala, sa, sa!
"All right," said Pierlala.

So when his father died at last,
The friends who gathered there
Expected then a fine repast
Of really royal fare.
"Rich food is bad," Pierlala said,
And gave them only pap instead,
"I'm wise," said Pierlala, "Ha ha!"
"I'm wise," said Pierlala.

English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

EXCELSIS! GLORIA!

English version by
Kathryn White Ryan


Andantino
With song the air was filled When an - gels brought the
word. My heart beat fast and thrilled; Such
songs I nev - er heard! They said in some strange
lan - guage: "Ex - cel - sis! Glo - ri - a!" I
raised my head and tried to hear, But on - ly "God" came clear.

Noël

O! qu'a-dj'oyou è l'air?
Les andj's ôt tant tchanté.
C'esteût tot novés airs,
Ô nn'esteût tot charmé.
Is d'hint duvins leûs d'vises:
Gloriya in ecselsis!
Mi dju lèva mu tiesse è haut,
Dj'oya qu'ô d'héve: Dèyo.
O! dju pierdé v'corèdj',
Dju n'les étindé v' nin.
Dju di: Parlez m'linguèdj,
Dj'étindrè voss' latin.
Su v's avez 'n saqw'a m'dîre,
Duhez-l d'on' aut' manîr',
Racontez-m el è plat walon,
Dj'étindrè voss' raison.
Is c'mincint a m'dîre
Quu l'Messiye esteût v'nou,
Qu' djihéve lu tiesse so n'pîre
Sins esse gote acovrou.
Duvins l'dièrinne misére.
Dju n'creûs nin qu'ô-z-èspére
Qu'i viqu'rèt bin djusqu'á matin
Su vos n'l'assistez nin.

Excelsis! Gloria!

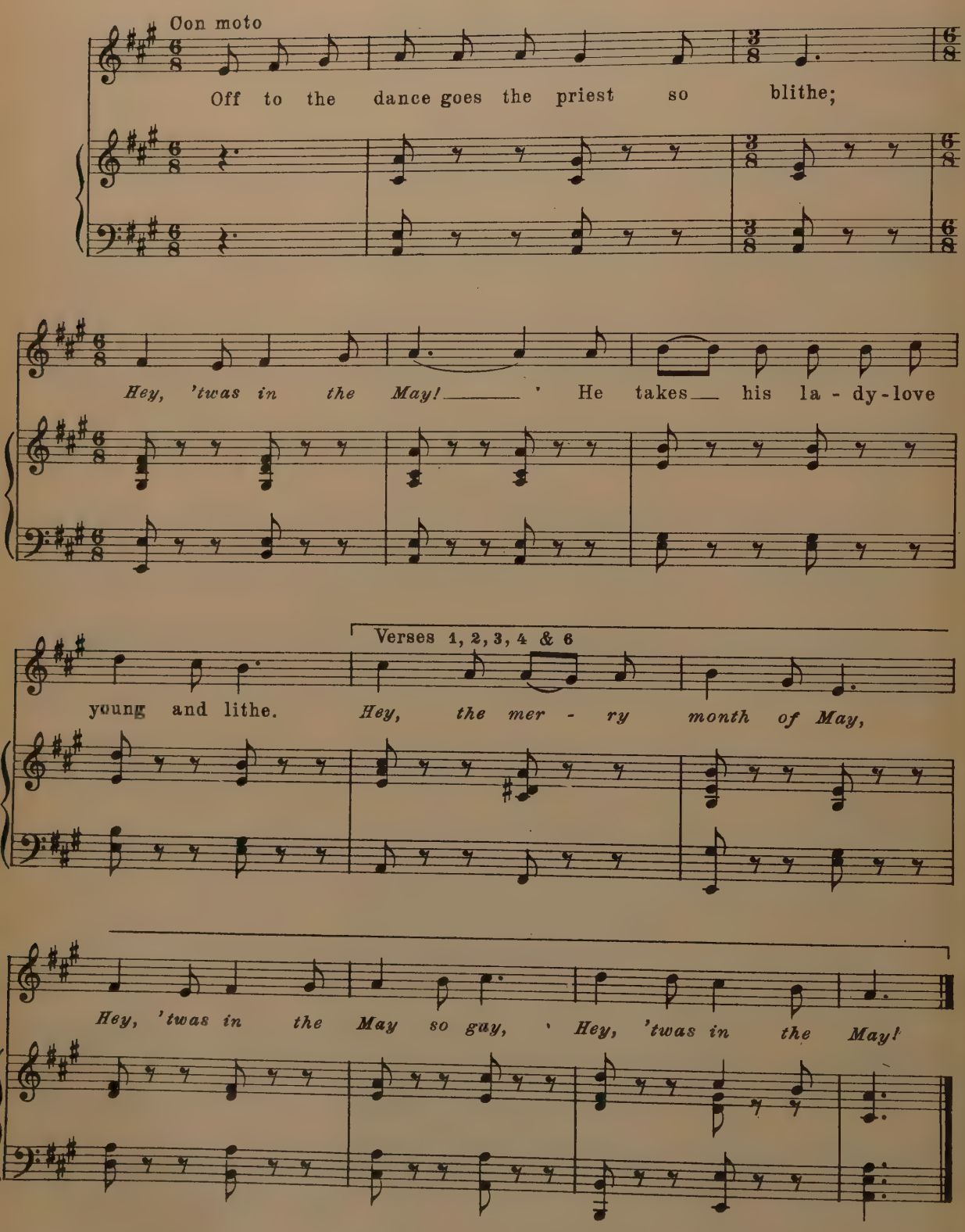
With song the air was filled
When angels brought the word.
My heart beat fast and thrilled;
Such songs I never heard!
They said in some strange language:
"Excelsis! Gloria!"
I raised my head and tried to hear,
But only "God" came clear.
They sang and sang; but what,
I could not understand.
I answered "We know not
Your Latin in this land!
If you wish me to listen
Please speak to me straight out;
You'll find my simple plain Walloon
Will fit to any tune."
Then, dazed, I heard their news;
That Christ the Lord is born!
But that His life He'd lose,
Perhaps before the morn,
If no one brought Him comforts
For He was cold and poor;
He had a stone beneath His head
And straw was all His bed.
*I called the shepherds, quick!
We filled our bags with cake
And cheese and milk so thick,
As much as we could take.
And following the star's beam
We found the little crib.
The Virgin spoke Walloon and smiled,
And let us hold the Child!

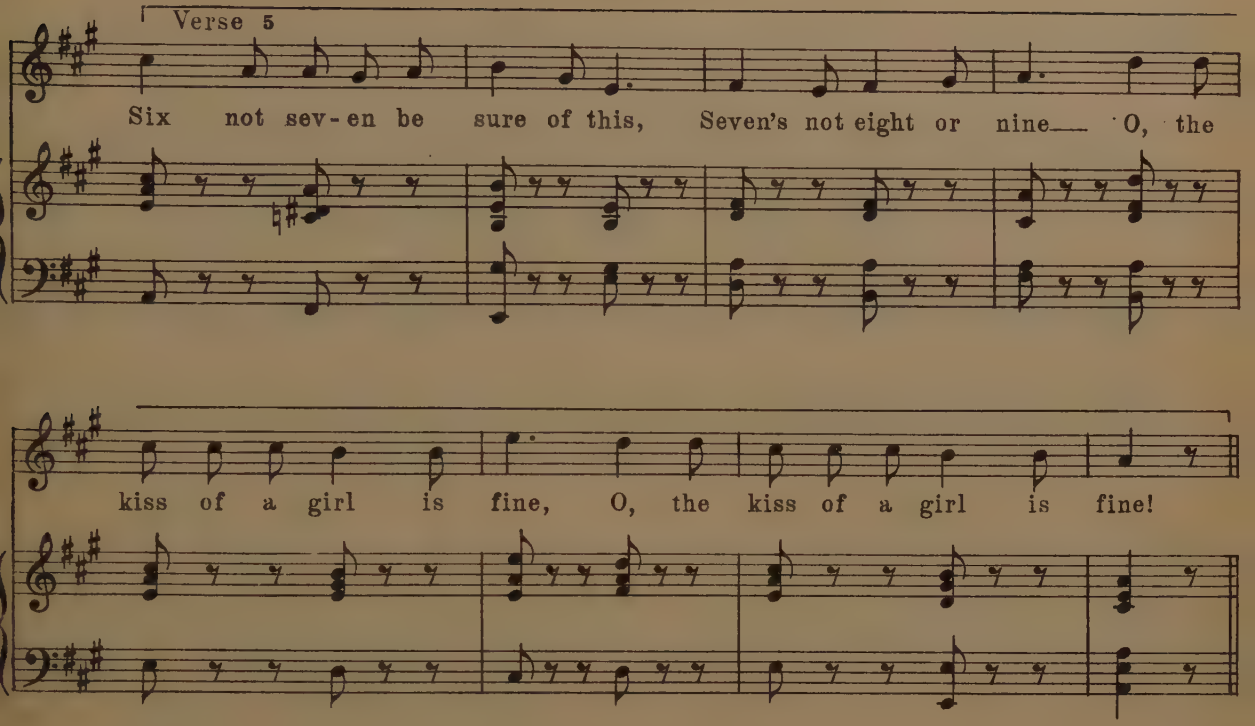
English version by
KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

* NOTE: The last stanza is a summary of the closing stanzas in the original, which we could obtain only in prose.

HEY, 'TWAS IN THE MAY

English version by
Anna Mathewson


Con moto
Off to the dance goes the priest so blithe;
Hey, 'twas in the May! ' He takes his la - dy-love
Verses 1, 2, 3, 4 & 6
young and lithe. Hey, the mer - ry month of May,
Hey, 'twas in the May so gay, Hey, 'twas in the May!



'T Patertje

Daar ging een patertje aan den dans,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Hij pakte zijn zoetelief bij de hand,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, Mei, Mei,
Hei, 't was in de Mei zoo blij,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!

Patertje, gij moet knielen gaan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Zijn non die bleef alleenig staan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Patertje, spreid je zwarte kap,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Alwaar hij met zijn non op zat,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Patertje, help je non eens op,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Zij dansten als een kermispop,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Patertje, geef je non een zoen,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Dat mag je nog wel zes maal doen,
Zes maal is geen zeven,
Zeven maal is geen acht,
O, wat zoene die meisjes zacht!]2

Patertje is weer heengegaan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei!
Zijn non die bleef allenig staan,
Hei, 't was in de Mei, etc.

Hey, 'Twas in the May

Off to the dance goes the priest so blithe;
Hey, 'twas in the May!
He takes his lady-love, young and lithe.
Hey, the merry month of May,
Hey, 'twas in the May so gay,
Hey, 'twas in the May!

Now, little priest, you must bend the knee;
Hey, 'twas in the May!
The nun is left lonely, though fair to see.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

Now, little priest, spread your cowl with care,
Hey, 'twas in the May!
So you and your nun may be seated there.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

Rise, little priest, with your partner dance.
Hey, 'twas in the May!
And like little marionettes they prance.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

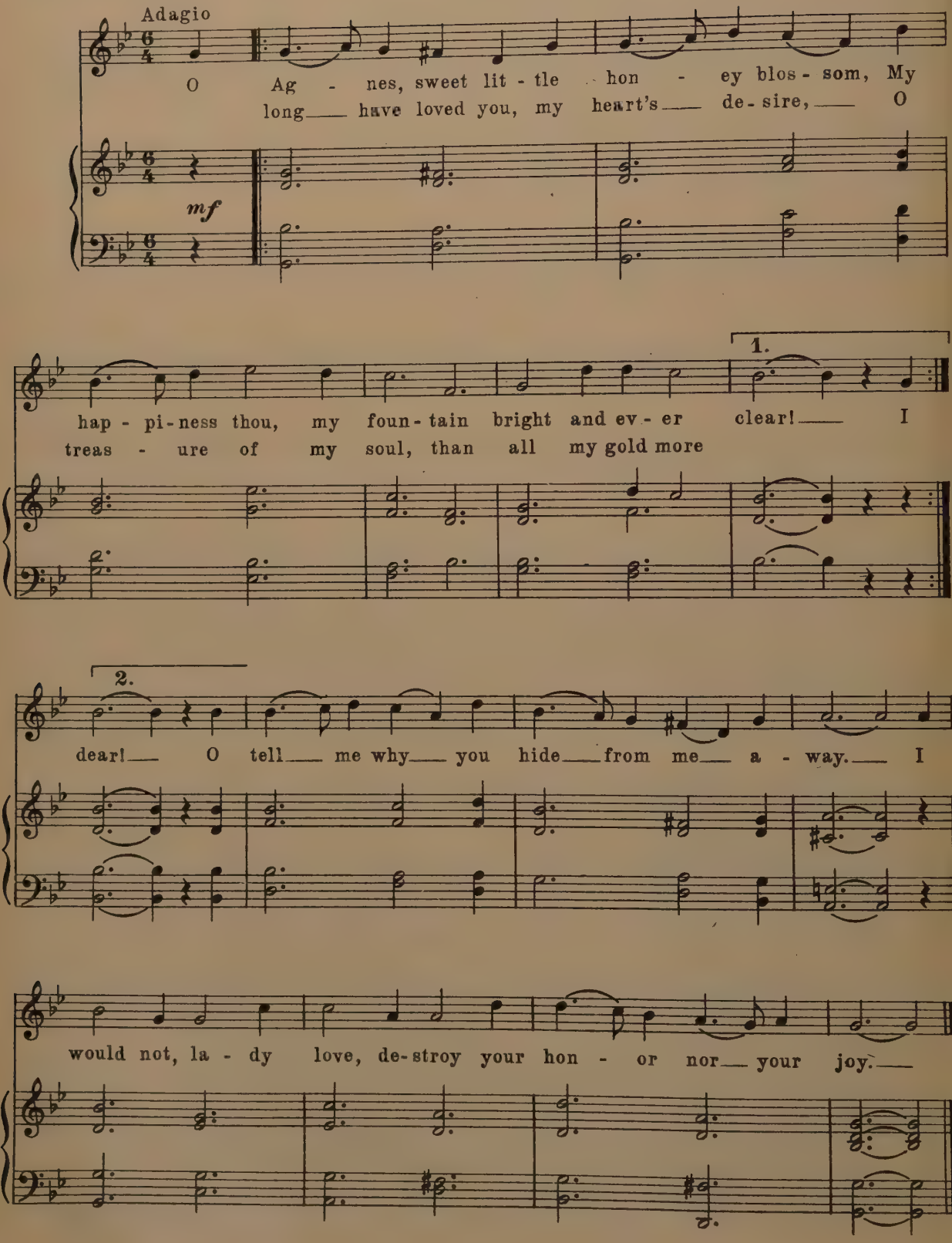
Now, little priest, give your nun a kiss;
Hey, 'twas in the May!
Another half-dozen is not amiss,
Six, not seven—be sure of this,
Seven's not eight or nine—
O the kiss of a girl is fine!]2

Now when the priest from the dance has flown,
Hey, 'twas in the May!
The poor little nun is left all alone.
Hey, the merry month, etc.

English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

AGNES

English version by
Edwin Markham


Adagio
O Ag - nes, sweet lit - tle hon - ey blos - som, My
long have loved you, my heart's de - sire, O
mf
1.
hap - pi - ness thou, my foun - tain bright and ev - er clear! I
treas - ure of my soul, than all my gold more
2.
dear! O tell me why you hide from me a - way. I
would not, la - dy love, de - stroy your hon - or nor your joy.

O Angenietje

O Angenietje,
Mijn honighbietje,
Mijn vrolijckheid, mijn vreughd
Fonteyn van mijn geneughd,
Mijn soetste susje,
Mijn hooghste lusje,
Mijn alderwaertste goed,
O Vrouw van mijn gemoed,
Hoe langh sult ghy
U veynsen noch voor my,
Daer ick niet meer
Soeck of begeer
Als uw vermaeck of eer!

Denckt, dat de jaren
Dees geestige hayren,
Die ghy nu krult soo gaeu,
Haest sullen maecken graeu,
En dat dese leden
Soo geestigh besneden,
Dit bol, swack, jeughdigh lijf.
Sal worden krom en stijf;
En ghy sult dan
Alheel niet weten van
De soetigheyd
Daer elck van seyt,
Daer men u nu toe vleyt.

Och, wilt u besinnen
En wederom minnen
Die u soo troulijck mient,
Soo vierigh bidt en dient;
Soo sul-je, met kusjes
In vrolijcke lusjes,
U dagen brengen deur
Niet wetend van getreur;
En word-je weer
In 't end oud, sieck of teer,
Met alle vlijt
In uwe strijd
Worden gediend altijd.

Agnes

O Agnes, sweet little honey blossom,
My happiness thou, my fountain bright and ever clear!
I long have loved you, my heart's desire,
O treasure of my soul, than all my gold more dear!
O tell me why you hide from me away.
I would not, lady love, destroy
Your honor nor your joy.

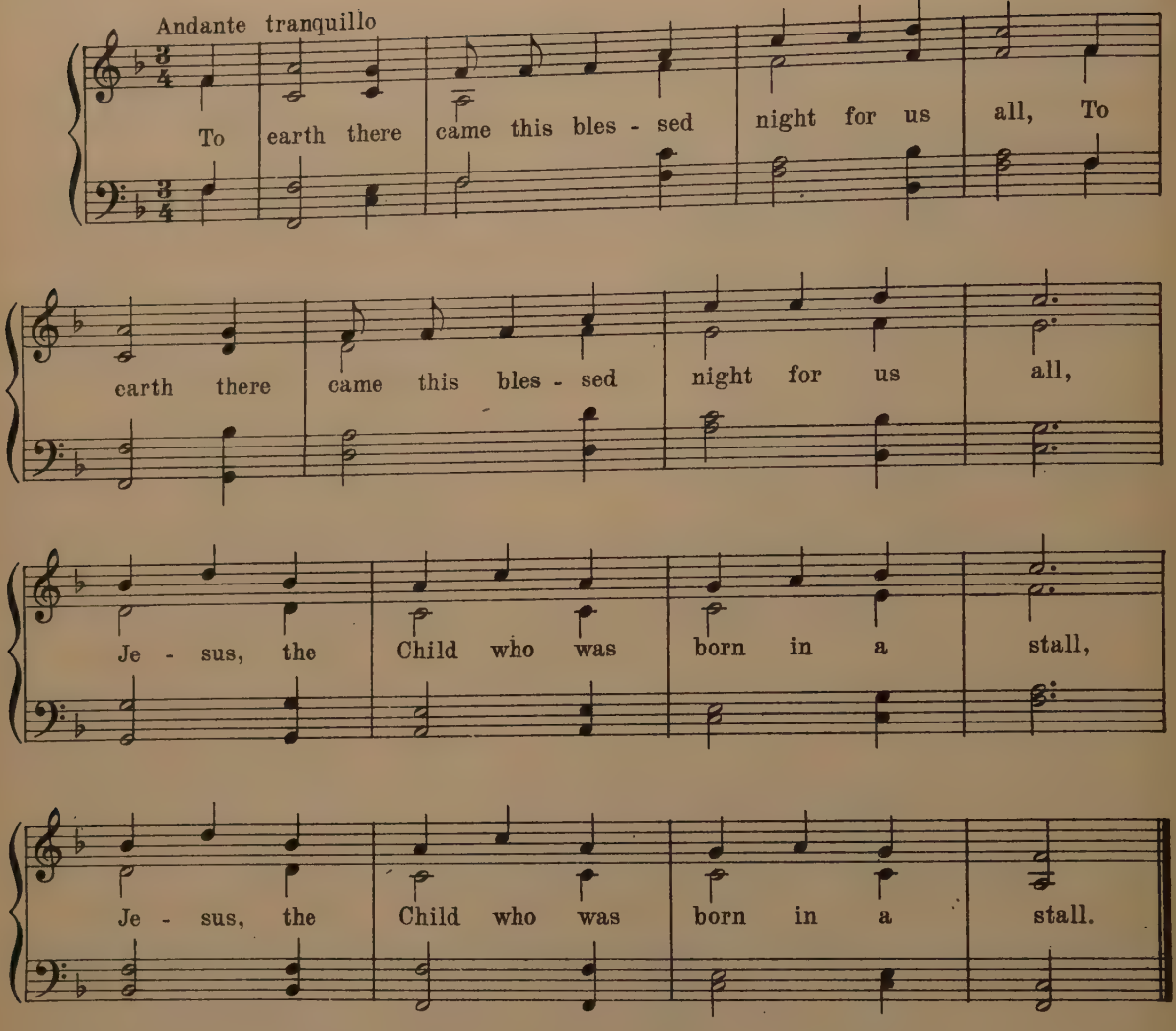
Remember, dear one, the years are coming
When curls so thick and gold-lit will turn thin and gray,
When lovely forms now so strong and fleet
No more shall swiftly run, no more with youth be gay,
And then you will not know the tender love
Of which all speak to you today;
O do not look away!

O Agnes dear, can't you change and love him,
Who only asks to love you, love and ever serve?
The days with joy and caresses will pass,
For though you may grow bent and gray, he will not swerve!
Then days will come and go without a grief;
His loving care will make you blest
And ever give you rest.

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

THE SIMPLE BIRTH

English version by
Louise Driscoll


Andante tranquillo
To earth there came this bles - sed night for us all, To
earth there came this bles - sed night for us all,
Je - sus, the Child who was born in a stall,
Je - sus, the Child who was born in a stall.

De Nederige Geboorte

Er is een kindetje geboren op d'aard':
't Kwam op de aarde voor ons allegaar.

Er is een kindetje geboren in 't strooi,
't Lag in een kribbetje gedekt met hooi.

't Had twee schoon oogjes, zoo zwart als laget,
Twee bleuzende kaakjes, dat stond hem zoo net.

't Keek naar zijn moeder en 't lachte zoo snel,
't Kende de liefde zijns moeders zoo wel.

't Kwam op de aarde voor ons altegaar,
En 't wenscht ons een zalig nieuwe jaar.

The Simple Birth

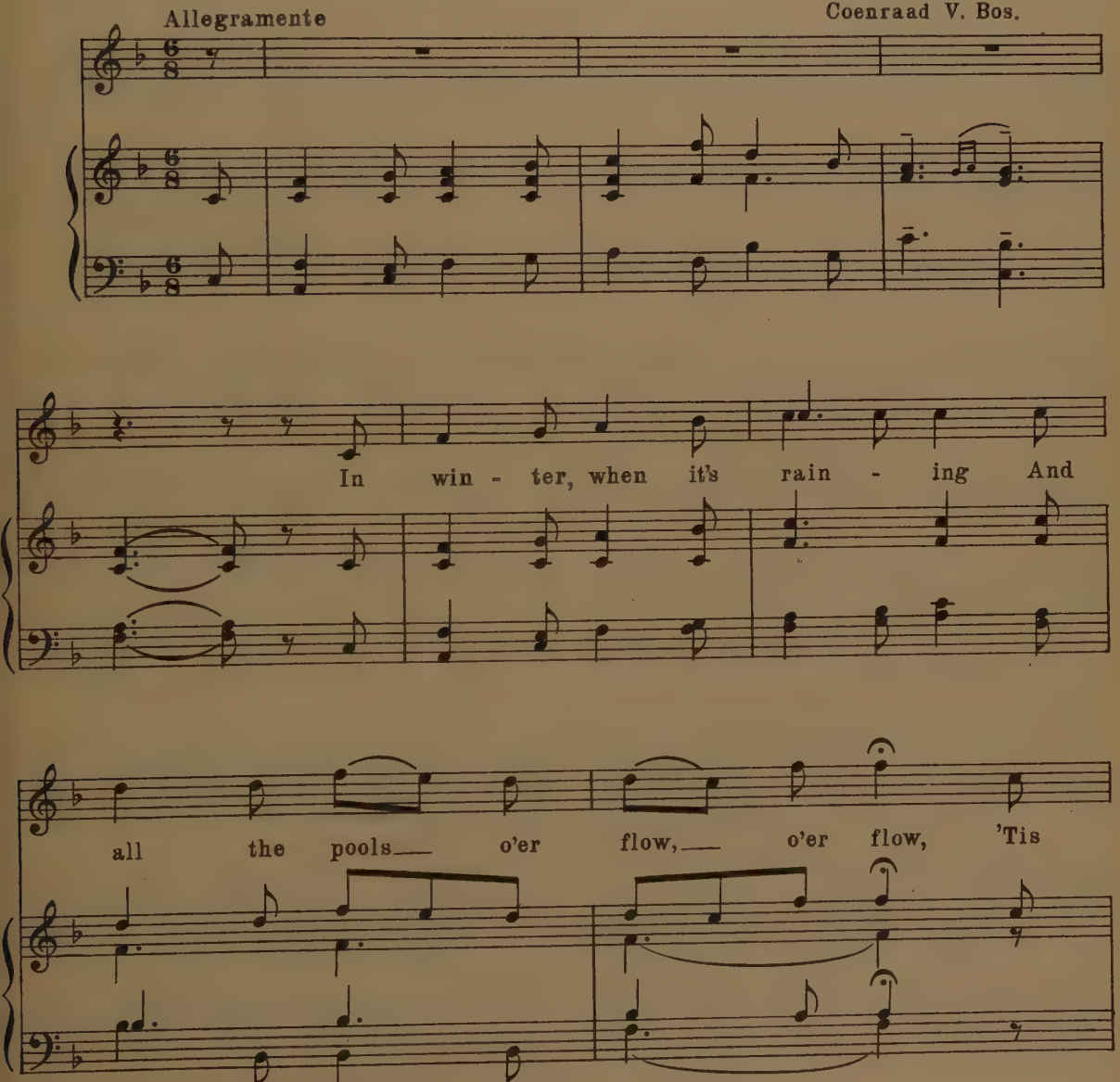
To earth there came this blessed night for us all,
Jesus, the Child who was born in a stall.
They put the Child in swaddling clothes in the hay;
There in a manger at rest did He stay.
His eyes were black as jet and bright as the star;
Rosy His cheeks as the dawn from afar.
He saw His mother's eyes so kind and He knew
She was all tender and holy and true.
He came upon the earth to bring us good cheer,
Wishing us all peace and love this New Year.

English version by
LOUISE DRISCOLL

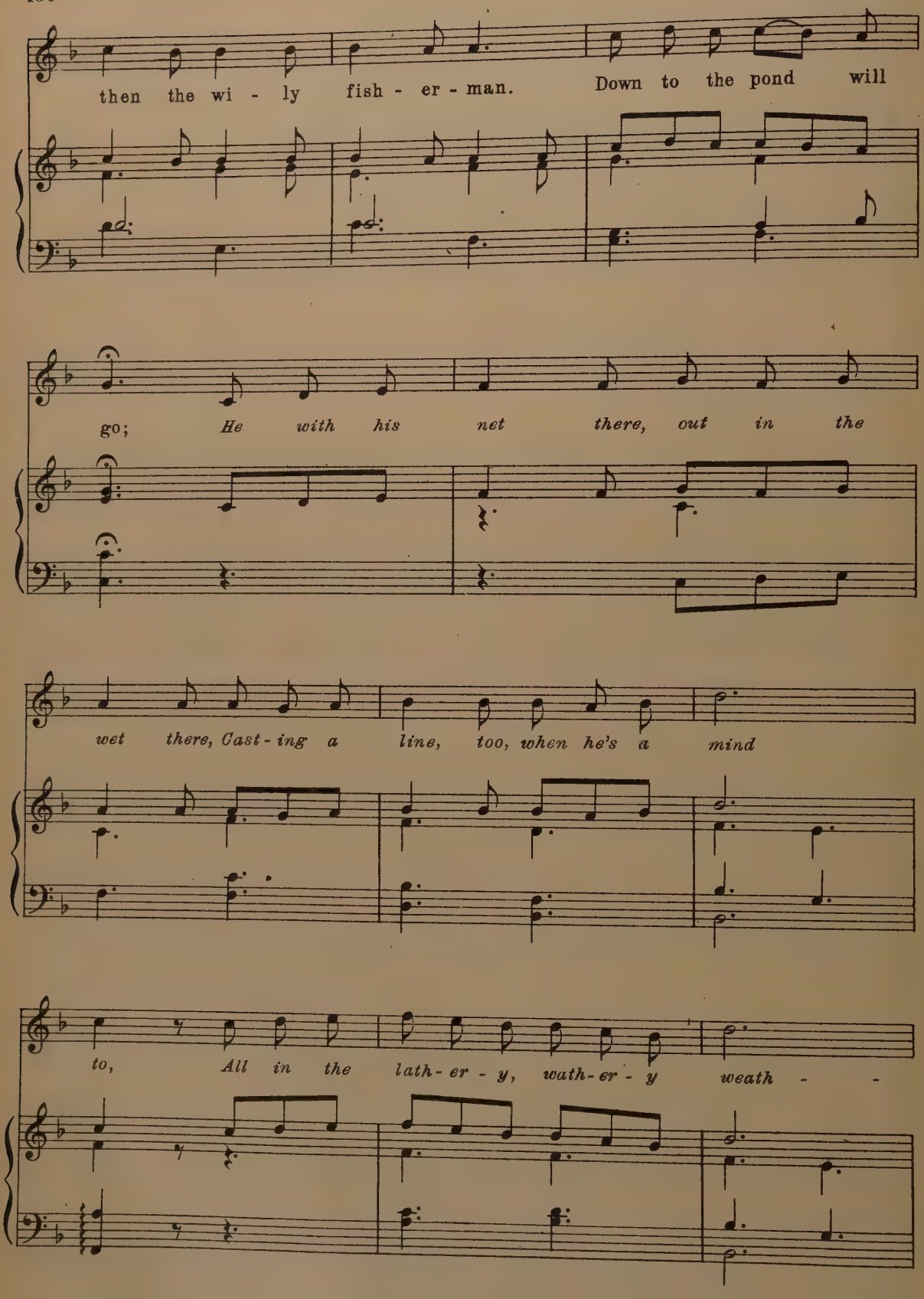
IN WINTER, WHEN IT'S RAINING

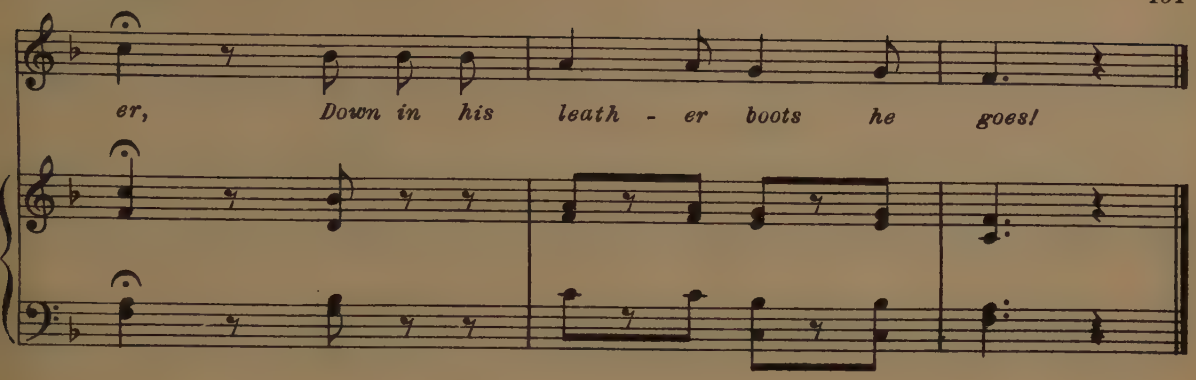
English version by
Dr. Th. Baker

From "Horae Belgicae," Part II
Arranged by
Coenraad V. Bos.



From "Dutch Folk Songs" Compiled and edited by Coenraad V. Bos.
By courtesy of the publishers, G. Schirmer, Inc.


then the wi - ly fish - er - man. Down to the pond will
go; He with his net there, out in the
wet there, Cast - ing a line, too, when he's a mind
to, All in the lath - er - y, wath - er - y weath - -



Des Winters Als Het Reghent

Des winters als het reghent,
Dan zijn de paetjes diep, ja diep,
Dan comt dat looze visschertjen
Visschen al inne dat riet.
Met sine rijfstoc, met sine strijcstoc,
Met sine lapsac, met sine cnapsac,
Met sine leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met sine leere leersjes aen."

Dat looze molenarinnetje
Ghinc in haer deurtjen staen, ja staen,
Omdat dat aerdich visschertje
Voor bi haer henen sou gaen.
Met sine rijfstoc, met sine strijcstoc,
Met sine lapsac, met sine cnapsac,
Met sine leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met sine leere leersjes aen.

"Wat heb ic jou misdreven,
Wat heb ic jou misdaen, ja daen,
En dat ic niet met vreden
Voor bi jouw deurtje mach gaen?
Met mine rijfstoc, met mine strijcstoc,
Met mine lapsac, met mine cnapsac,
Met mine leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met mine leere leersjes aen."

"Ghi hebt mi niet misdreven,
Ghi hebt mi niet misdaen, ja daen,
Maer ghi moet mi driemael soenen,
Eer ghi van hier meucht gaen.
Met uwe rijfstoc, met uwe strijcstoc,
Met uwe lapsac, met uwe cnapsac,
Met uwe leere, van dirre dom deere,
Met uwe leere leersjes aen."

In Winter, When It's Raining

In winter, when it's raining
And all the pools o'er-flow, o'er-flow,
'Tis then the wily fisherman
Down to the pond will go;
He with his net there, out in the wet there,
Casting a line, too, when he's a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in his leather boots he goes!

The winsome, wily miller's wife
Was waiting by her door, her door,
For there the goodly fisherman
Needs must pass before;
He with his net there, out in the wet there,
Casting a line, too, when he's a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in his leather boots he goes!

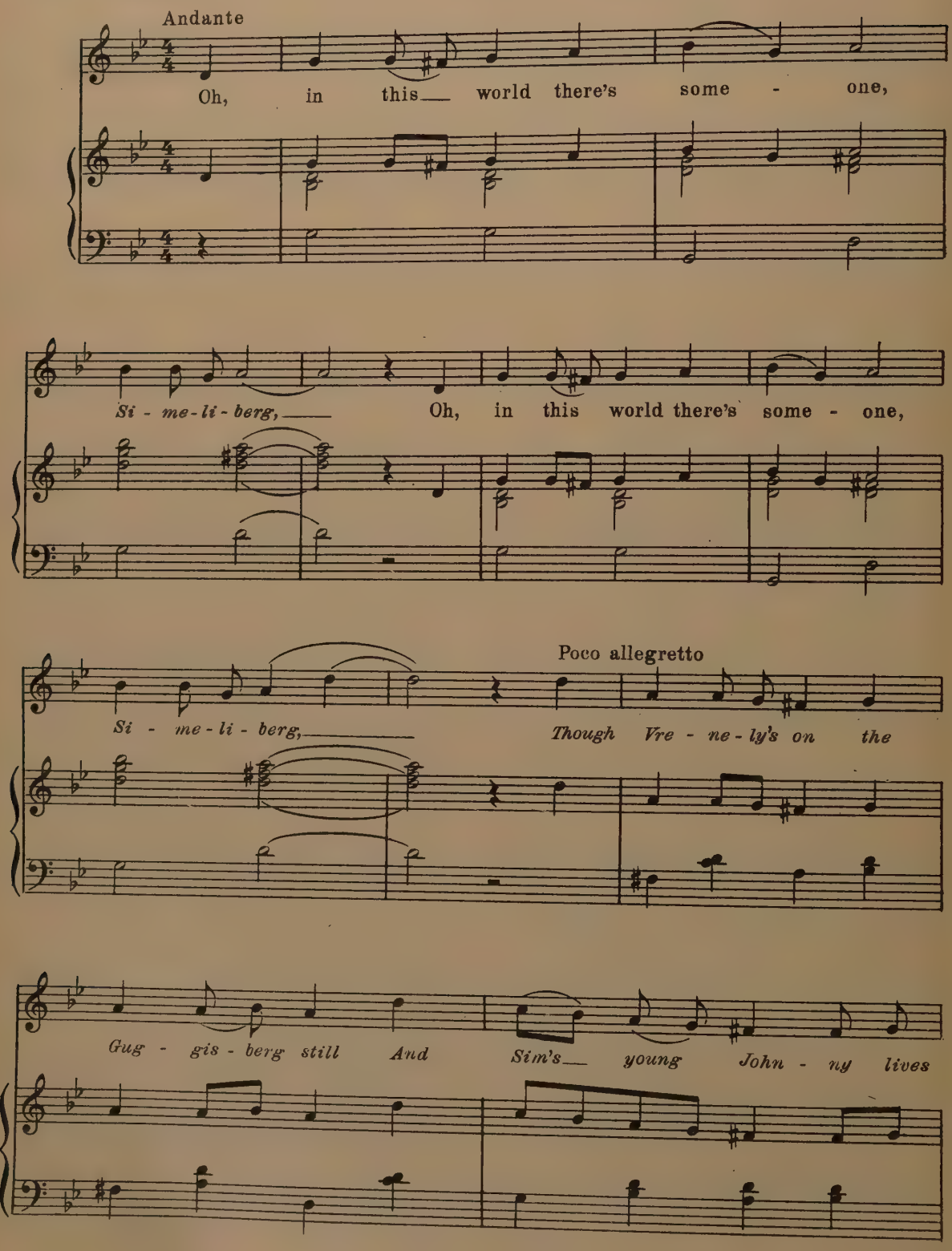
What harm have I e'er done you,
Or aught of ill also, also,
That I must fear some mischief here,
When to the pond I go?
I with my net here, out in the wet here,
Casting a line, too, when I've a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in my leather boots I go!

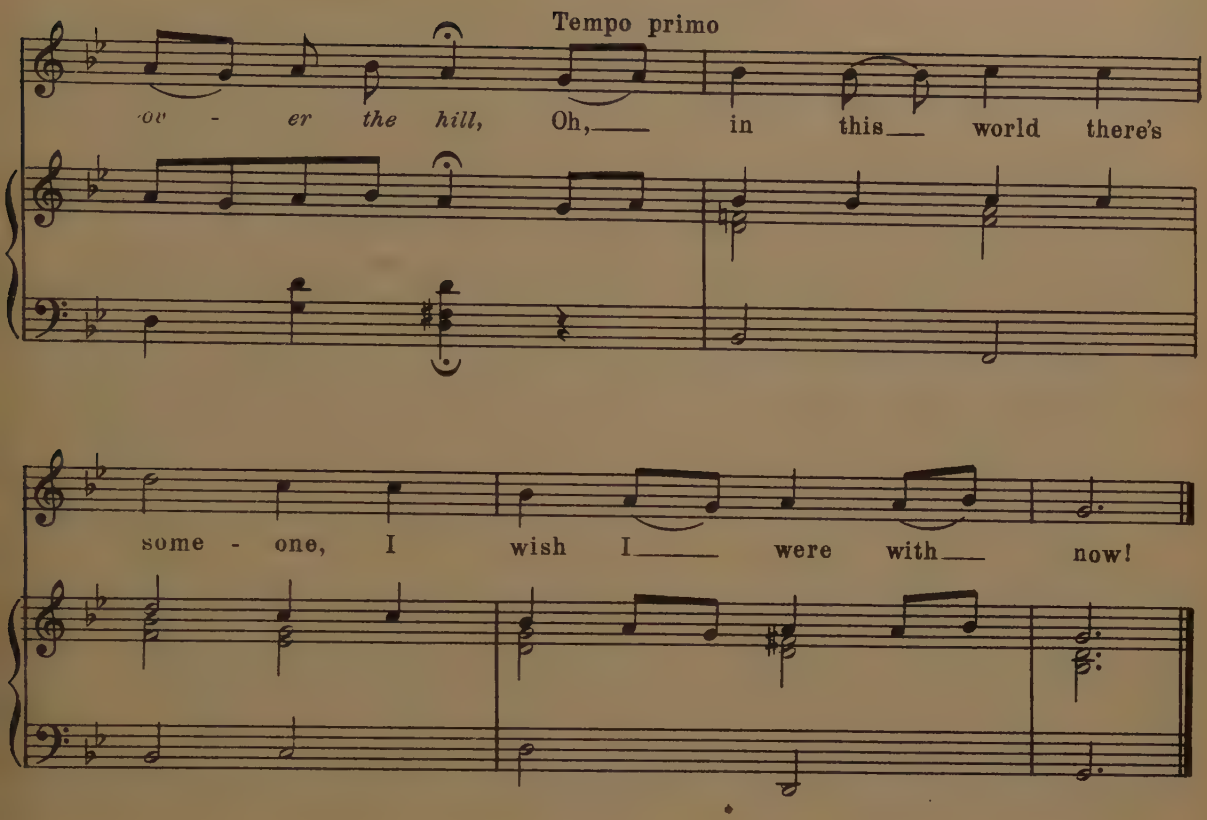
No harm have you e'er done me,
Nor aught of ill I trow, I trow,
But kisses three you'll give to me,
Ere to the pond you go!
You with your net there, out in the wet there,
Casting a line, too, when you've a mind to,
All in the lathery wathery weather,
Down in your leather boots you go!

English version by
DR. TH. BAKER

THE OLD GUGGISBERG SONG

English version by
Margaret Widdemer


Andante
Oh, in this world there's some - one,
Si - me-li - berg, Oh, in this world there's some - one,
Poco allegretto
Si - me - li - berg, Though Vre - ne - ly's on the
Gug - gis - berg still And Sim's young John - ny lives



Das Alte Guggisberger Lied

'S isch äben e Mönsch uf Ärde,]2
Simelibärg,
U d's Vreneli ab em Guggisberg.
U d's Simes Hans Joggeli änet dem Berg.
'S isch äben e Mönsch uf Ärde
Dasz i möcht bin ihm si.

U mahn er mir nit wärde,]2
Simelibärg!
U d's Vreneli ab em Guggisberg,
U d's Simes Hans Joggeli änet dem Berg.
U mahn er mir nit wärde,
Vor Chummer stirben i.

U stirben i vor Chummer,]2
Simelibärg,
U d's Vreneli ab em Guggisberg,
U d's Simes Hans Joggeli änet dem Berg.
U stirben i vor Chummer,
So leit me mi i's Grab.

The Old Guggisberg Song

Oh, in this world there's someone,]2
Simeliberg,
Though Vrenely's on the Guggisberg still
And Sim's young Johnny lives over the hill,
Oh, in this world there's someone,
I wish I were with now!

And if he will not love me,]2
Simeliberg,
Though Vrenely's on the Guggisberg still
And Sim's young Johnny lives over the hill,
And if he will not love me,
Of sorrow I shall die.

And if I die of sorrow,]2
Simeliberg,
Though Vrenely's on the Guggisberg still
And Sim's young Johnny lives over the hill,
And if I die of sorrow,
Then lay me in my grave.

English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

Ranz des Vaches

Lè z'armaillis dei Colombettè
Dè bon matin sè san leva.

Ah, ah, ah, ah!
Liaubâ, liaubâ, por ariâ.]2

Venidè totè! Blantz' et nairè,
Rodz' et motailè, d'jouven et ôtrè.
Dèso on tschano jô vo z'ario,
Dèso on treimblho jô ie treintzo.

Liaubâ, liaubâ, por ariâ.]2

Lè sènallirè van lè premirè,
Lè totè nairè van lè dernairè.

Liaubâ, liaubâ, por ariâ.]2

Kan san vegnu ai bassè z'ivouè
D'un' sein lo pik' l'an pu passâ.

Pouro Pierro, ke fainno ice?
No fo alla tzy l'eincourâ.

Ke fo que no diéss' omna messa
Por ke no lai puchein passâ.

L'eincourâ lai ia fé reponsa:
Pouro frare, s'te van passâ,

Tè fo mè baillî na mottetta,
Mâ ne tè fo pas l'ècramâ.

N'aussî pas pouaira, noutron prîtro,
No n'ein sein pas tant affamâ.

Reintorna t'ein, mon pouro Pierro,
Deri por vo n' Ave Mariâ.

Prau bin, prau pri ie vo sohetto,
Mâ vigni mè sovient trovâ.

Pierro revint ai bassè z'ivouè,
Et tot lo drai l'an pu passâ.

Herd of Cattle

Cheesemakers all of Colombettè
Rise when the dawn's first ray they see.

Ah, ah, ah, ah!
Lioba, lioba, milked you must be!]2

Come all you cows; come black ones, white ones,
Come red and spotted, dark ones, light ones.
I'll milk you where the oak tree's tow'ring,
Under the aspen your milk souring.

Lioba, lioba, milked you must be!]2

First come the bell-cows through hill and hollow;
Last come the black cows, softly they follow.

Lioba, lioba, milked you must be!]2

Vainly to cross the ford they struggle,
There where the river's running free.

Piero, O Piero, what has stayed us?
We now the priest will have to see.

Say us a mass, and when you've said it,
They'll cross the ford quite hardily.

If you would have your cows cross over
One cheese of cream unskimmed give me.

Priest, do not fear, you shall not lose it;
We will not grudge it hungrily.

Piero, go back; I'll say an Ave
While you are waiting patiently

May you have wealth and cheese a-plenty,
If you come oft to visit me.

Back to the ford then went poor Piero,
Drove his cows over easily.

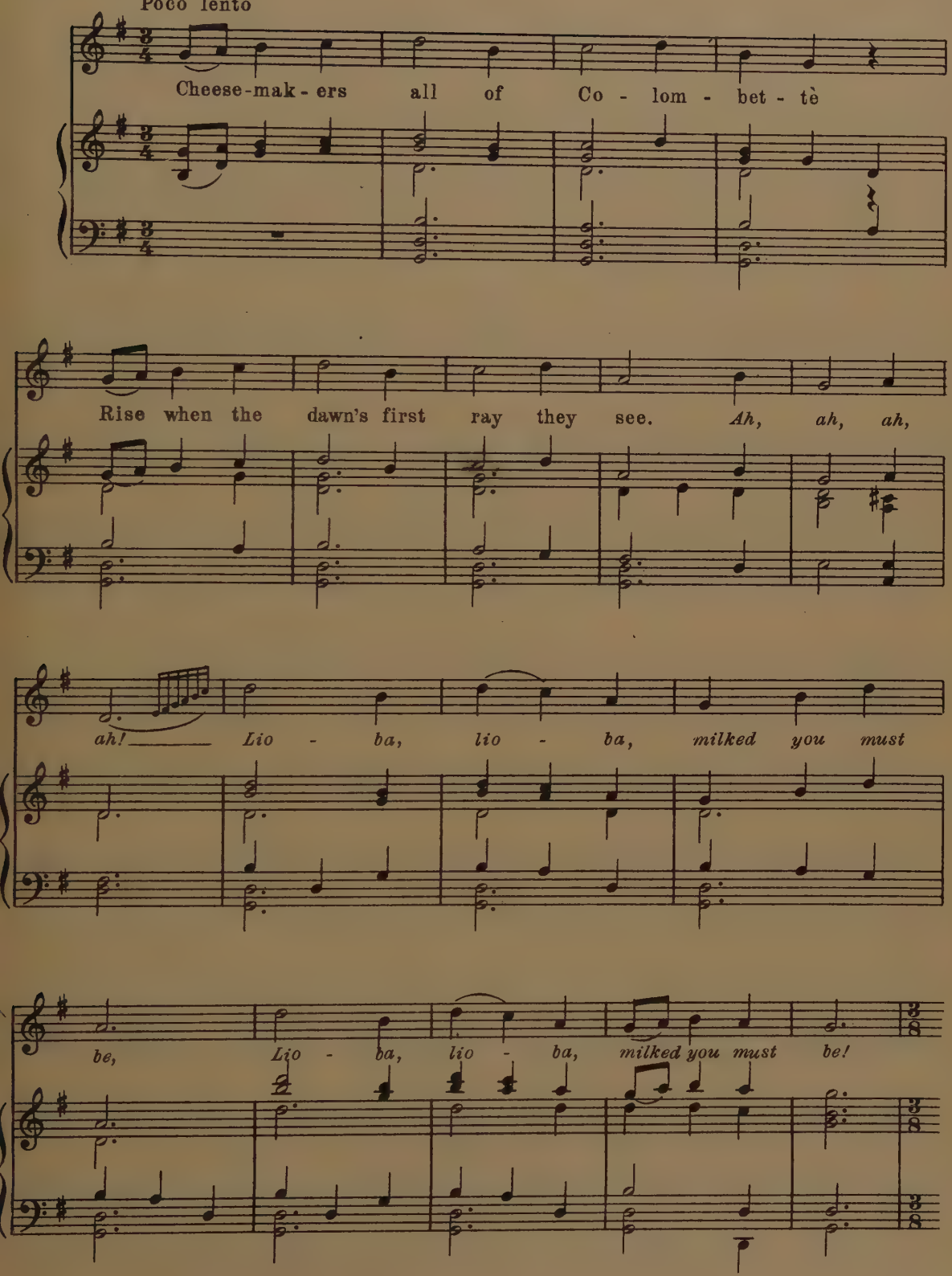
English version by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

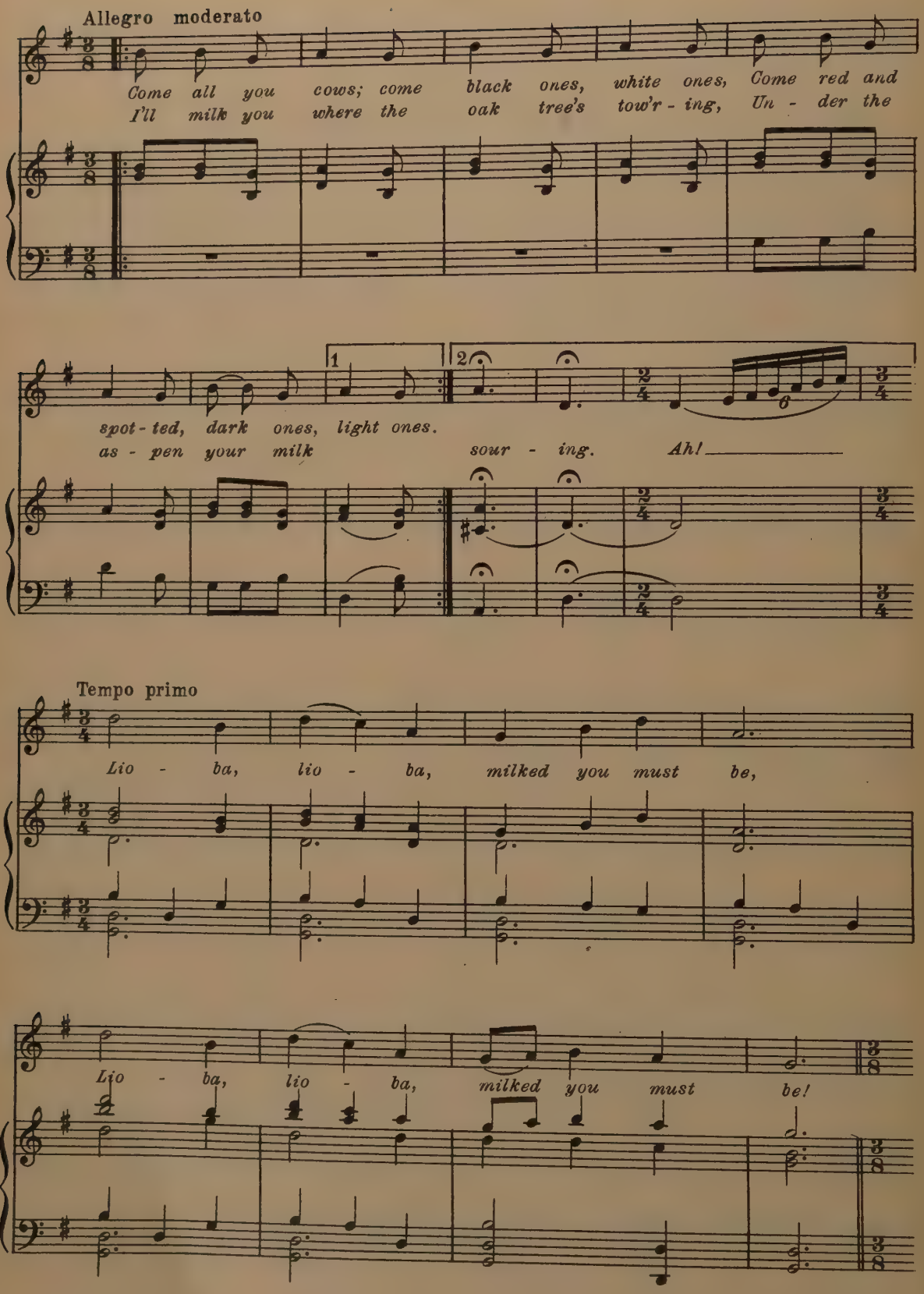
HERD OF CATTLE

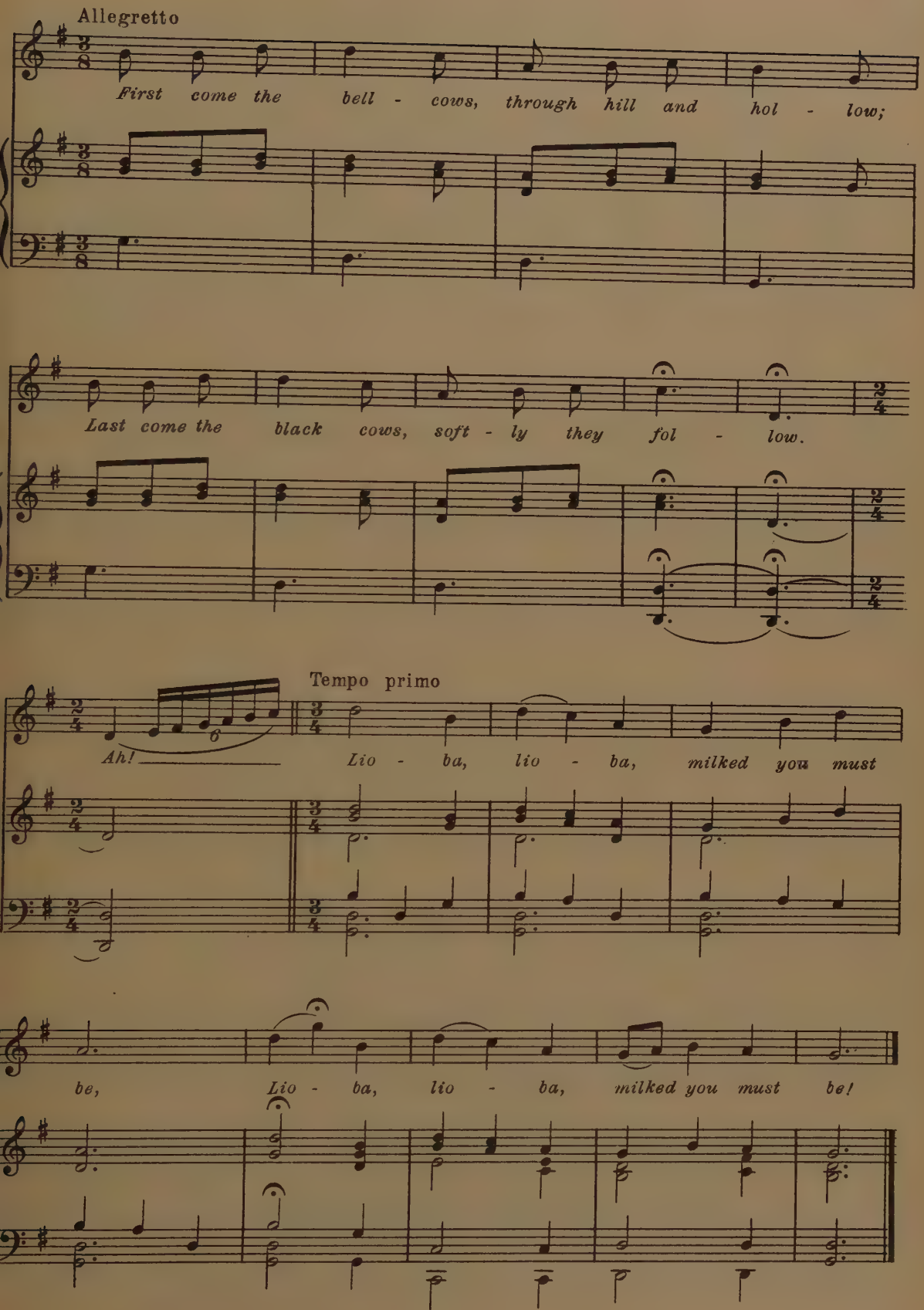
English version by
Frederick H. Martens

Arranged by
Jean Binet

Poco lento


Cheese-mak - ers all of Co - lom - bet - tè
Rise when the dawn's first ray they see. Ah, ah, ah,
ah! Lio - ba, lio - ba, milked you must
be, Lio - ba, lio - ba, milked you must be!


Allegro moderato
Come all you cows; come black ones, white ones, Come red and
I'll milk you where the oak tree's tow'r - ing, Un - der the
1
2
spot - ted, dark ones, light ones.
as - pen your milk sour - ing. Ah!
Tempo primo
Lio - ba, lio - ba, milked you must be,
Lio - ba, lio - ba, milked you must be!

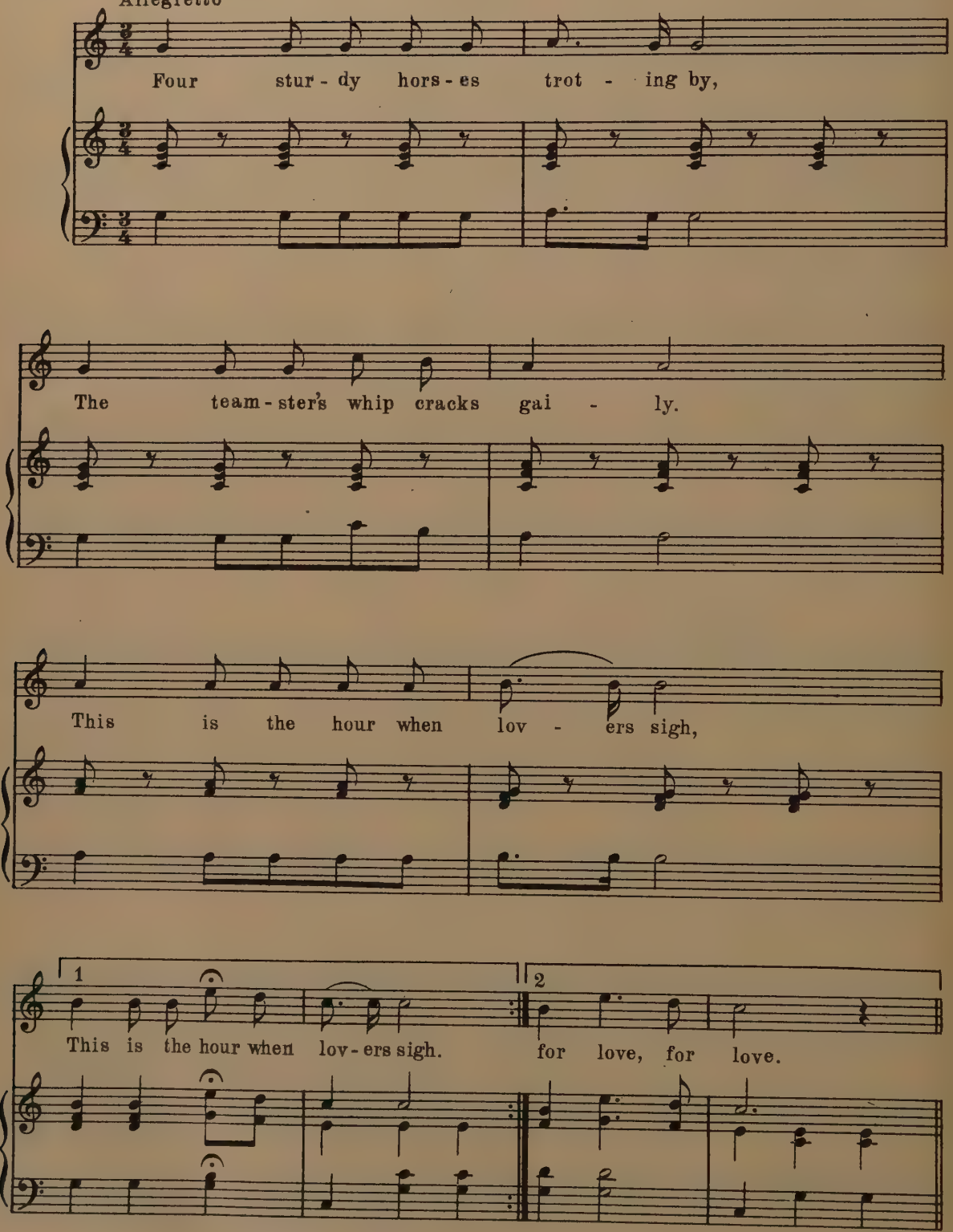

Allegretto
First come the bell - cows, through hill and hol - low;
Last come the black cows, soft - ly they fol - low.
Tempo primo
Ah!
Lio - ba, lio - ba, milked you must
be,
Lio - ba, lio - ba, milked you must be!

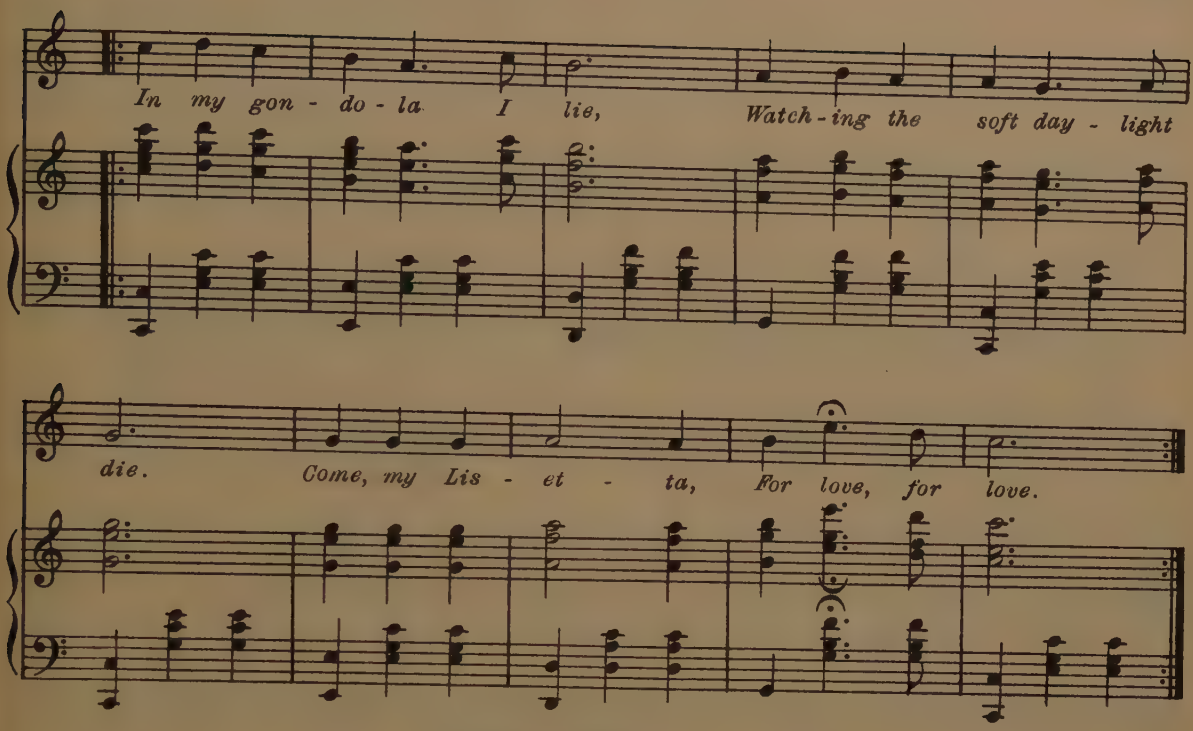
FOUR HORSES

English version by
James S. Pickering

Arranged by
Jean Binet

Allegretto


Four stur - dy hors - es trot - ing by,
The team - ster's whip cracks gai - ly.
This is the hour when lov - ers sigh,
1
This is the hour when lov - ers sigh.
2
for love, for love.



Quattro Cavai

Quattro cavai che trottano
Sotto la timonella.
Questa l'é l'ora bella]2
Per far l'amor.

Che bella notte che fa,
In gondoletta si va
Colla Lisetta
A far l'amor.

Affacciati alla finestra,
Bruna, la bella bruna,
Ch'al chiaro della luna]2
Farem l'amor!

Four Horses

Four sturdy horses trotting by,
The teamster's whip cracks gaily.
This is the hour when lovers sigh,]2
For love, for love.

In my gondola I lie,
Watching the soft daylight die.
Come, my Lisetta,
For love, for love.

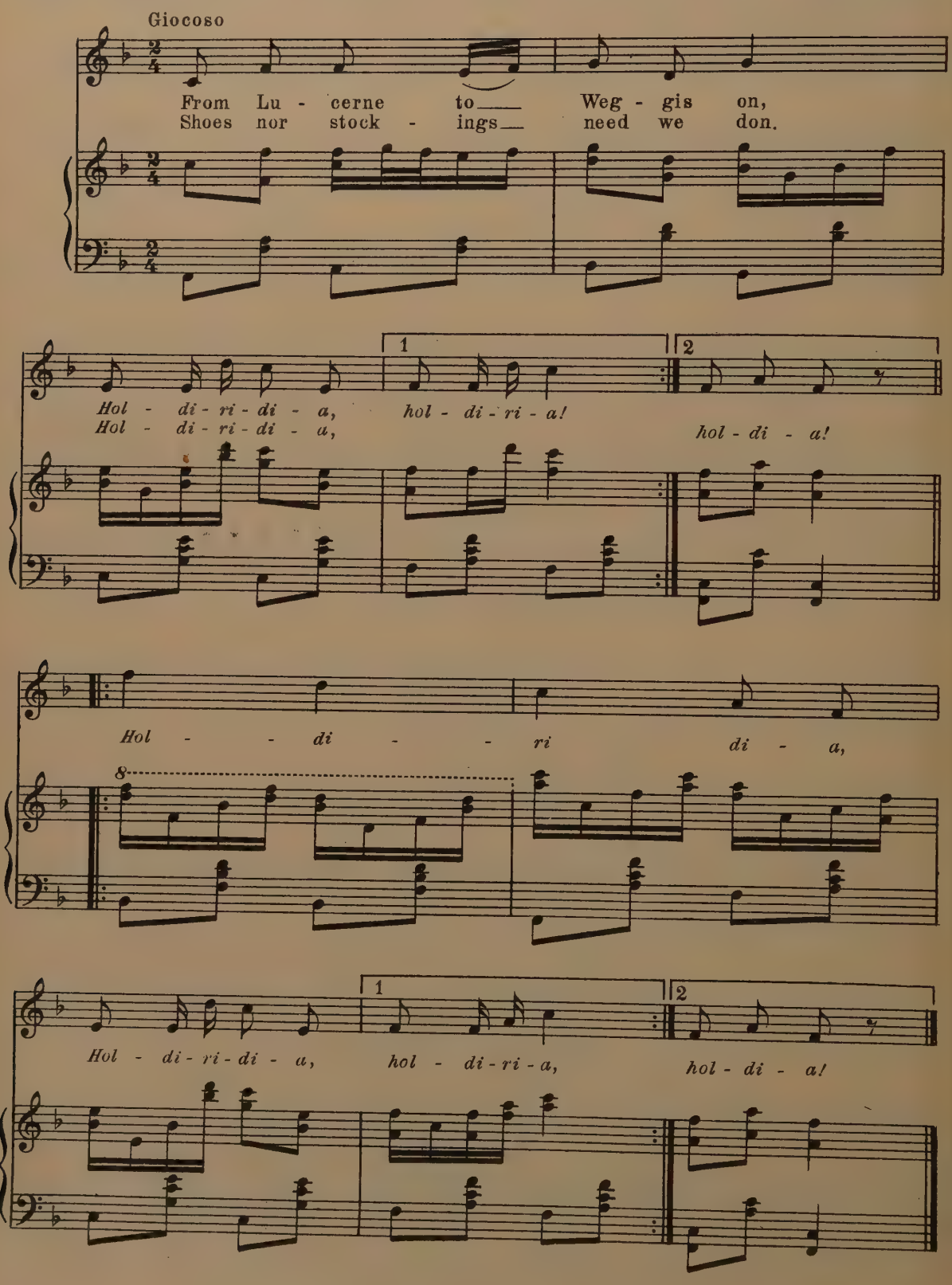
From your high window in the wall,
Ah, brown eyes, let your glance fall;
Come, dearest, 'neath the moonbeams' thrall,]2
For love, for love.

English version by
JAMES S. PICKERING

WEGGIS SONG

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Arranged by
Jean Binet


Giocoso
From Lu - cerne to Weg - gis on,
Shoes nor stock - ings need we don.
1
2
Hol - di - ri - di - a, hol - di - ri - a!
Hol - di - ri - di - a, hol - di - a!
Hol - di - ri di - a,
8
1
2
Hol - di - ri - di - a, hol - di - ri - a, hol - di - a!

Weggiser Lied

Vo Luzern uf Weggis zue,
Holdiri dia, holdiria,
Bruuch me weder Strümpf no Schue.
Holdiri dia, holdia.

Hol di ri dia,
Holdiri dia, holdiria,
Hol di ri dia,
Holdiri dia, holdia.

Me cha fahren ufem See,
Un die schone Fischli g'seh.

Z' Weggis foht das Stygen a,
Buebe, Meitschi, heisasa!

Weggis Song

From Lucerne to Weggis on,
Holdiridia, holdiria,
Shoes nor stockings need we don.
Holdiridia, holdia.

Hol di ri dia,
Holdiridia, holdiria,
Hol di ri dia,
Holdiridia, holdia.

On the lake we all shall go,
See the pretty fish below.

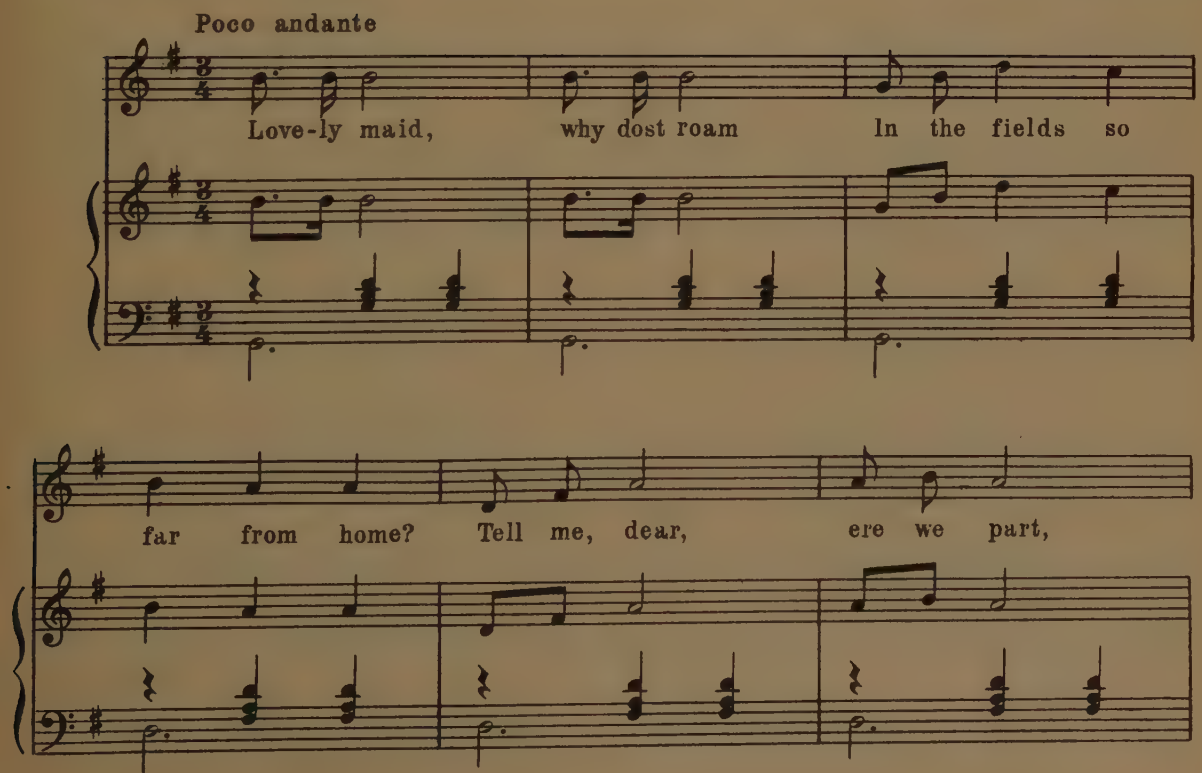
Weggis starts the highest hill,
Boys and girls, cheer with a will.

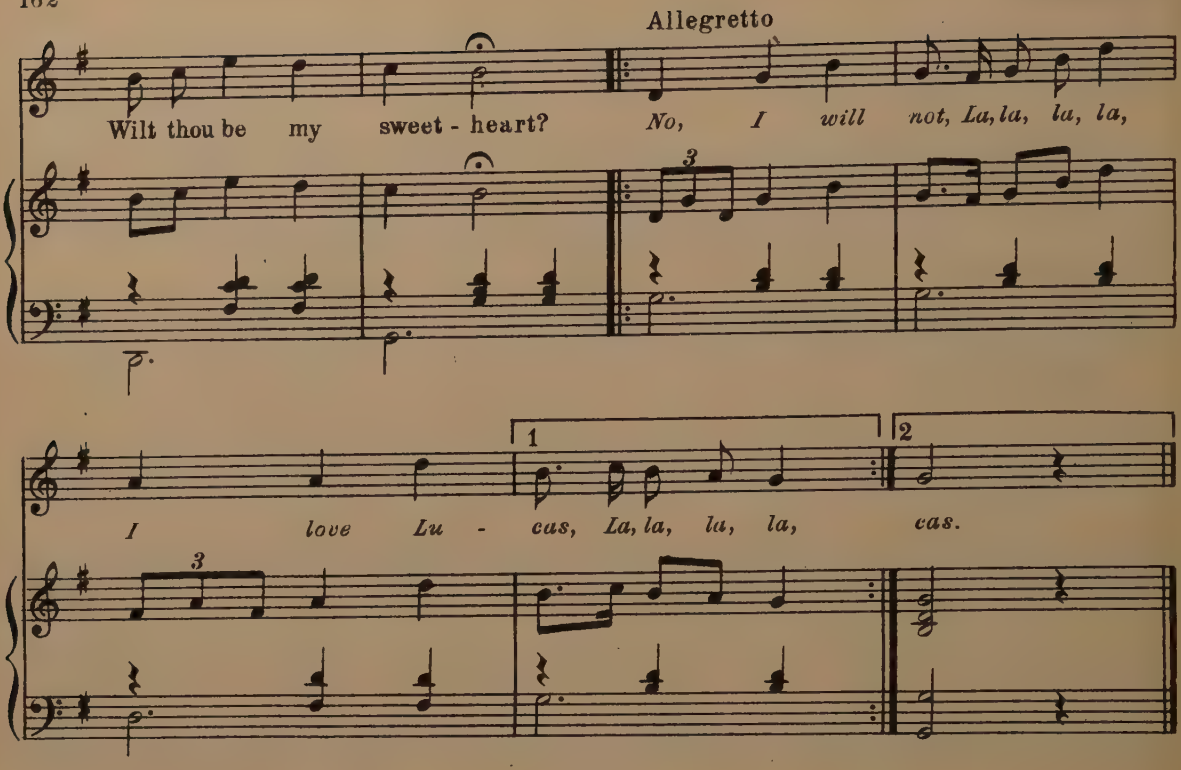
English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

LUCAS

English version by
D. M.

As sung by
Ethel Hugli





Lucas

Que fais-tu dans ces champs,
Villageoise jolie?
Dis-moi, ma belle enfant,
Me veux-tu pour amant?

Non je n' veux pas,
La, la, la, la,
J'aim' mieux Lucas,
La, la, la, la.

Mais un autre que lui
Ne saurait-il te plaire?
Dis-moi, ma belle enfant,
Me veux-tu pour amant?

Non je n' veux pas,
La, la, la, la,
J'aim' mieux Lucas,
La, la, la, la.

J'aime mieux du hameau
La gaité vive et fraiche,
Au son du chalumeau
Dansant chaque dimanche.

Avec Lucas,
La, la, la, la,
Sous les lilas,
La, la, la, la.

Lucas

Lovely maid, why dost roam
In the fields so far from home?
Tell me, dear, ere we part,
Wilt thou be my sweetheart?

No, I will not,
La, la, la, la,
I love Lucas,
La, la, la, la,

Is there none, none but he,
Who may hope thy friend to be?
Tell me, dear, ere we part,
Wilt thou be my sweetheart?

No, I will not,
La, la, la, la,
I love Lucas,
La, la, la, la.

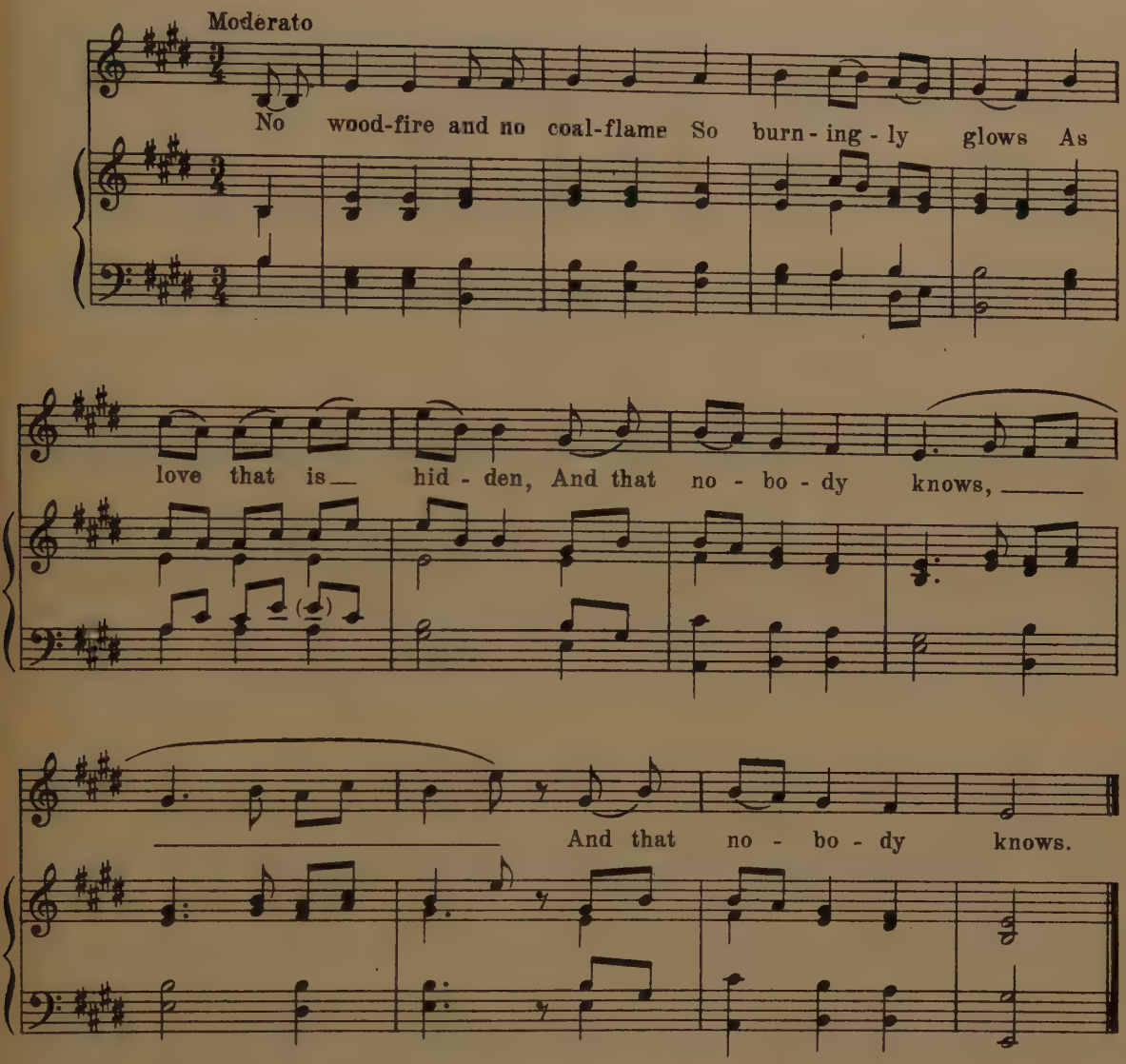
I prefer to be gay
And to make a holiday;
To the pipes gaily dance
Every Sunday morning.

With my Lucas,
La, la, la, la,
'Neath lilac bough,
La, la, la, la,

English version b
D. M.

SECRET LOVE

Translation by
Babette Deutsch


Moderato
No wood-fire and no coal-flame So burn - ing - ly glows As
love that is hid - den, And that no - bo - dy knows,
And that no - bo - dy knows.

Heimliche Liebe

Kein Feuer, keine Kohle
Kann brennen so heiss,
Als heimliche Liebe
Von der niemand nichts weiss.

Keine Rose, keine Nelke
Kann blühen so schön,
Als wenn zwei verliebte Seelen
Bei einander tun stehn.

Setze du mir einen Spiegel
Ins Herze hinein,
Damit du kannst sehen
Wie so treu ich es mein'.

Secret Love

No wood-fire and no coal-flame
So burningly glows
As love that is hidden,
And that nobody knows.

No clove pink and no roses
Can blossom so fair
As when two true lovers
Their troth plight shall swear.

In my heart pray set a mirror
And therein you'll see
My faith and my worship
Are only for thee!

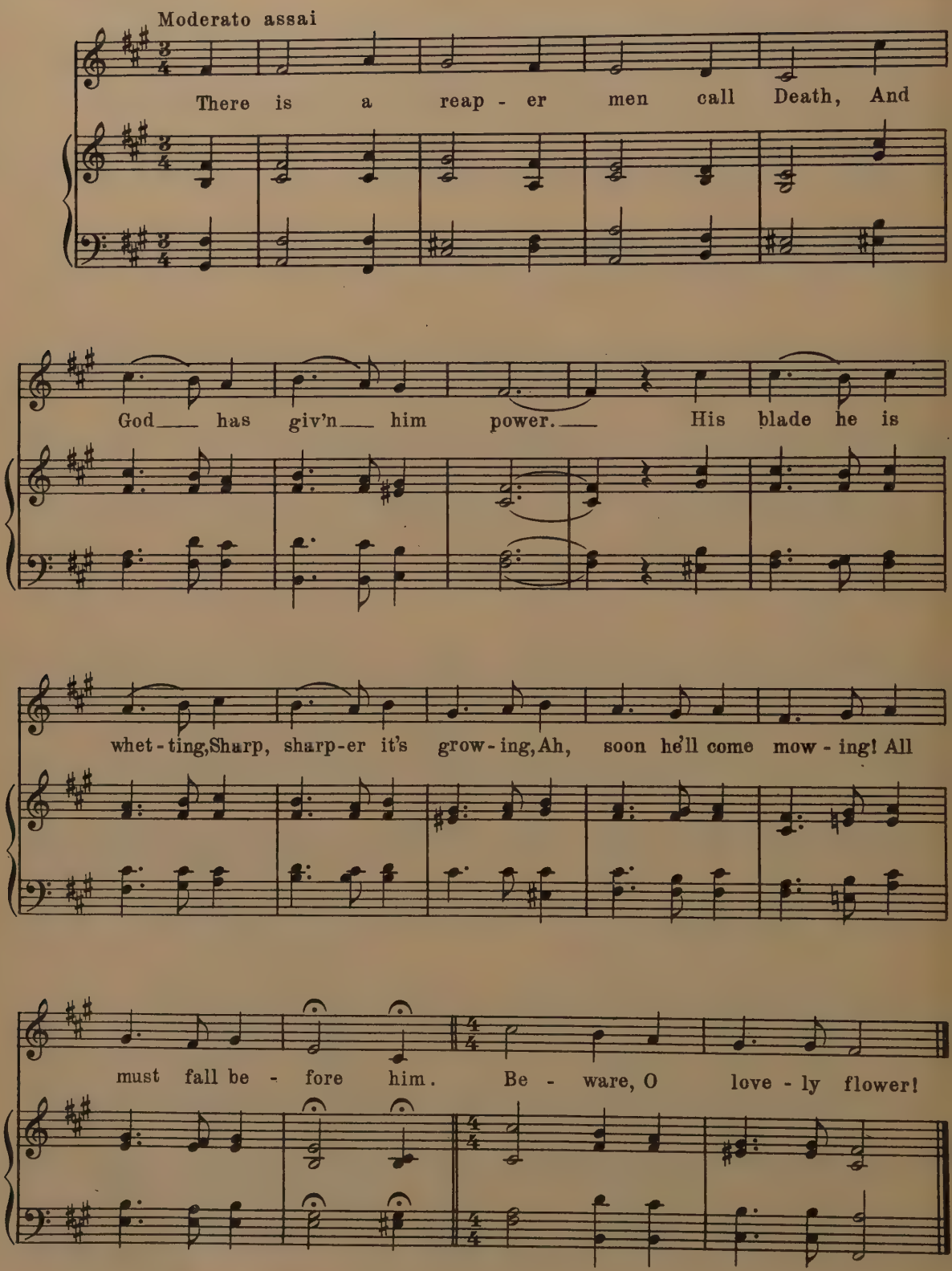
Translation by
BABETTE DEUTSCH

THERE IS A REAPER

English version by
Edwin Markham

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson

Moderato assai


There is a reap - er men call Death, And
God has giv'n him power. His blade he is
whet - ting, Sharp, sharp-er it's grow - ing, Ah, soon he'll come mow - ing! All
must fall be - fore him. Be - ware, O love - ly flower!

Es ist ein Schnitter

Es ist ein Schnitter, der heisst Tod,
Hat G'walt vom höchsten Gott.
Heut wetzt er das Messer,
Es schneid't schon viel besser,
Bald wird er drein schneiden,
Wir müssen's nur leiden:
Hüt dich, schöns Blümelein!

Was heut noch grün und frisch da steht,
Wird Morgen weggemäht:
Die edel Narzissel,
Die englische Schlüssel,
Die schön Hyacinth,
Die türkische Bind:
Hüt dich, schöns Blümelein!

Trutz Tod! Komm her, ich fürcht dich nit!
Trutz, komm und tu ein' Schnitt!
Wenn er mich verletzet,
So werd ich versetzet,
Ich will es erwarten
In himmlischen Garten.
Freu dich, schöns Blümelein!

There is a Reaper

There is a reaper men call Death,
And God has given him power.
His blade he is whetting;
Sharp, sharper it's growing,
Ah, soon he'll come mowing!
All must fall before him.
Beware, O lovely flower!

What stands today with sweet spring breath,
One touch—'tis its last hour!
Narcissus and lily
And gold daffodilly,
The hyacinth lovely,
All go down before him.
Beware, O lovely flower!

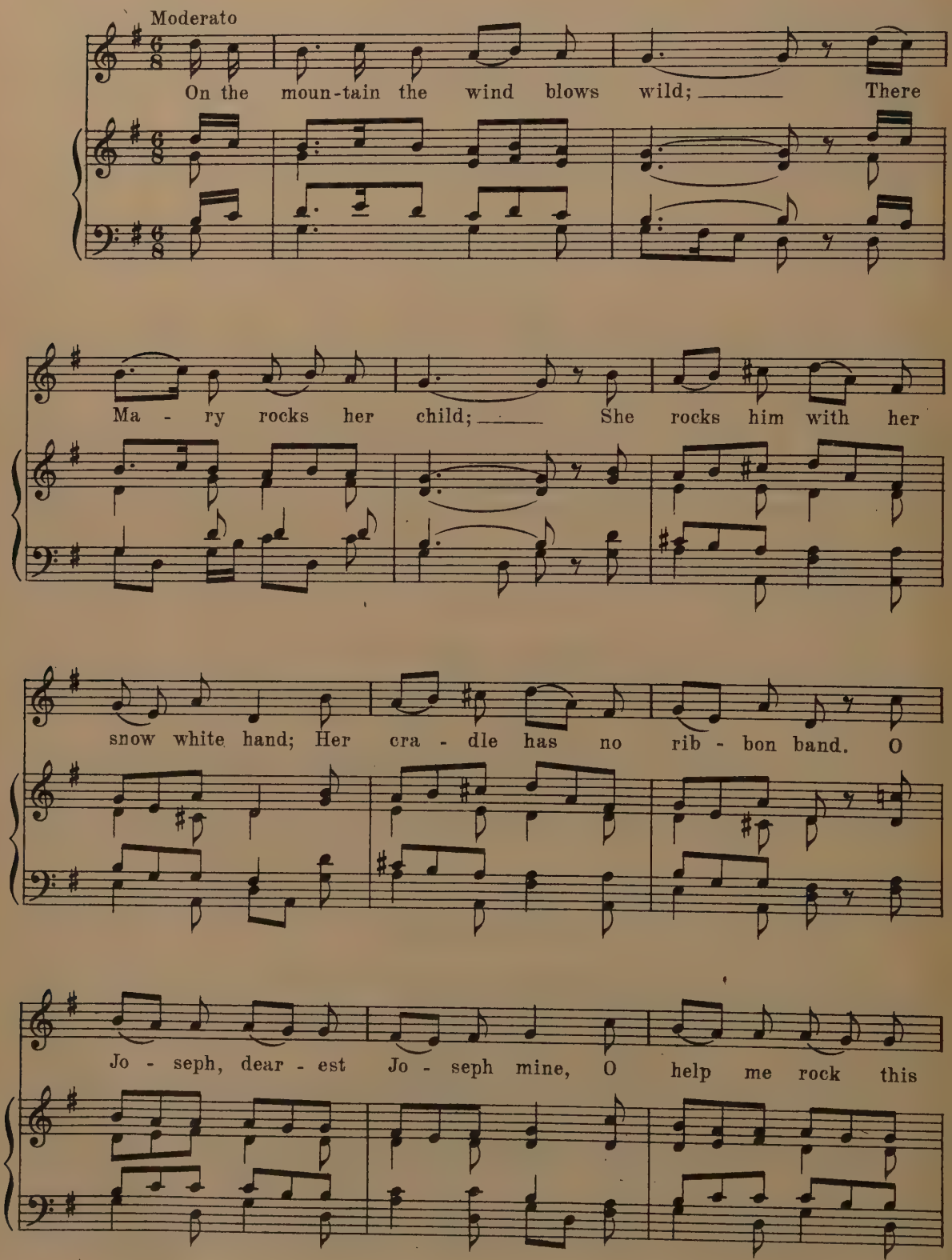
But strike me, I defy you, Death!
You cannot make me cower!
Your wound comes giving
God's own living;
Your stroke means transplanting
To life in God's garden.
Rejoice, O lovely flower!

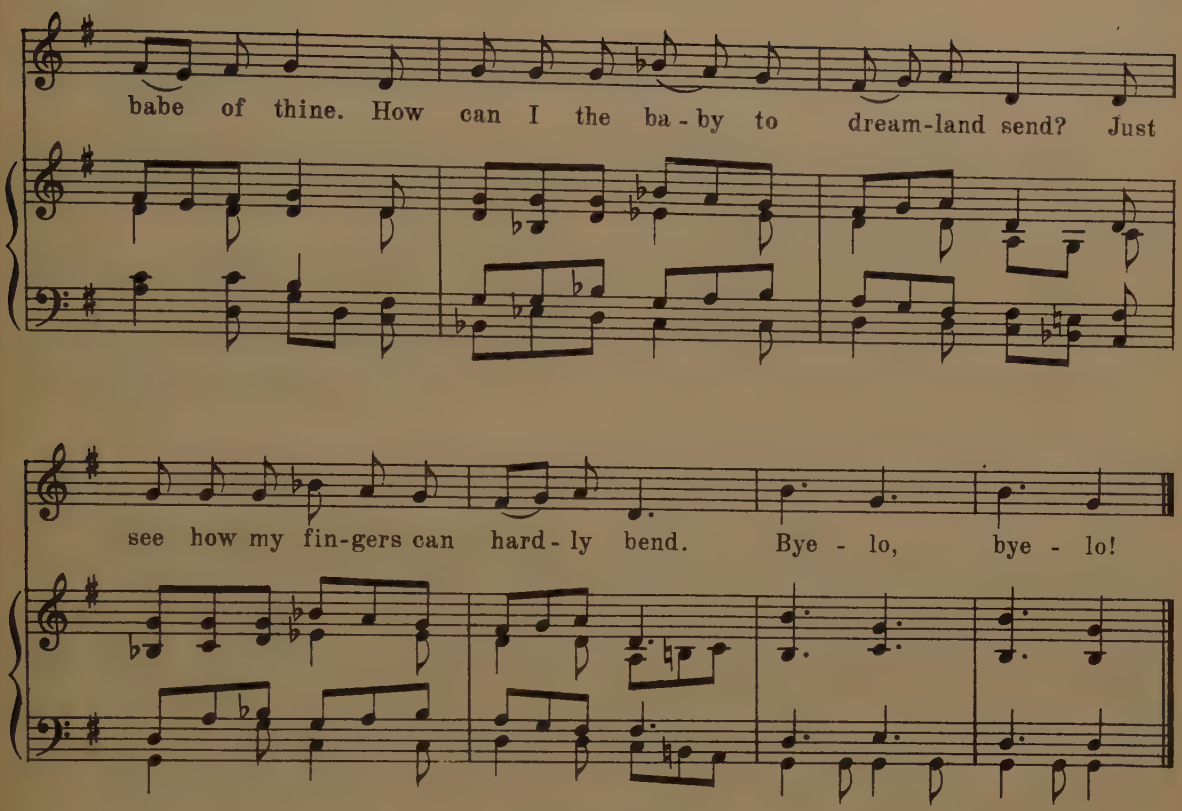
English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

ON THE MOUNTAIN

English version by
Jessie Lemont

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Moderato
On the moun-tain the wind blows wild; There
Ma - ry rocks her child; She rocks him with her
snow white hand; Her cra - dle has no rib - bon band. O
Jo - seph, dear - est Jo - seph mine, O help me rock this



Auf dem Berge

Auf dem Berge da weht der Wind,
Da wiegt Maria ihr Kind;
Sie wiegt es mit ihrer schneeweissen Hand,
Und hat auch dazu kein Wiegenband.
Ach, Joseph, lieber Joseph mein,
Ach hilf mir wiegen mein Knäbelein.
Wie kann ich dir denn dein Knäbelein wieg'n?
Ich kann ja kaum selber die Finger bieg'n!
Schun, schei, schun, schei!

On the Mountain

On the mountain the wind blows wild;
There Mary rocks her child;
She rocks him with her snow-white hand;
Her cradle has no ribbon band.
O Joseph, dearest Joseph mine,
O help me rock this babe of thine.
How can I the baby to dream-land send?
Just see how my fingers can hardly bend.
Bye-lo, bye-lo!

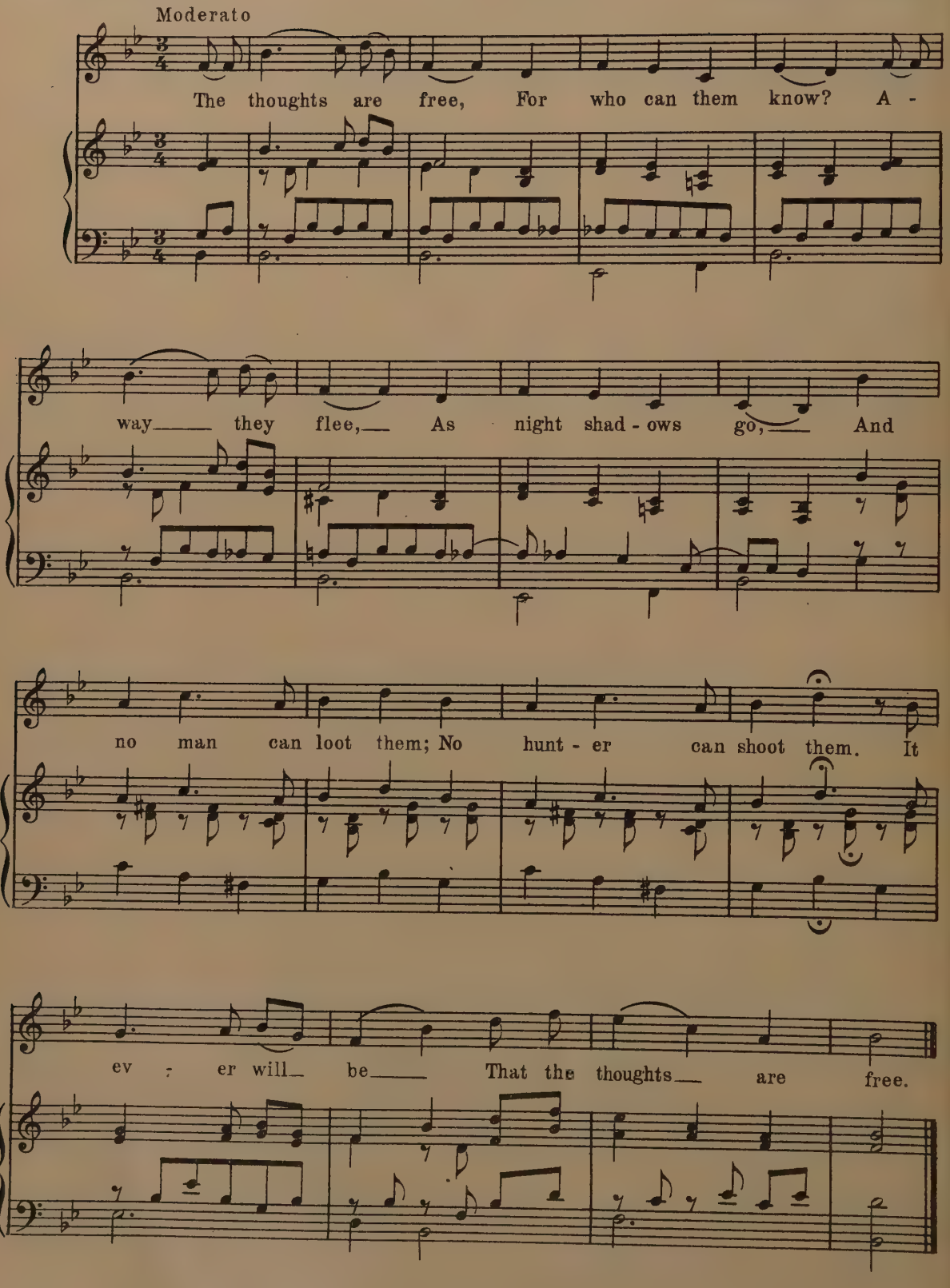
English version by
JESSIE LEMONT

THE THOUGHTS ARE FREE

English version by
Jessie Lemont

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson

Moderato


The thoughts are free, For who can them know? A -
way they flee, As night shad - ows go, And
no man can loot them; No hunt - er can shoot them. It
ev - er will be That the thoughts are free.

Die Gedanken sind frei

Die Gedanken sind frei,
Wer kann sie erraten?
Sie fliehen vorbei
Wie nächtliche Schatten.
Kein Mensch kann sie wissen,
Kein Jäger erschiessen,
Es bleibet dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Ich denk was ich will
Und was mich beglücket,
Doch alles in der Still,
Und wie es sich schicket.
Mein Wünsch und Begehren
Kann niemand verwehren;
Es bleibet dabei,
Die Gedanken sind frei.

Drum will ich auf immer
Den Sorgen entsagen,
Und will mich auch nimmer,
Mit Grillen mehr plagen.
Man kann ja in Herzen
Stets lachen und scherzen
Und denken dabei:
Die Gedanken sind frei.

The Thoughts Are Free

The thoughts are free,
For who can them know?
Away they flee,
As night shadows go,
And no man can loot them,
No hunter can shoot them.
It ever will be
That the thoughts are free.

I think what I will,
And this gives me joy;
If I keep quite still,
This none can destroy.
I wish what I choose,
And none can refuse.
It ever will be
That the thoughts are free.

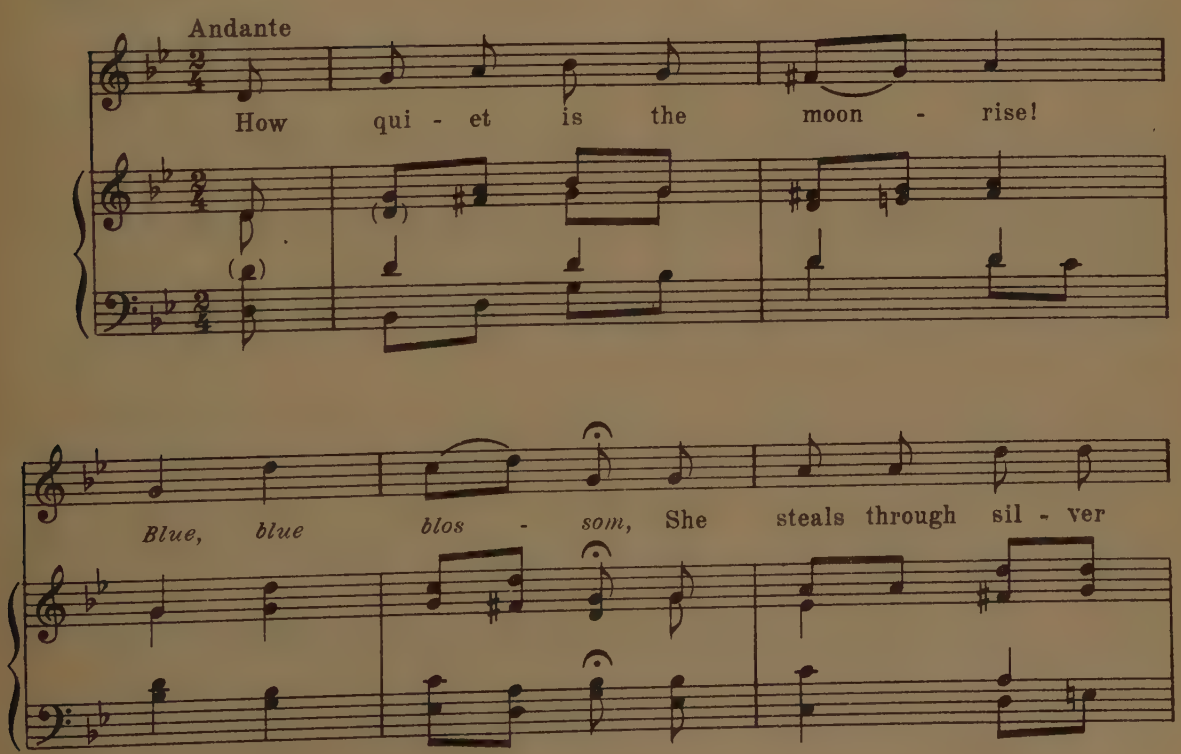
I therefore will ever
Put sorrows away,
And also will never
Let cares bring dismay.
In my heart hereafter
I'll hold jest and laughter.
It always shall be
That the thoughts are free.

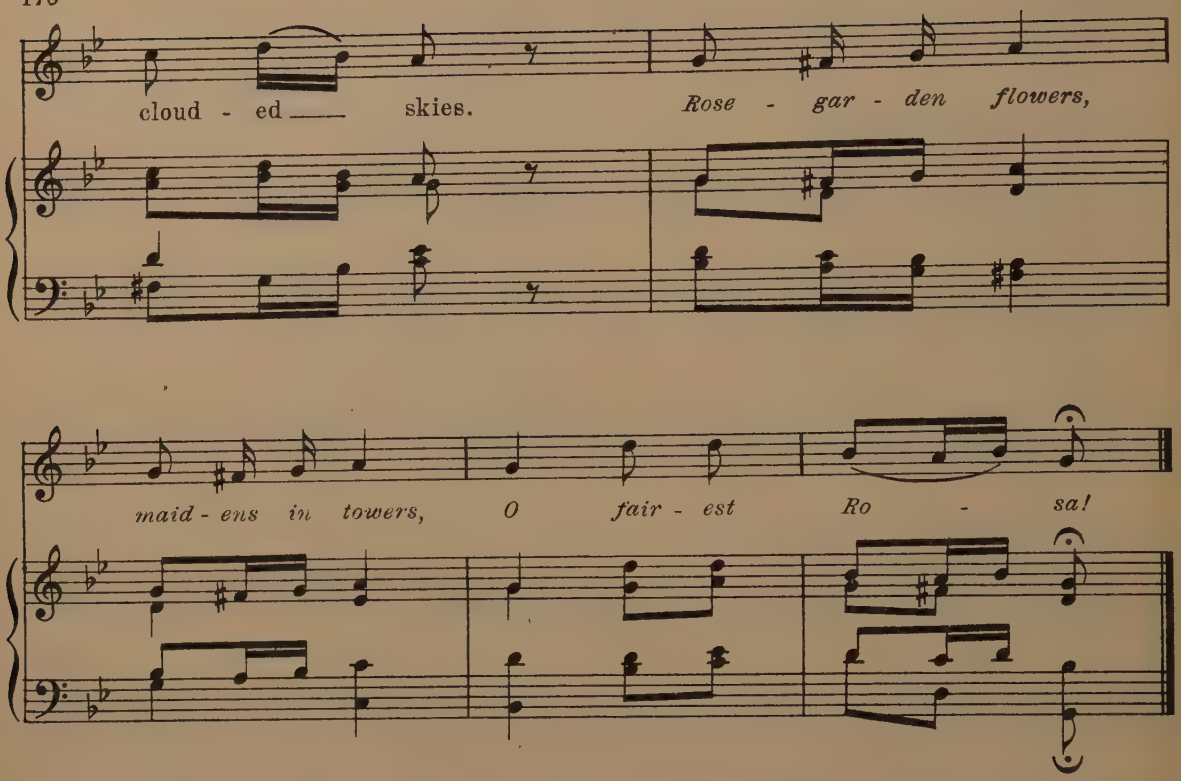
English version by
JESSIE LEMONT

HOW QUIET IS THE MOONRISE

English version by
Jessie Lemont

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson





Verstohlen geht der Mond auf

Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,
Blau, blau, Blümelein,
Durch Silberwölkchen geht sein Lauf.
Rosen im Tal, Mädel im Saal,
O schönste Rosa!

Er steigt die blaue Luft hindurch,
Bis dass er schaut auf Löwenburg.

O schaue, Mond, durchs Fensterlein,
Schön Trude lock' mit deinem Schein!

Und siehst du mich und siehst du sie,
Zwei treu're Herzen sahst du nie.

How Quiet Is the Moonrise

How quiet is the moonrise!
Blue, blue blossom,
She steals through silver-clouded skies.
Rose-garden flowers, maidens in towers,
O fairest Rosa!

She rises through the deep blue air;
She sees the Lion's castle there.

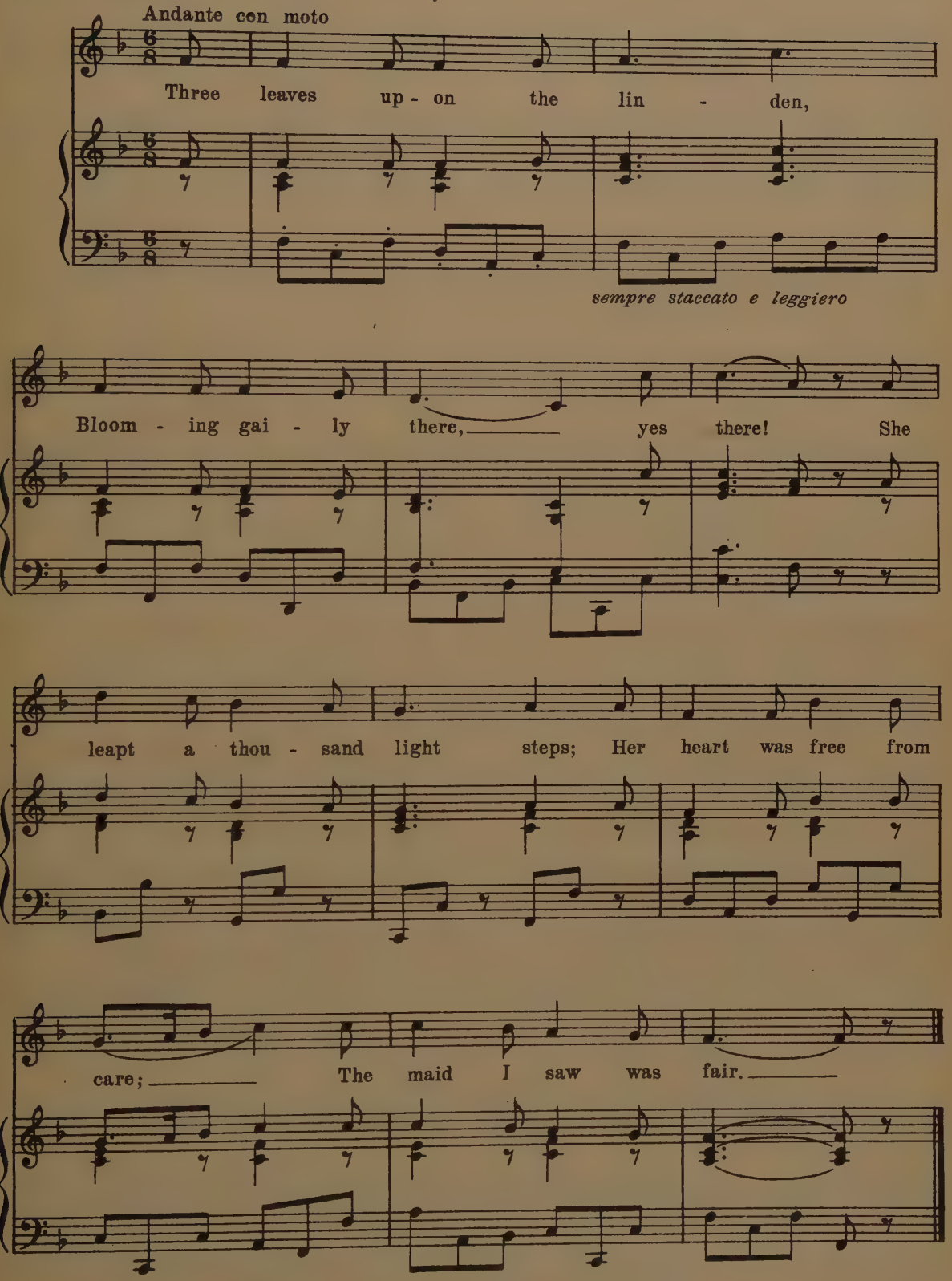
O moon, through the small window peep
And lure fair Gertrude from her sleep.

When you see her and you see me,
Two truer hearts you will not see.

English version by
JESSIE LEMONT

THREE LEAVES ON THE LINDEN TREE

Translation by
Leonora Speyer


Andante con moto
Three leaves up - on the lin - den,
sempre staccato e leggiero
Bloom - ing gai - ly there, yes there! She
leapt a thou - sand light steps; Her heart was free from
care; The maid I saw was fair.

Drei Laub Auf Einer Linden

Drei Laub auf einer Linden
Blühen also wohl, (ja wohl)
Sie tät viel tausend Sprünge,
Ihr Herz war freudenvoll;
Ich günn's dem Maidlein wohl.

Das Maidlein, das ich minne,
Ist so hübsch und fein; (so fein)
Wenn ich dasselb anblicke
Freut sich das Herze mein;
Das Eigen will ich sein.

(1540)

Three Leaves on the Linden Tree

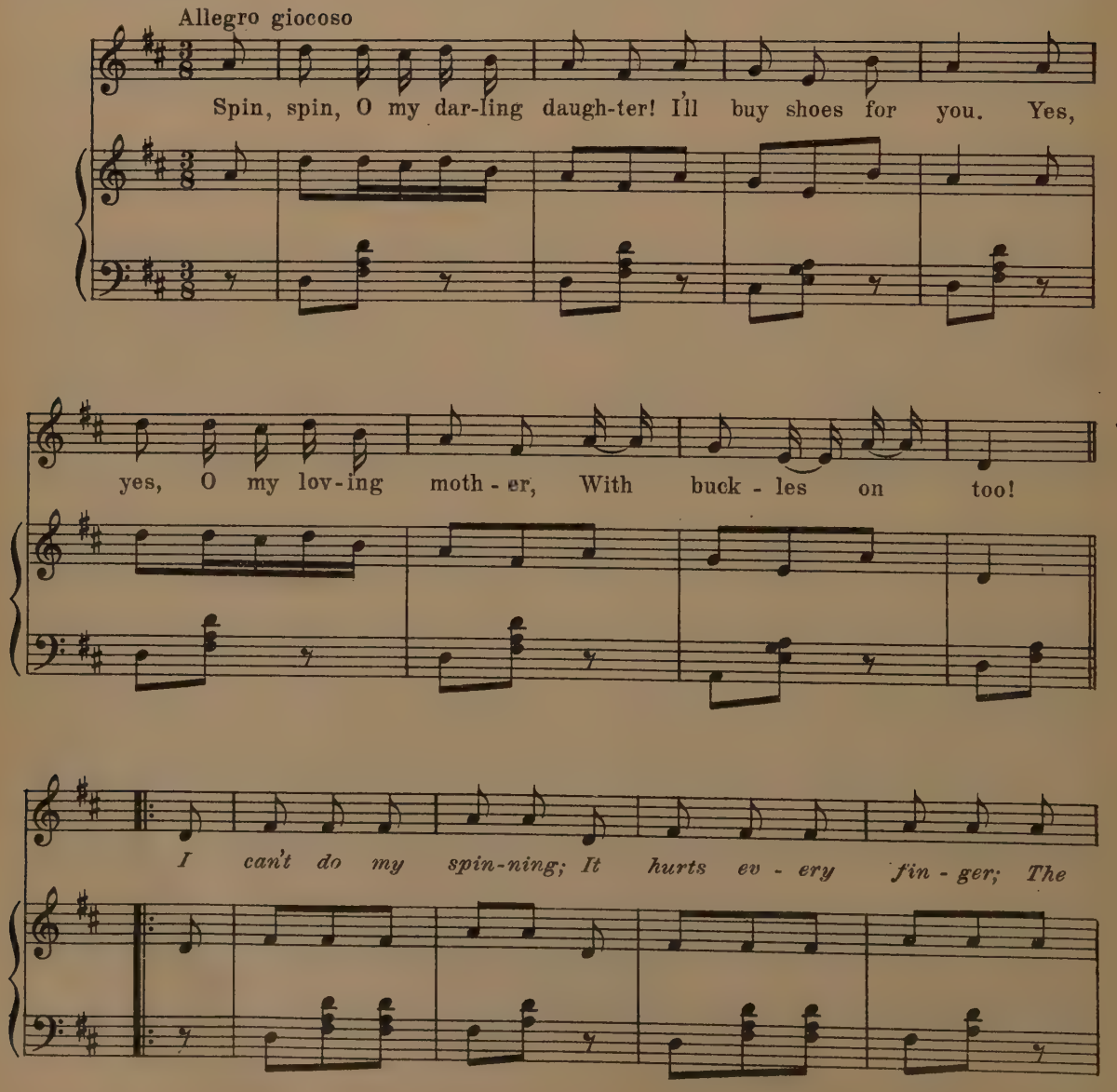
Three leaves upon the linden,
Blooming gaily there, yes, there!
She leapt a thousand light steps;
Her heart was free from care;
The maid I saw was fair.

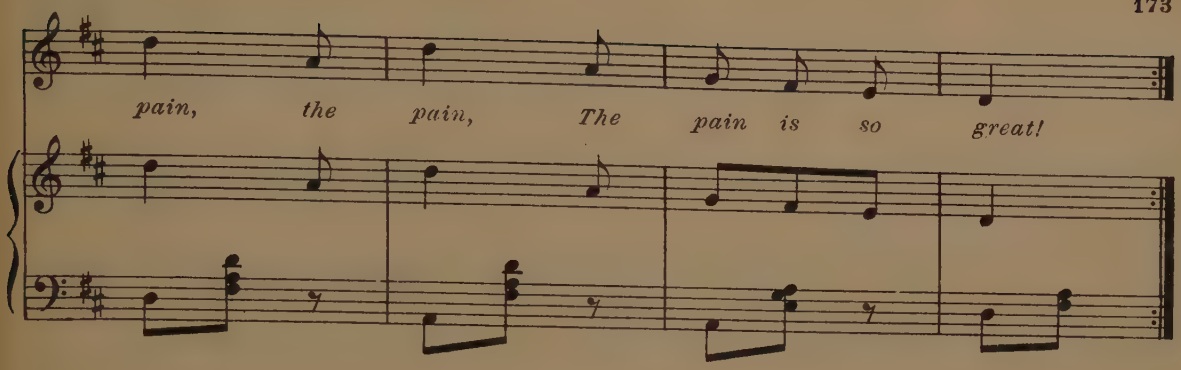
The maiden of my loving
Is so fair and fine, so fine,
And when I look upon her
Glad beats this heart of mine.
Dear maiden, I am thine.

Translation by
LEONORA SPEYER

Translation by
Louis Untermeyer

THE SPINNER


Allegro giocoso
Spin, spin, O my dar-ling daugh-ter! I'll buy shoes for you. Yes,
yes, O my lov-ing moth-er, With buck-les on too!
I can't do my spin-ning; It hurts ev-ery fin-ger; The



Die Spinnerin

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir 'n Paar Schuh.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Auch Schnallen dazu!

Ich kann ja nicht spinnen,
Es schmerzt mich mein Finger!
Und tut, und tut,
Und tut mir so weh!

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir 'n Paar Strümpf'.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Schöne Zwicklein darin!

Ich kann ja nicht, u.s.w.

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir ein Kleid.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Nicht zu eng und nicht zu weit!

Ich kann ja nicht, u.s.w.

Spinn, spinn, meine liebe Tochter!
Ich kauf' dir ein'n Mann.
Ach ja, meine liebe Mutter,
Der steht mir wohl an!

Nun kann ich schon spinnen,
Es schmerzt mich kein Finger,
Und tut, und tut,
Und tut mir nicht weh!

The Spinner

Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy shoes for you.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
With buckles on too!

I can't do my spinning;
It hurts every finger;
The pain, the pain,
The pain is so great!

Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy stockings too.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
In a pattern that's new!

I can't, etc.

Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy gowns beside.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
Not too narrow and not too wide!

I can't, etc.

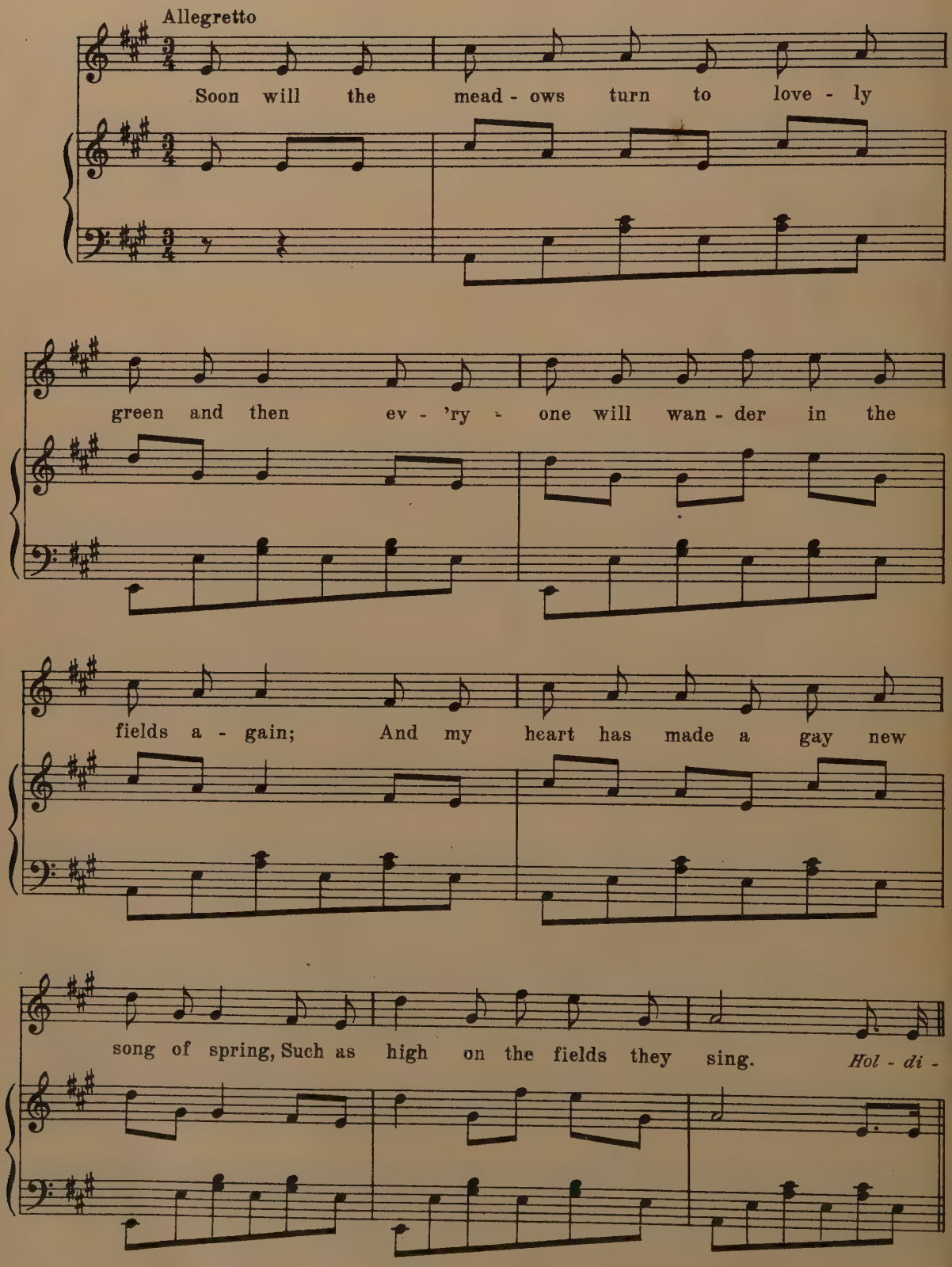
Spin, spin, O my darling daughter!
I'll buy you a man.
Yes, yes, O my loving mother,
As fast as you can!

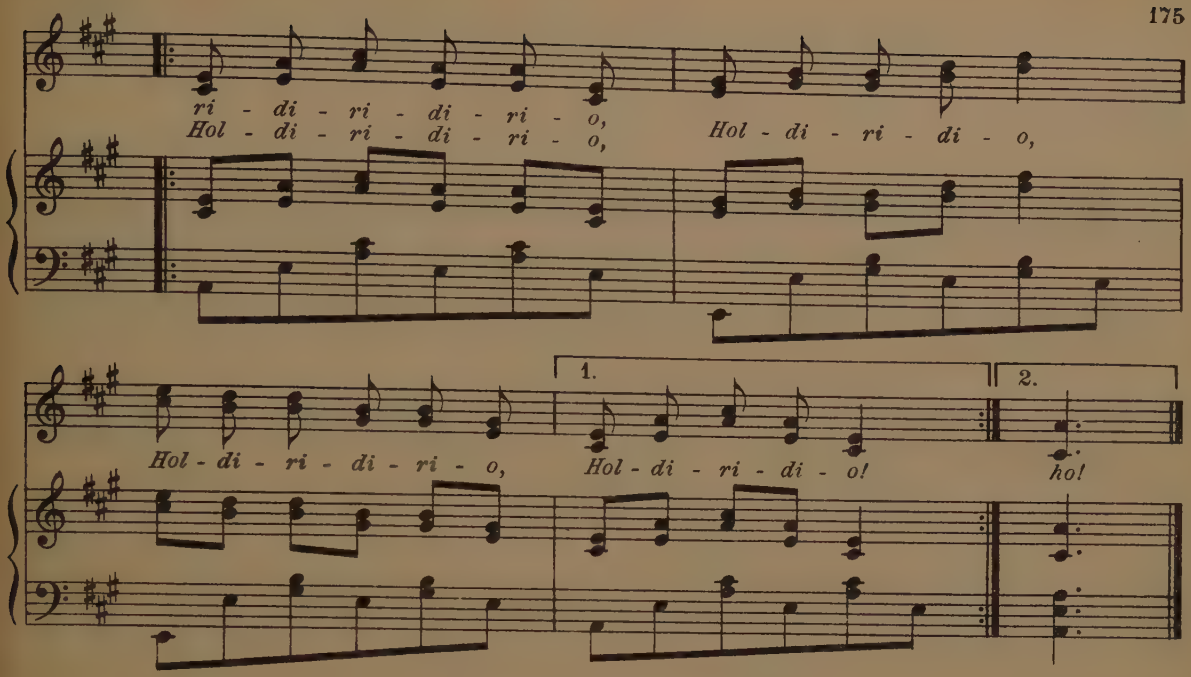
Now can I be spinning;
It hurts not a finger;
The pain, the pain,
The pain is all gone!

Translation by
LOUIS UNTERMEYER

IN THE MEADOW

Translation by
Leonora Speyer


Allegretto
Soon will the mead - ows turn to love - ly
green and then ev - 'ry - one will wan - der in the
fields a - gain; And my heart has made a gay new
song of spring, Such as high on the fields they sing. Hol - di -



Das Seiser Almlied

Es wear'n die Wies'n grüen, es däucht mi går so schien,
Daß die Leutlan wiedrum auf die Alma gien;
Und a neues Liadl håb'n mir's a erdåcht,
Wia ma's drob'n auf da Alma måcht.

Hol-di-ri-di-ri-di-ri-o, u. s. w.

'n Sunntåg Nåchmittåg då ischt die böschte Zeit,
Då sein die Mädler fåst ålle zuabereit;
Sie pass'n auf die Buab'n dö auf die Alma gien,
Und an iade glabt, sie war' so schien.

Auf der Alma gien dås meiste junge Leut,
Då werd a Liadl g'sung'n åft zum Zeitvertreib,
Ma måcht a Tanzl auf und tånzt an Schupla' drauf,
Auf der Alma ischt a so der Brauch.

In the Meadow

Soon will the meadows turn to lovely green and then
Everyone will wander in the fields again;
And my heart has made a gay new song of spring,
Such as high on the fields they sing.

Hol-di-ri-di-ri-di-ri-o, etc.

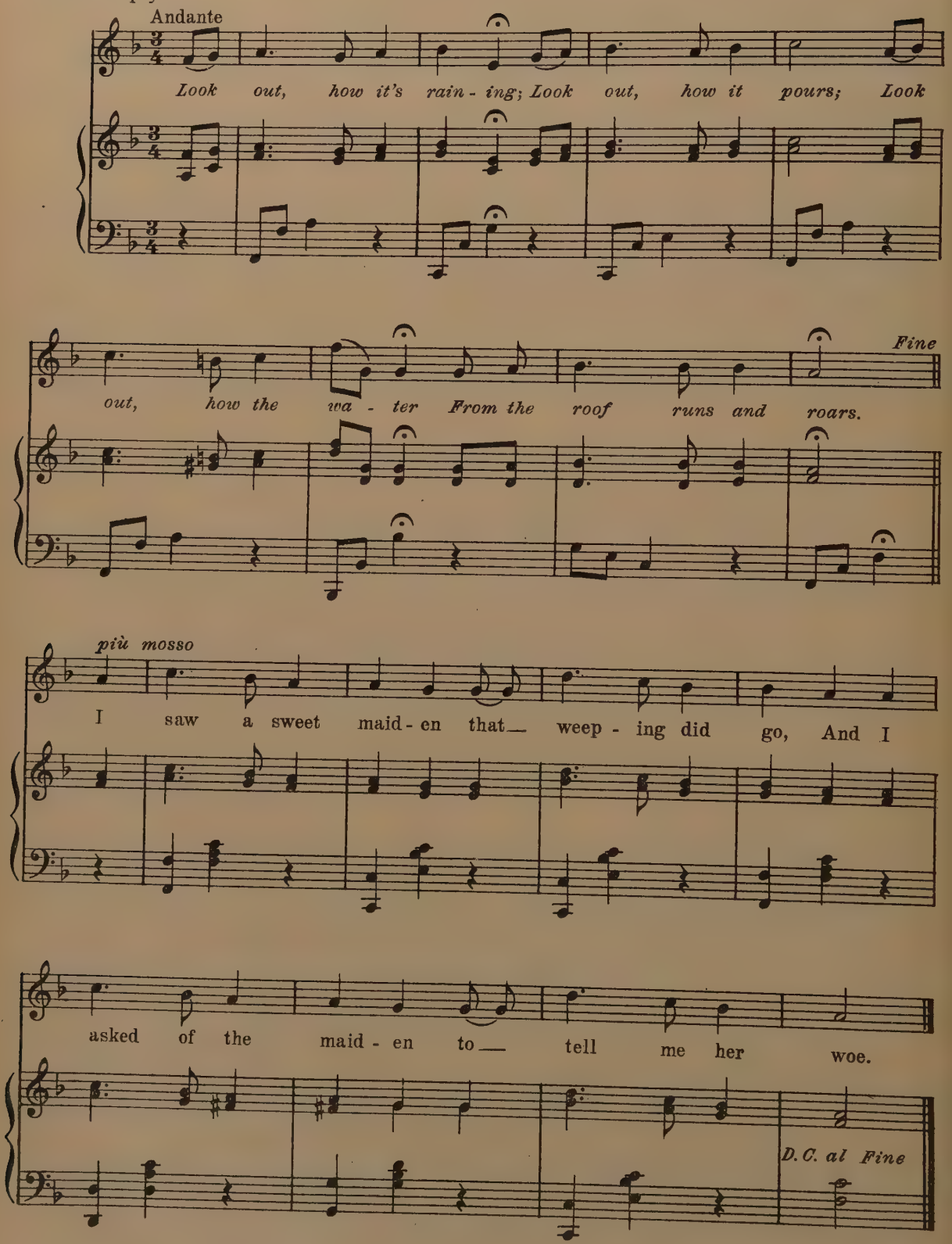
On Sunday afternoon, that is the happy day;
Almost every maiden is in fine array;
And they watch the lads that climb the pastures there,
Every maid knows that she is fair.

Then to the meadows boys and girls will find their way;
Singing gaily, so they pass the time away;
Feet start dancing, schupla', schupla', heel and toe;
On the fields it is always so.

Translation by
LEONORA SPEYER

LOOK OUT, HOW IT'S RAINING

Translation by
Leonora Speyer


Andante
Look out, how it's rain - ing; Look out, how it pours; Look
out, how the wa - ter From the roof runs and roars.
Fine
più mosso
I saw a sweet maid - en that weep - ing did go, And I
asked of the maid - en to tell me her woe.
D.C. al Fine

Schaut's Außi

Schaut's außi, wie's regnet,
Schaut's außi, wie's gi
Schaut's auß, wie's Wasser
Vom Dach abi schießt!

Gar'n wunderlieb's Dirndel hab' i heut woanen g'sehn,
Und da hab' i's halt g'fragt was am Dirndel is g'schehn.

Und's Dirndel hat g'sagt: Warum sollt i nit woan'n—
Um mein Bua, der is g'storb'n und jetzt bin i alloan.

Ei, du wunderlieb's Dirndel, hör' auf mit dein'm Woan'n—
Du derfst um a Büeberl, der g'storb'n is, nit woan'n.

I bin a arm's Dirndel, kumm nimma auf d'Höh'—
Hab' koan Vata, koa Mutta, koa Büeberl nit meh'!

Und du wunderlieb's Dirndel, hör auf mit dein'm Woan'n,
Schau, I wüßt dir a Büeberl, geh, bleib' nit alloan!

Look Out, How It's Raining

Look out, how it's raining;
Look out, how it pours;
Look out, how the water
From the roof runs and roars.

I saw a sweet maiden that weeping did go,
And I asked of the maiden to tell me her woe.

The maiden gave answer: "Why should I not moan?
For my lad he is dead and I wander alone."

"Now cease thou thy weeping, fair maiden," I said,
"Thou no longer must weep for a lad that is dead."

"O I'm a poor maiden that lonely must die,
For no father, no mother, no sweetheart have I."

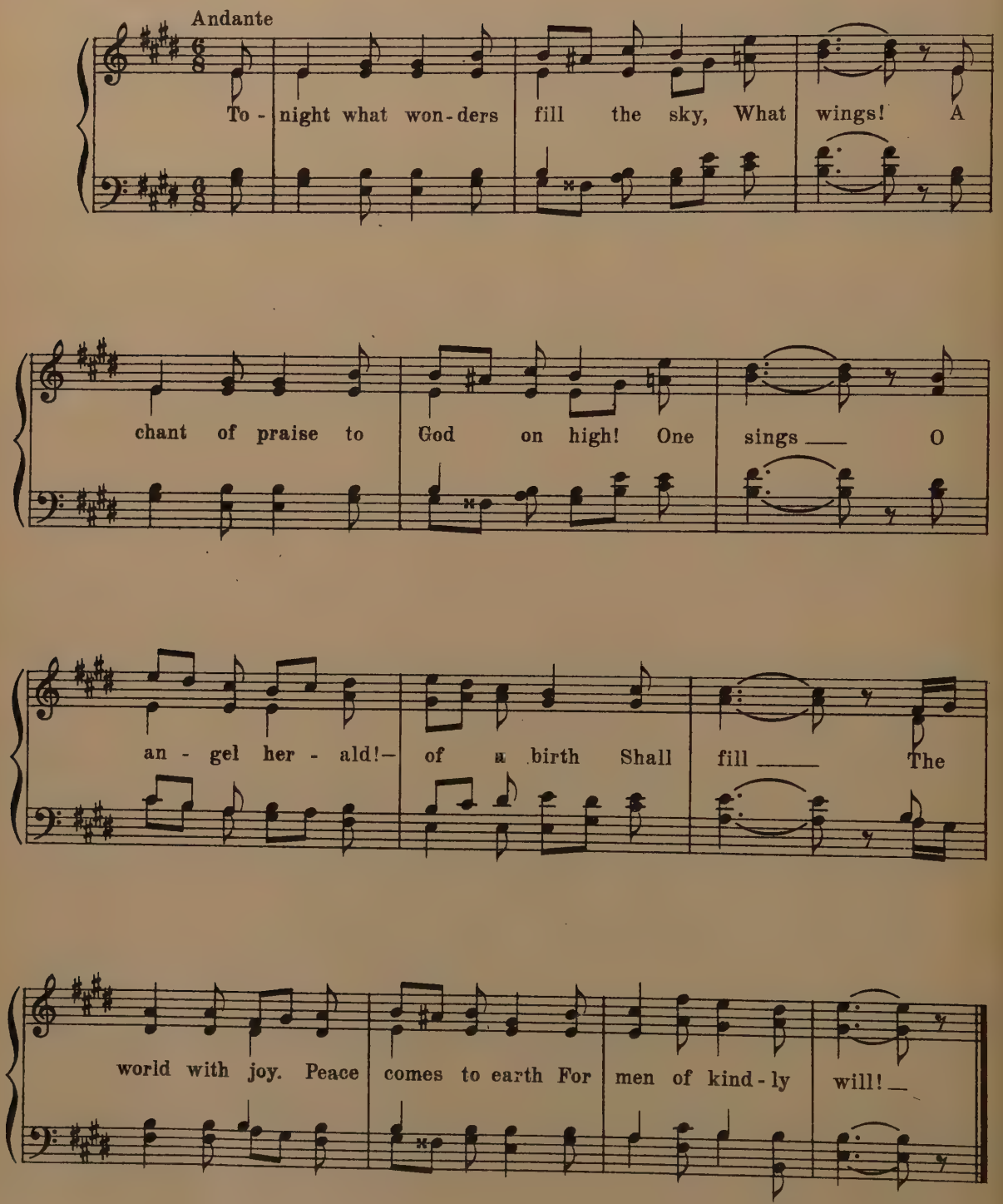
"O beautiful maiden, now cease with your moan,
For I know of a lad; come, remain not alone."

Translation by
LEONORA SPEYER

WHAT WONDERS FILL THE SKY

English version by
Katharine Lee Bates

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Andante
To - night what won - ders fill the sky, What wings! A
chant of praise to God on high! One sings O
an - gel her - ald!- of a birth Shall fill The
world with joy. Peace comes to earth For men of kind - ly will!

Wås Eppă Mehr Muasz G'schêchă˜ Sei

Wås eppă mehr muaß g'schêchă˜ sei˜
Hei˜t z'Nâcht?
„Hå˜ g'moa˜t, i hör ăn Engel schrei˜,"
Hàm s' s'sàgt.
„Singt 's Gloria in excelsis
So fei˜;
Sàgt, dáß dă Fried den Menschen is,
Die guates Willens sein."

O Brüadă, wann dös wåhr sollt sei˜,
—Gehts g'schwind!—
So schiabn măr uns ăn Opfăr ei˜
Für 's Kind!
I nimm halt glei' ă Lámpi schnell
Ă zwoa;
Und du ăn Sáckai ă weiß Mell,
Ăn Budăn und ăn Oar.

Wia wir àll drui sánd kemmă˜ hi˜
Zun Stàll,
Dà hörent wir hàlt musicirn
Recht toll.
Toant singă˜, geignă˜, Hárpfen schlågn
So răr,
Wia wànn hàlt gråd ă Kiritàg
Odár ă Houzăt wàr.

O Bethlehem, o Fürstenthum!
Wie blind!
Mei˜, håst denn g'hàbt koa˜ làre Stubn
Für 's Kind?
Muaß liegn auf bloßen Stroh und Heu
Im Stall:
Ist kommen von dem Himmelreich
Und hat erlöst uns all!

Mei˜, gehts dô mit mir in mei˜ Haus
Nur g'schwind!
I ràm enk ă kloa˜s Stübi aus
Für 's Kind.
Wenn 's då in kålten Ståll müats bleibn'
Àll drei,
—Tuat eină wàhn und eină schnéibn—
Dà sàch eam går nix gleich.

O allerliebstes Jesulein,
Mein Gott!
Du wollst uns alln barmherzig sein
Im Tod!
So bfüat enk Gôt und lebts fei˜ wohl
Beisàmm!
Iaz sán măr àlli freudenvoll,
Weil mir Gôt g'sêchă˜ hàm!

What Wonders Fill the Sky

Tonight what wonders fill the sky,
What wings!
A chant of praise to God on high!
One sings—
O angel herald!—of a birth
Shall fill
The world with joy. Peace comes to earth
For men of kindly will!

O shepherds, on the hillsides bleak
And wild!
If this be true, let us go seek
That Child,
And bear Him country gifts; a lamb
From me,
While you with flour your scrips shall cram
And eggs for jubilee.

When to the stable, shepherds three,
We come,
Such music greets our ears that we
Are dumb;
On harps and violins they play
In there,
Like folk who keep high holiday
At wedding or at fair.

O Bethlehem, King David's own,
How blind!
No room for Him Who left a throne
Behind?
No better bed? In straw and hay
Lies curled
Our little Guest from far away,
Redeemer of the world!

To mine own house, come home with me,
And I
Will tidy up a room where three
May lie,
Our Lady, Joseph, Christ-Child, all
At rest;
Where wintry wind shall not appall,
Nor driving snow molest.

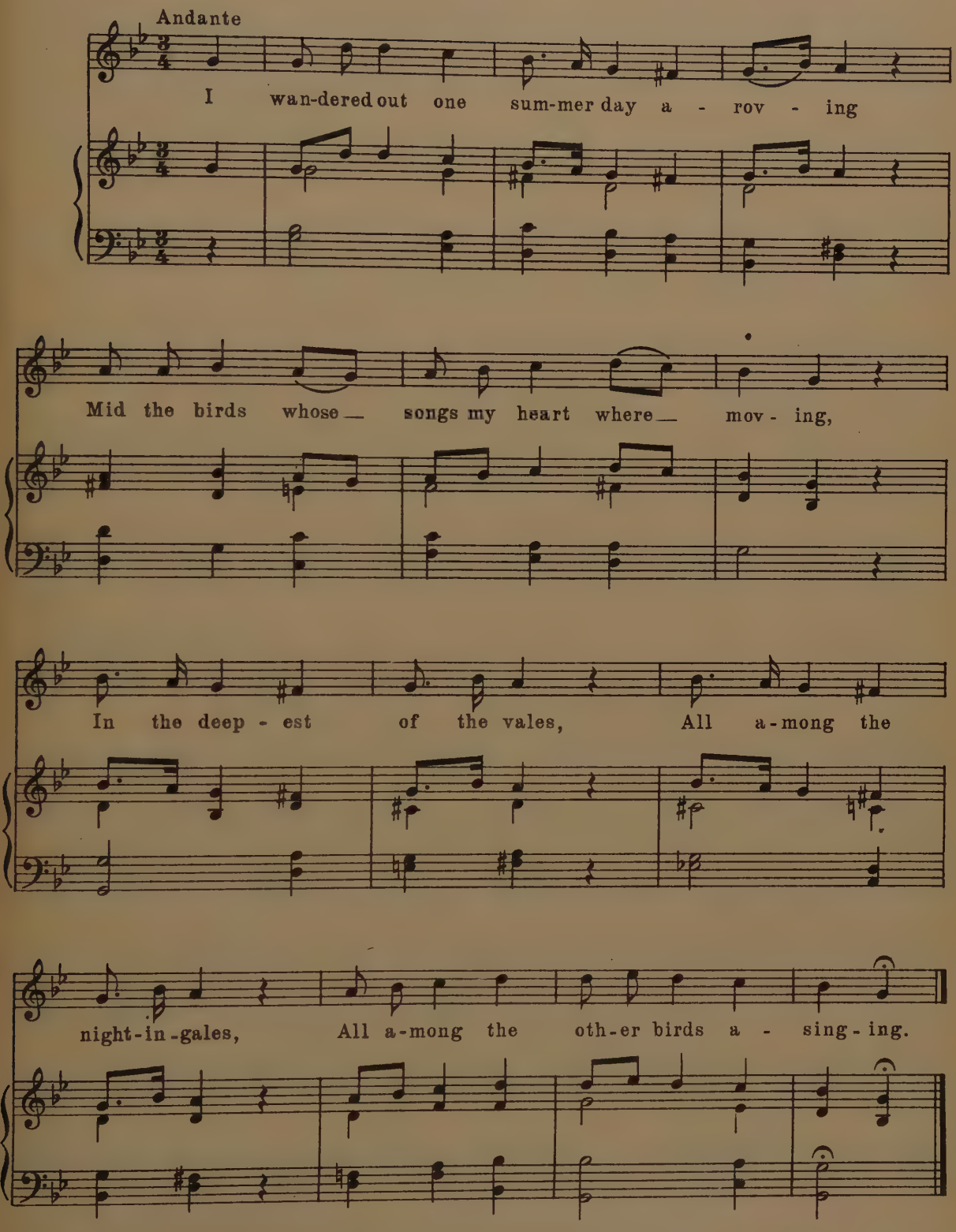
O darling little Jesus, O
My Lord!
When down the road of death I go,
Accord
Thy saving grace to me, to all.
Farewell,
Joys on our hearts like star-gleams fall.
We've seen Immanuel!

English version by
KATHARINE LEE BATES

ONE SUMMER DAY

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Arranged by
Jacob Gade


Andante
I wan-dered out one sum-mer day a - rov - ing
Mid the birds whose songs my heart where mov - ing,
In the deep - est of the vales, All a-mong the
night-in-gales, All a-mong the oth-er birds a - sing-ing.

Sommerdagen

Jeg gik mig ud en Sommerdag at høre
Fuglesang, som Hjertet monne røre,
I de dybe Dale,
Blandt de Nattergale
Blandt de andre Fugle smaa, som tale.

One Summer Day

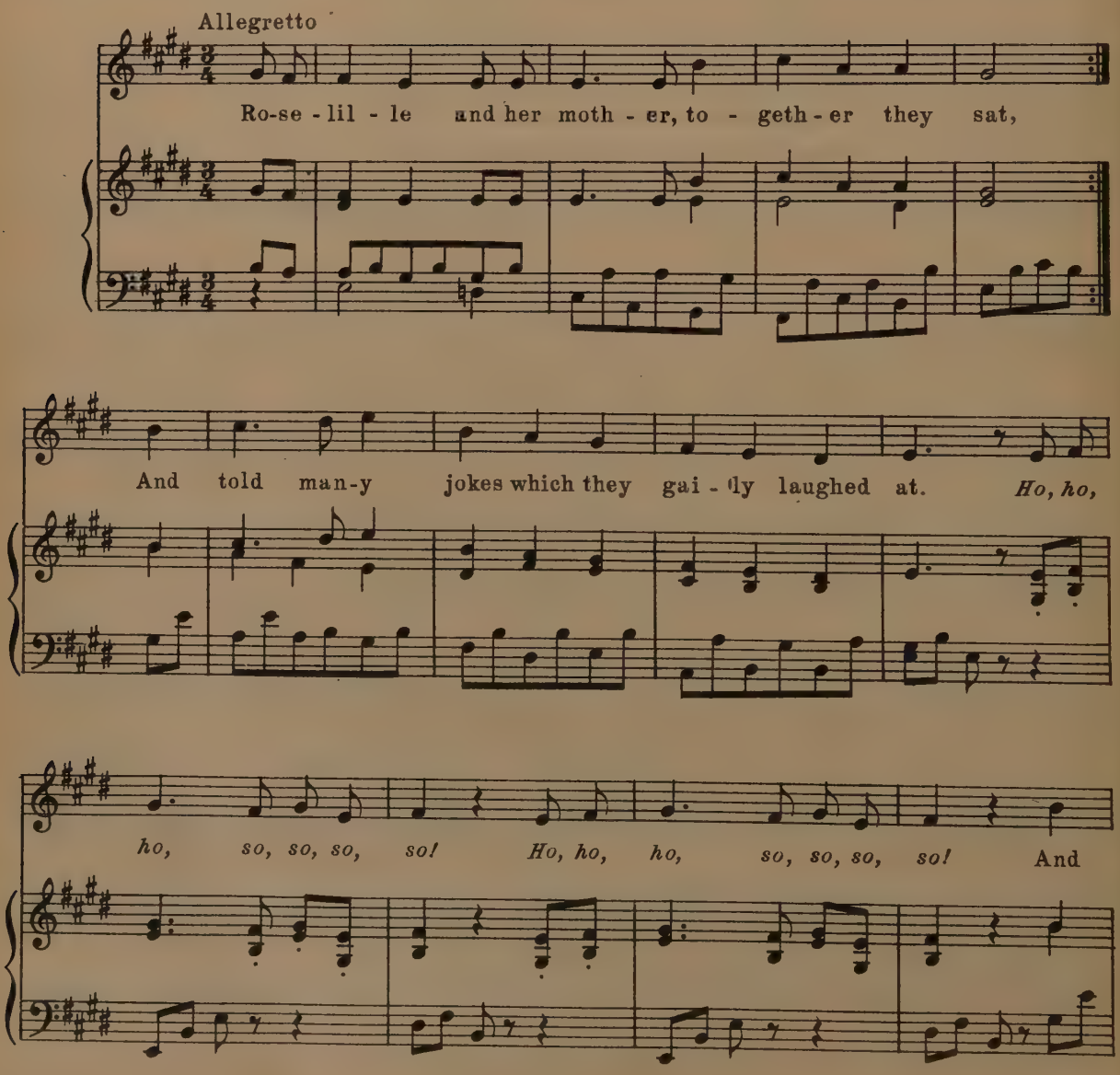
I wandered out one summer day a-roving
Mid the birds whose songs my heart were moving,
In the deepest of the vales,
All among the nightingales,
All among the other birds a-singing.

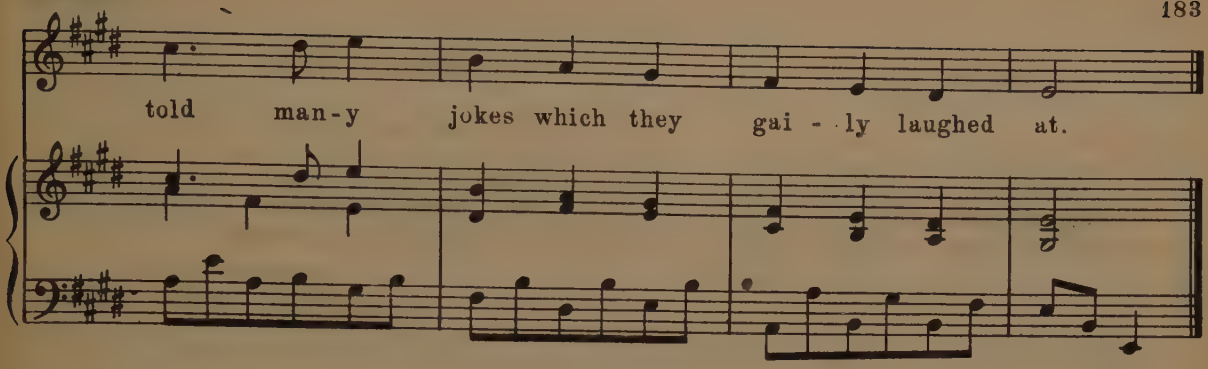
English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

English version by
Marion MacArthur Laing

ROSELILLE

Arranged by
Cornelius Rybner


Allegretto
Ro-se-lil-le and her moth-er, to-geth-er they sat,
And told man-y jokes which they gai-ly laughed at.
Ho, ho,
ho, so, so, so, so!
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
And



Roselille

Roselil og hendes Moder de sad over Bord,
De taled saa mangt et Skæmtens Ord.
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa, saa!
Ha, ha, ha, saa, saa, saa, saa!
De taled saa mangt et Skæmtens Ord.

„Før hvert Træ skal i Haven faa Blomster af Guld,
Før jeg skal vorde nogen Ungersvend huld."

Hr. Peder stod paa Svalen og lytted med List,—
„Den ler dog bedst, so mler til sidst!"

Og der de kom ned udi Urtegaardens Læ,
Da hang der en Guldring paa hvert et Træ.

Roselille blev rød som et dryppende Blod,
Hun stirred i Græsset ned for sin Fod.

Da kyssed Hr. Peder hendes Læber med Lyst,—
„Den ler dog nok bedst, som ler til sidst!"

Roselille*

Roselille and her mother, together they sat,
And told many jokes which they gaily laughed at.
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
Ho, ho, ho, so, so, so, so!
And told many jokes which they gaily laughed at.

Said the maiden, "To my love I will ne'er faithful be
Till blossoms of gold grow on each garden tree!"

Mr. Peter by the door listened quite carefully;
"He laughs best who laughs last," to himself said he.

When they came to the garden, what did they behold?
On each garden tree hung a bright ring of gold!

Roselille blushed as red, bright as red blood could be,
And down in the grass at her feet gazed she.

Then her lover, Mr. Peter, her lips kissed with glee,
"He laughs best who laughs last, ha, ha, ha!" said he.

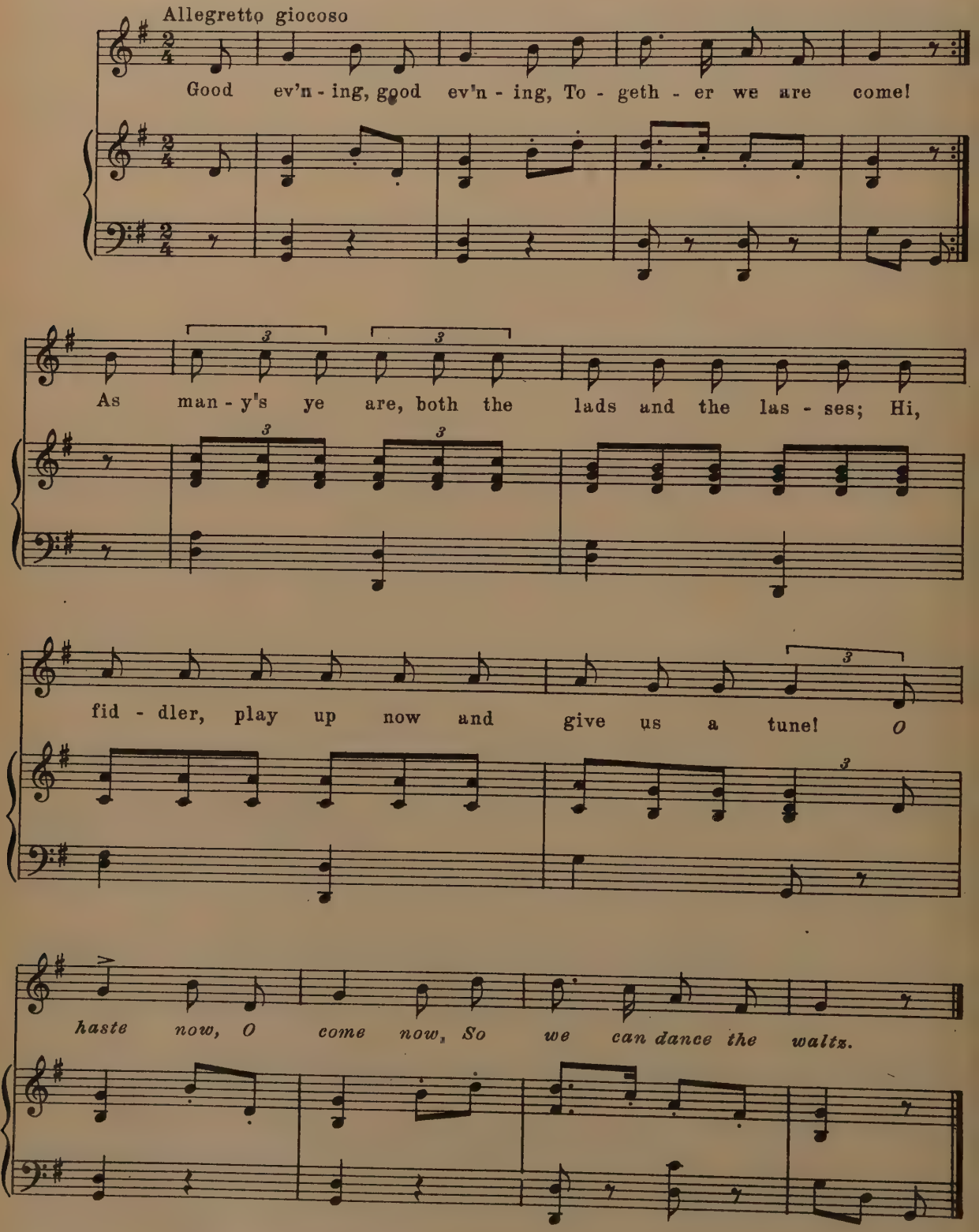
*Ro-sa-lil-la.

English version by
MARION MCARTHUR LAING

GOOD EVENING

Translation by
William Lyndon Wright

Arranged by
Cornelius Rybner


Allegretto giocoso
Good ev'n - ing, good ev'n - ing, To - geth - er we are come!
As man - y's ye are, both the lads and the las - ses; Hi,
fid - dler, play up now and give us a tune! O
haste now, O come now, So we can dance the waltz.

Go Javten

Go Javten, go Javten,
Tilsammens i en Slump!
Saa manne I er, baade Pier aa Kaale!
Hej, Spillemand, spil op saa paa de Fiol!

Aa skynn dej, aa stræv saa,
A vi ka faal de Hvals.

Aa hvad va de, aa hvad va de
Du spilt den hier Gaang?
A ka itt' hørMusikken for Nævren aa Knævren,
Aa daans mæ di Pier, de vil a saa gjæn!

O Stafen, O Stafen!
De Pols de kan a itt'.
A vil sidde mej ne aa vil snakk' mæ di Søster,
I Aan're ka daans jo saa læng', som I lyster;

A trour saagi, a trour saagi,
A har en Ævl æno.
Aa, føel i mi Lumm aa sie, om en æ der,
Imens a gaaer hen og sætter mi Træskor.

O Stafen, O Stafen
De var saagi en raar;
A ka gjæn gaa aa dans' aa enda æd' et Ævel
Aa hej, Musikanter, spil op paa de Fedel!

Good Evening

Good ev'ning, good ev'ning,
Together we are come!
As many's ye are, both the lads and the lasses;
Hi, fiddler, play up now and give us a tune!

O haste now, O come now,
So we can dance the waltz.

O what was that, O what was that
You played us this last time?
I can't hear the music for all of your babble,
And O, I do love so to dance with the girls!

O Stephen, O Stephen,
The polka I can't dance!
I'll go chat with your sister while you tread the measure;
You others can dance just as long as you've pleasure.

I think, y'know; I think, y'know,
I've still an apple left;
So feel in my pocket and see if it *is* there,
While I go off yonder and take off my shoes.

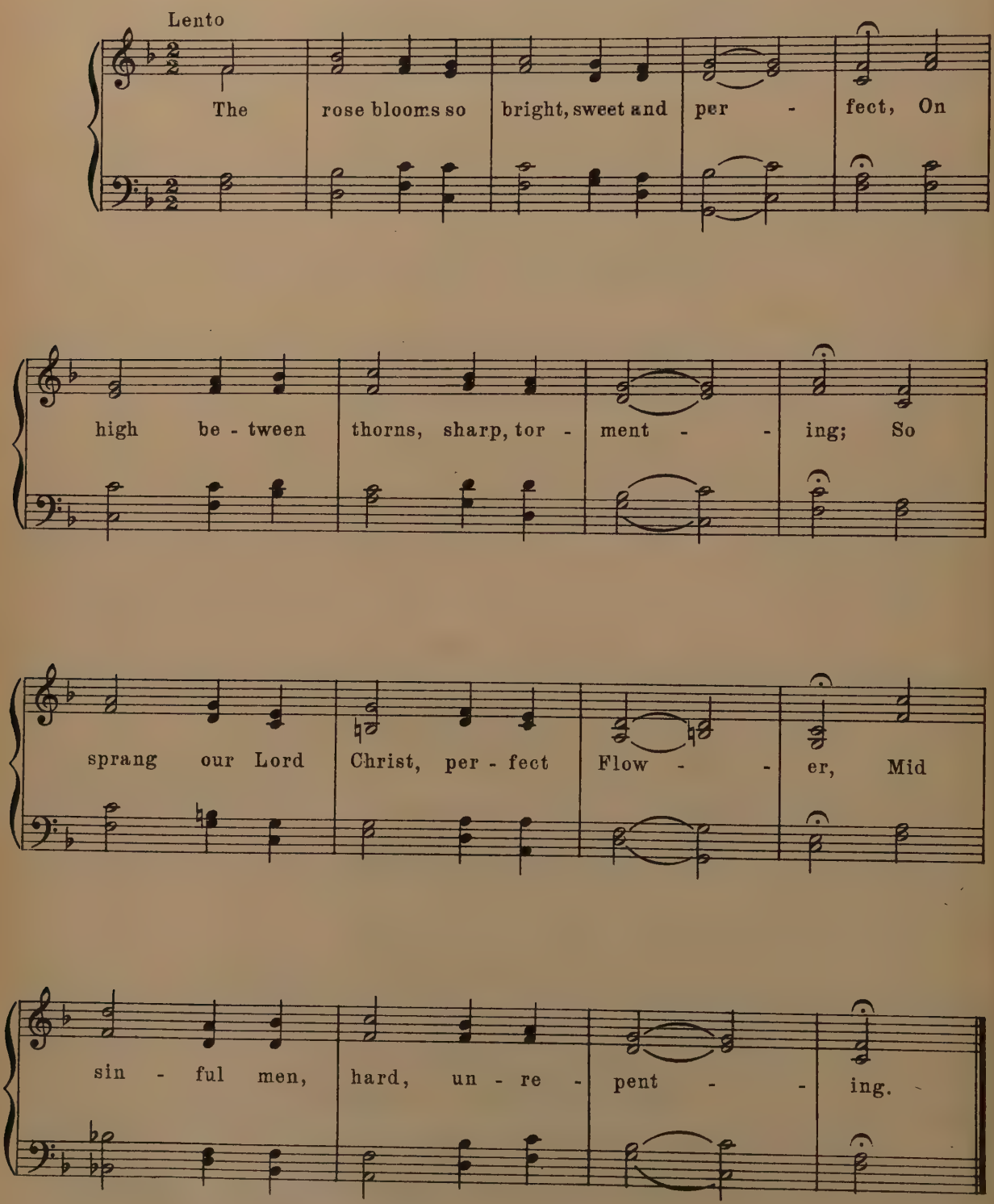
O Stephen, O Stephen,
That's surely good advice!
I can keep on a-dancin' and still eat the apple;
O hi, fiddler, strike up a tune on your fiddle!

Translation by
WILLIAM LYNDON WRIGHT

THE PERFECT ROSE

English version by
Edwin Markham

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Lento
The rose blooms so bright, sweet and per - fect, On
high be - tween thorns, sharp, tor - ment - - ing; So
sprang our Lord Christ, per - fect Flow - - er, Mid
sin - ful men, hard, un - re - pent - - ing.

Den yndigste Rose

Den yndigste Rose er funden,
Blandt stiveste Torne oprunden,
Vor Jesus, den dejligste Pode,
Blandt syndige Mennesker gro'de.

Al Verden nu burde sig fryde,
Med Salmer mangfoldig udbryde,
Men mangen har aldrig fornummen,
At Rosen i Verden er kommen.

Forhærdede Tidsel—Gemytter,
Saa stive som Torne og Støtter,
Hvi holde I eder saa ranke
I Stoltheds fordærvede Tanke!

Ak, søger de ydmyge Steder,
I Støvet for Frelseren græder,
Saa faar I vor Jesus i Tale,
Thi Roserne vokse i Dale.

Lad Verden mig alting betage,
Lad Tornene rive og nage,
Lad Hjertet kun daane og briste,
Min Rose jeg aldrig vil miste!

ETTER BRORSON

The Perfect Rose

The rose blooms so bright, sweet and perfect,
On high between thorns, sharp, tormenting;
So sprang our Lord Christ, perfect Flower,
Mid sinful men, hard, unrepenting.

O let the world hear with rejoicing!
For some there are know not this story:
The Rose of Heaven, odorous, fadeless,
To earth is come, bringing God's glory.

O hearts of men, bend to His sweetness!
Hold not aloof, loveless, disdaining;
O cast away pride, soul-destroying,
In humbleness, high heaven gaining.

For close and dear, walks now our Savior,
Near us, not in strange distant places:
A rose in a low valley stoops He
And loves those who serve in low places.

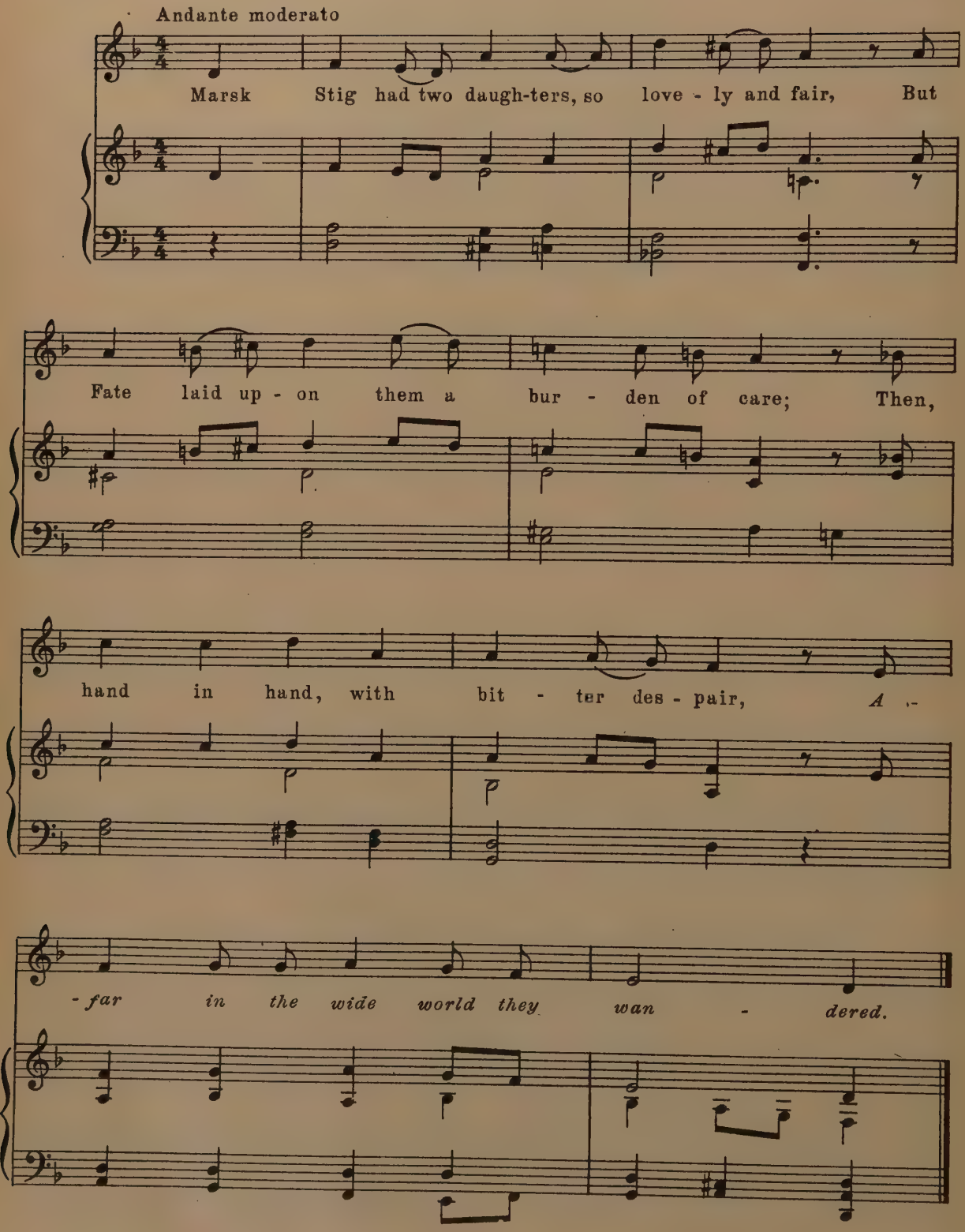
Temptations can not now deceive me;
Life's thorns may my heart rend or sever;
Yet never His comfort shall leave me;
My rose shall I hold fast forever.

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

MARSK STIG'S DAUGHTERS

English version by
Anna Mathewson

Arranged by
Jacob Gade


Andante moderato
Marsk Stig had two daugh-ters, so love - ly and fair, But
Fate laid up - on them a bur - den of care; Then,
hand in hand, with bit - ter des - pair, A -
- far in the wide world they wan - dered.

Marsk Stigs Døttre

Marsk Stig han haver de Døttre to,
Saa krank en Skjæbne monne de faae.
Den Ældste tog den Yngste ved Haand—
Og de fore vide om Verden.

Den Ældste tog den Yngste ved Haand,
Saa ginge de dem til Norges Land.
Kong Erik kom fra Thinge hjem.

„Siger mig, hvad for Kvindfolk monne I være?
Hvad have I udi mit Land at gjøre?"
„Og vi er Marsk Stigs Døttre baade.

„Og vi er Marsk Stigs Døttre baade,
Saa gjerne bede vi om Eders Naade."
„Men kunne I brygge og kunne I bage?"

„Vi have ei lært at brygge eller bage,
Og ikke noget sligt Embed' at mage;
Men vi kunne spinde Guldet det røde.

„Havde Marsk Stig levet og bleven i Lande,
Det havde ei gaaet os saa ihaande;
Og havde saa snarlig Fru Ingeborg ei døet."

Saa slog han over dem Skarlagen Skind,
Saa fulgte han dennem i Fruerstuen ind;
Han bad dem hverkem sørge eller græde.

Han bad dem hverkem sørge eller græde.
Han skulde dem være i Faders Sted.
Den ældste Søster Væven trendte.

Saa vov de Hjort og saa vov de Hind,
Saa vov de sig selv me blegen Kind;
Og saa vov de med Fingre snare.

Den ældste Søster af Sorg hendøde,
Den Yngste lever efter med Sorg og Møde.
Og Kongen gav hende sin unge Søn.

Og Kongen gav hende sin unge Søn,
Hun var hannem værd, den Jomfru skjøn;
De levede sammen med Æren.

Marsk Stig's Daughters

Marsk Stig had two daughters, so lovely and fair,
But Fate laid upon them a burden of care;
Then, hand in hand, with bitter despair,
Afar in the wide world they wandered.

To Norway they journeyed afar, hand in hand,
Till reaching a palace, all gleaming and grand,
They met King Erik, lord of the land.

"What ho, mournful maidens! I prithee now say
The name that you bear and the home where you stay."
"Marsk Stig's two daughters, homeless are they!

"Marsk Stig lives no longer, alas, it is true!
We come to beg mercy, King Erik, from you."
"And have you learned to bake and to brew?"

"We brew not the ale and we bake not the bread;
No work such as that, but more wondrous instead
We weave with skill the glittering thread.

"If living today were our father, the knight,
And fair lady-mother, so winsome and bright,
We had not been in sorrowful plight."

He gave scarlet cloaks, then, their garments to hide,
And soon to his women folk led them inside,
No more to mourn but safely to bide.

He bade them no longer to weep and to grieve;
Their father he'd be and their wants he'd relieve.
The loom they threaded, ready to weave.

They wove many pictures of deer and of doe;
They wove their own faces, still whitened with woe;
Their clever fingers flew to and fro.

The sad elder sister of sorrowing died;
The other at first in her loneliness sighed,
But then became a beautiful bride.

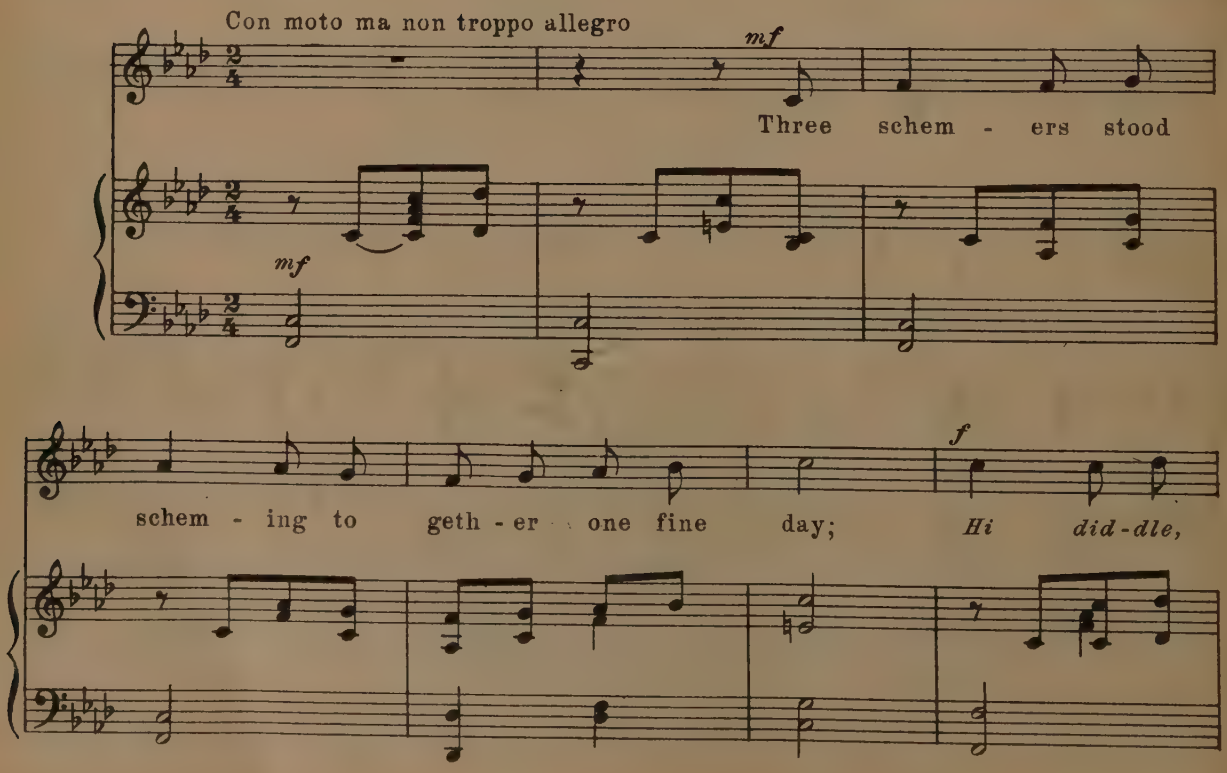
The King gave the maid to his young son and heir,
For she was most worthy and wondrously fair;
They lived in peace with never a care.

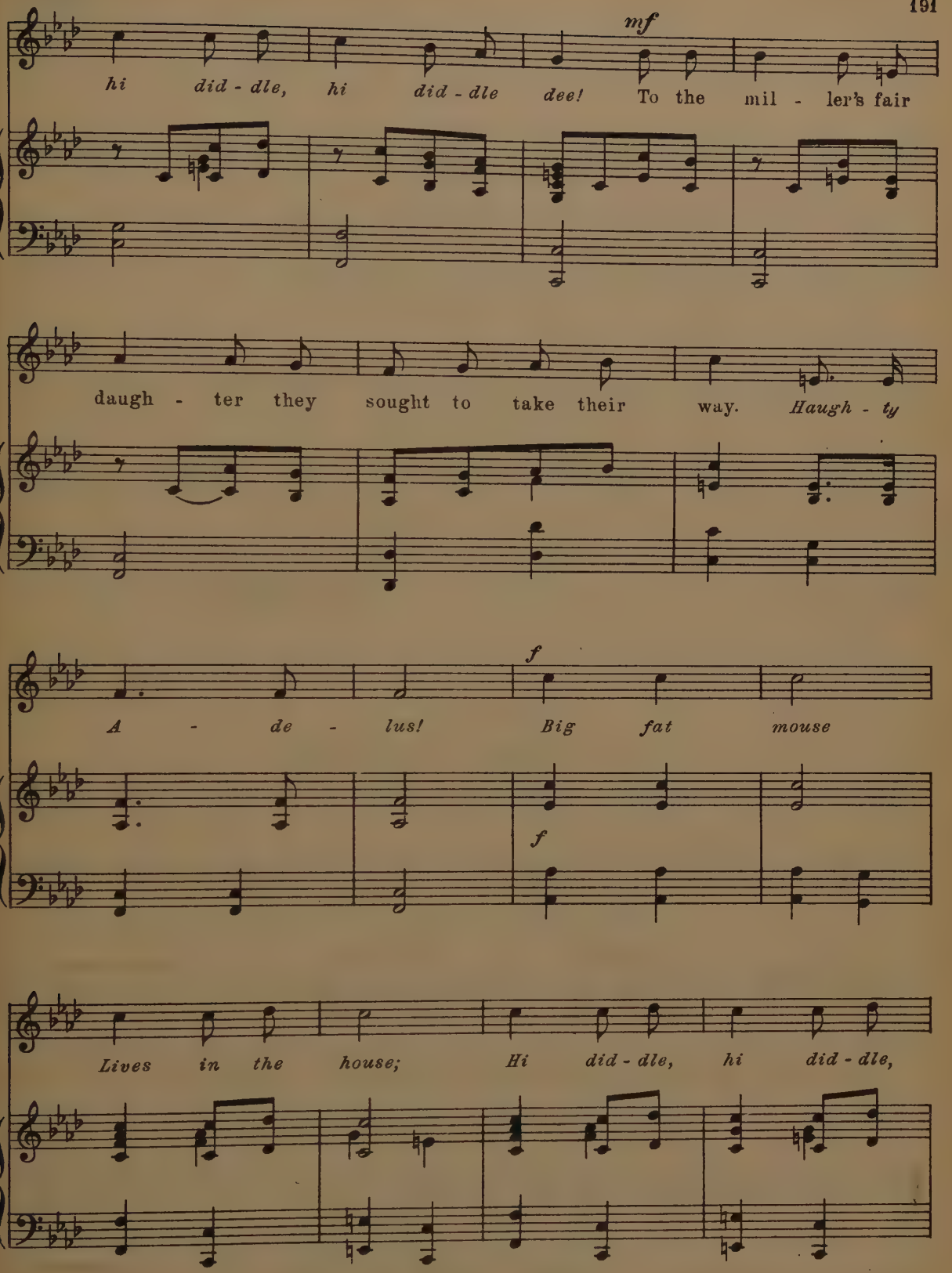
English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

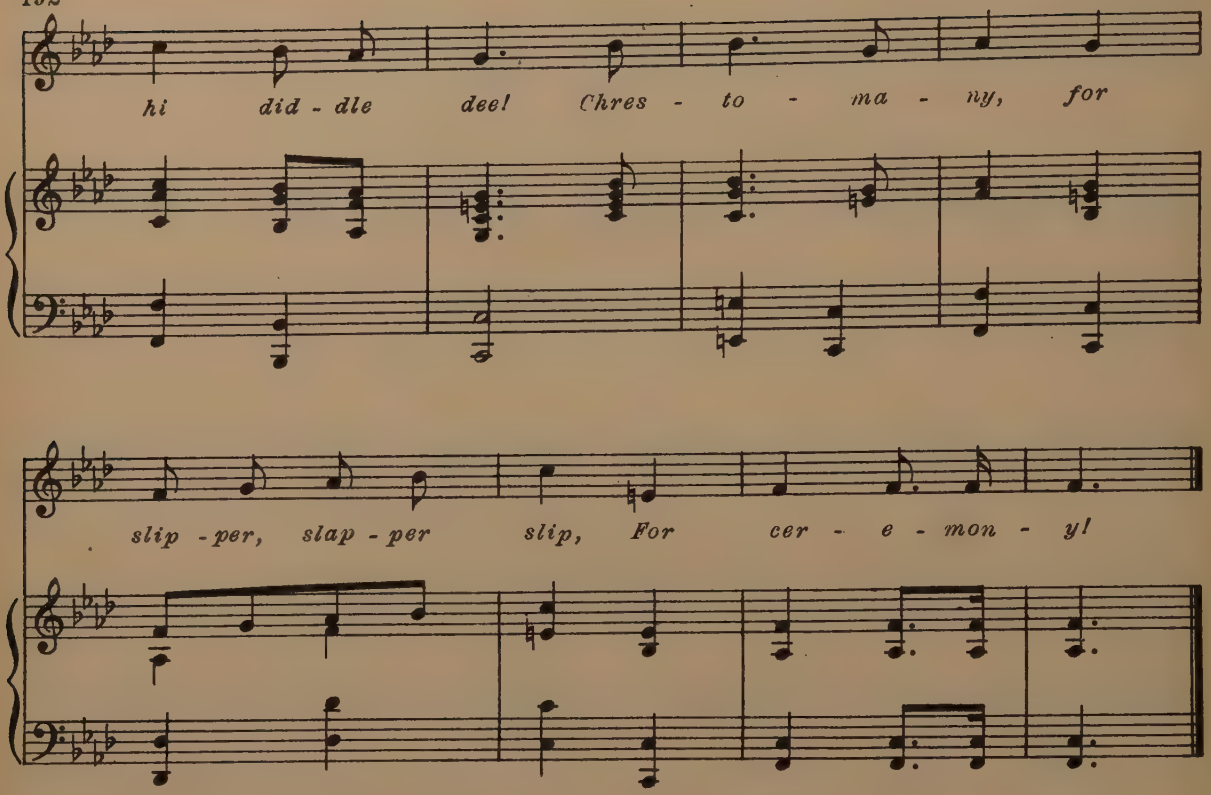
Translation by
William Lyndon Wright

THE THREE RASCALS

Arranged by
William Lyndon Wright




mf
hi did - dle, hi did - dle dee! To the mil - ler's fair
daugh - ter they sought to take their way. Haugh - ty
f
A - de - lus! Big fat mouse
f
Lives in the house; Hi did - dle, hi did - dle,



De Tre Skalke

Der stode tre Skalke og tænkte paa et Raad;
Tingluti, tangluti, lustudi lej!
De vilde til Møllerens Dotter gaa.
Stolten Adelus!

Baadsmands Hus,
Krusnusidus,
Tingluti, tangluti, lustudi lej!
Krestomani, og Snure-vure-vip,
For Ceremonie.

De to tog den Tredie og stopped' i en Sæk,
Saa bar de ham over til Møllerens Bæk.

„Og hør, du Møller, saa fager og fin,
Sig, vil du male mig Sækken min?"

„Ja, sæt den kun der ved min Dotters Seng,
Der kommer hverken Rotter eller Mus til den."

Men der nu Mørket det faldt fraa,
Begundte den Sæk at krybe og gaa.

„Aa, skynd dig, Fa'er, at tænde et Lys,
Der er Tyve og Røvere i Møllerens Hus!"

„Og hør, skøn Jomfru, saa fager og fin,
Sig, vil du være Allerkæresten min?"

„Aa, skynd dig, Fa'er, at slukke det Lys,
Det var bare ev Kat, der fanged en Mus."

Men Kællingen, der henne i Bænken laa,
Hun sa'e: Naa, den Kat havde nok Støvler paa!"

The Three Rascals

Three schemers stood scheming together one fine day;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi diddle dee!
To the miller's fair daughter they sought to take their way,
Haughty Adelus!

Big fat mouse
Lives in the house;
Hi diddle, hi diddle, hi diddle dee!
Chrestomany, for slipper slapper slip,
For ceremony!

Then two took the third and they stuffed him in a sack;
And straight to the miller's they bore their curious pack.

"O hear, master miller, so handsome and so gay,
Wilt grind me the corn that I bring to thee today?"

"Ay, set you the sack by my daughter's chamber there,
Where no rats or mice will come its web to tear."

But when night came on and the shadows thick did fall,
The sack went a-creeping and moving through the hall.

"O father, get up now and quickly make a light;
For robbers and thieves, they have come to us by night."

Then soft spake the lad: "O thou maiden fair and fine,
Make answer and tell me if thou wilt now be mine."

"O father, get up now and darken all the house;
'Twas only a cat that was here, and killed a mouse."

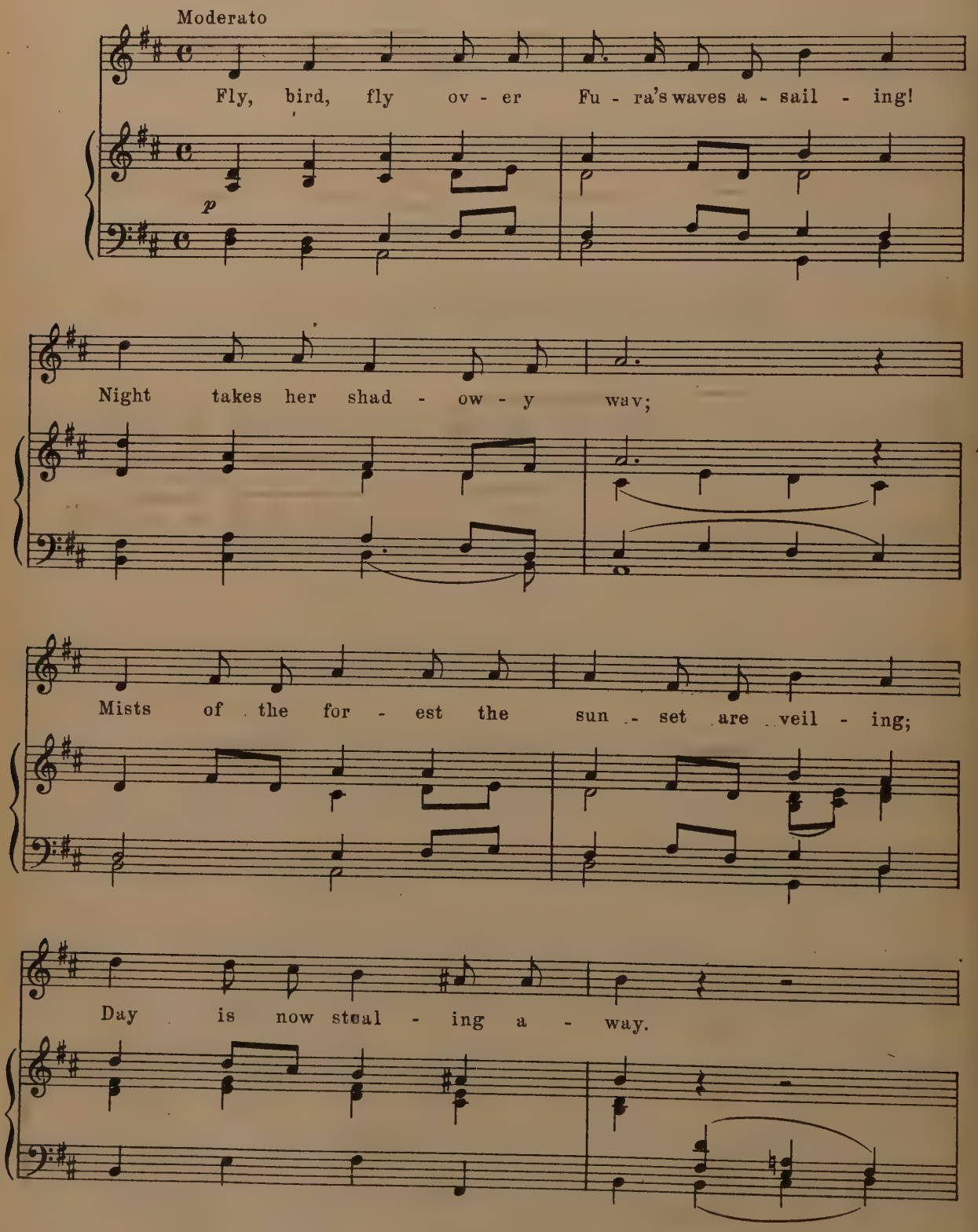
Then up spake her aunt, "Ay, my brother, that is so;
But this Puss-in-Boots had his slippers on, you know."

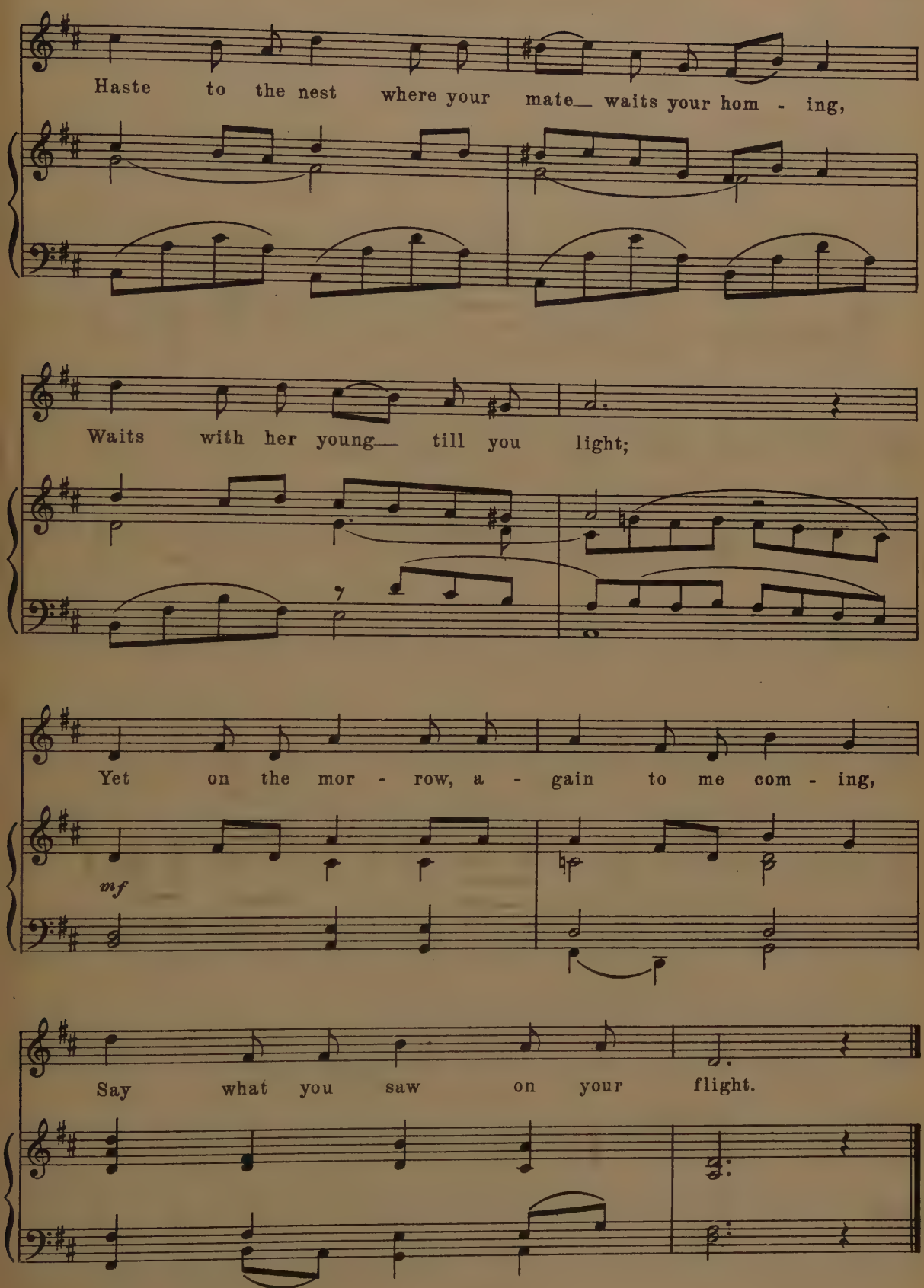
Translation by
WILLIAM LYNDON WRIGHT

FLY, BIRD, FLY

English version by
Frederick H. Martens

Music by
J. P. E. Hartmann


Moderato
Fly, bird, fly ov - er Fu - ra's waves a - sail - ing!
p
Night takes her shad - ow - y way;
Mists of the for - est the sun - set are veil - ing;
Day is now steal - ing a - way.


Haste to the nest where your mate waits your hom - ing,
Waits with her young till you light;
Yet on the mor - row, a - gain to me com - ing,
mf
Say what you saw on your flight.

Flyv, Fugl, Flyv!

Flyv, Fugl, flyv over Furesøens Vove,
Nu kommer Natten saa sort;
Alt ligger Sol bag de dæmrende Skove,
Dagen den lister sig bort.
Skynd dig nu hjem til din fjedrede Mage,
Til de gulnæbbede Smaa;
Men naar i Morgen du kommer tilbage,
Sig mig saa alt, hvad du saa.

Flyv, Fugl, flyv over Furesøens Vande,
Langt, langt bort i det Blaa!
Ensomt i Skoven ved fjerneste Strande
Ser du min Favre at gaa.
Gulbrune Lokker, som flagre i Vinden,
Let er hun, rank som et Ax,
Øjet er sort, of Roser har Kinden,
Ak, du kan kende hende strax.

CHR. WINTHER

Fly, Bird, Fly

Fly, bird, fly over Fura's waves a-sailing!
Night takes her shadowy way;
Mists of the forest the sunset are veiling;
Day now is stealing away.
Haste to the nest where your mate waits your homing,
Waits with her young till you light;
Yet on the morrow, again to me coming,
Say what you saw on your flight.

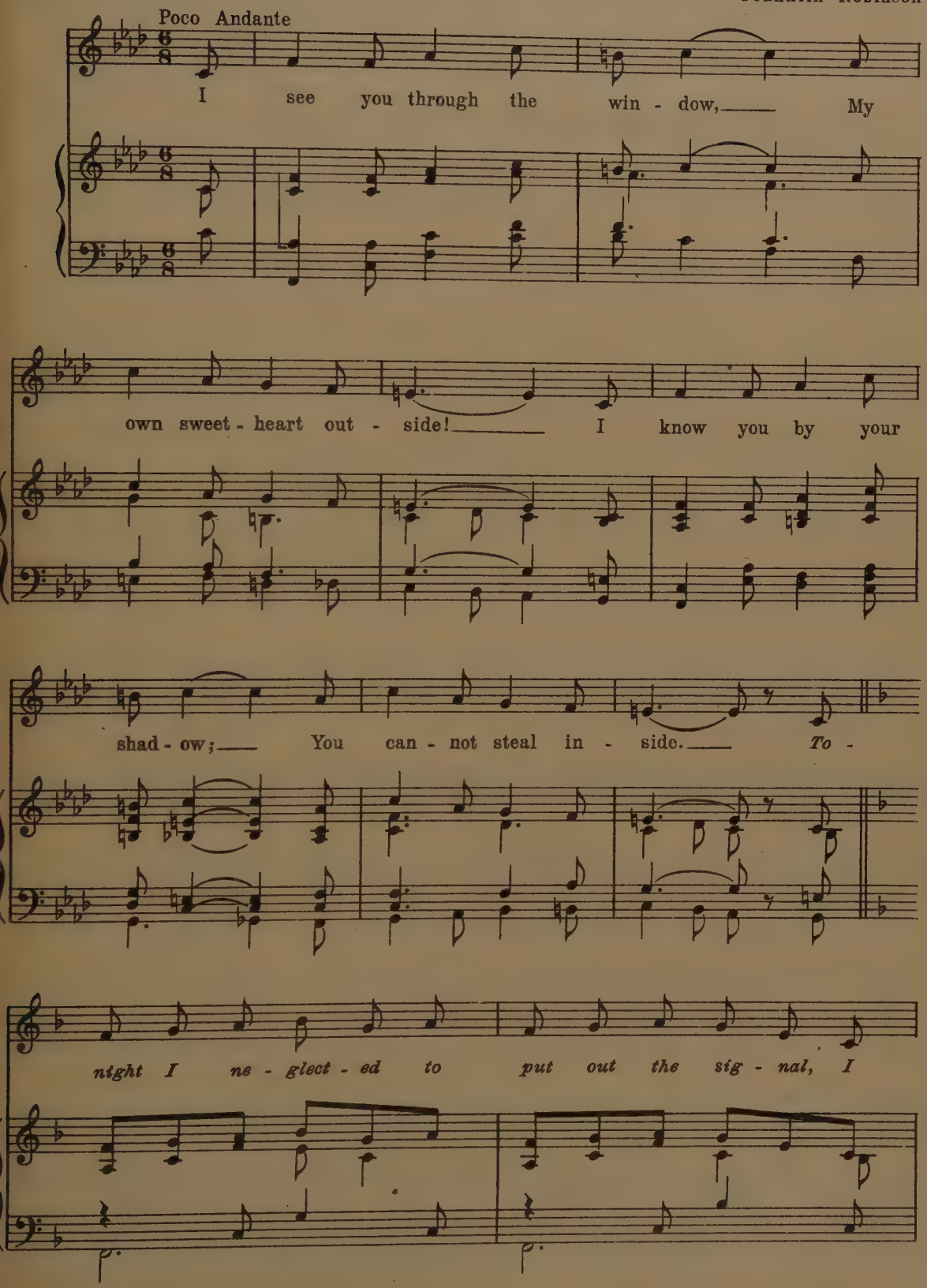
Fly, bird, fly over Fura's waves ascending,
Fly into blue realms of air;
Far lies a strand where the green woods are ending;
Lonely, my love walketh there.
Locks golden-brown, in the sea breezes blowing,
Light footed, straight as the grain,
Eyes dark as night, in her cheeks roses growing—
Ah, you will know her again!

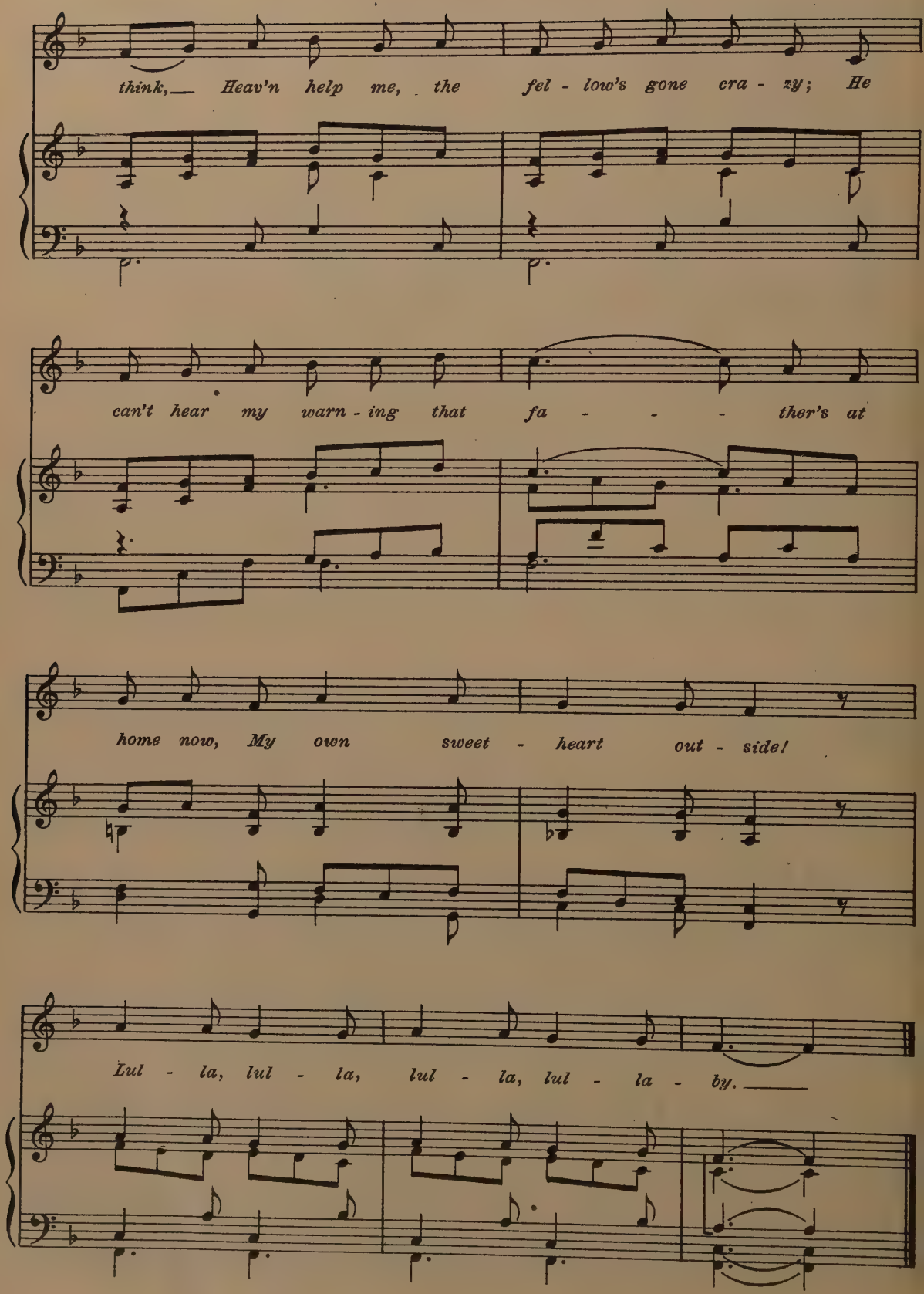
English version by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

I SEE YOU THROUGH THE WINDOW

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Poco Andante
I see you through the win - dow, My
own sweet - heart out - side! I know you by your
shad - ow; You can - not steal in - side. To -
night I ne - glect - ed to put out the sig - nal, I


think, Heav'n help me, the fel - low's gone cra - zy; He
can't hear my warn - ing that fa - - - ther's at
home now, My own sweet - heart out - side!
Lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by.

Eg Seer Deg Ut Før Gluggjin

Eg seer deg ut før gluggjin,
—Kjær søte vennen min!—
Eg kjenner deg paa skuggjin,
Du kann 'kje sleppa inn.

I kvell eg gløymde no kubbin aa reisa,
Eg meiner, den guten æ bindande galin,
Som inkje kann høyra, at far han æ heime—
—Kjær søte vennen min!
Suril, suril, suril, suril lei.

Aa fryse du paa føte,
—Kjær søte vennen min!—
I fjose stend skaali med fløte,
Der kann du sleppa inn.

I morna fyrr hanin gjele,
—Kjær søte vennen min!—
Ligg far bort mæ kvenne aa mele:
Daa kann du sleppa inn.

I See You Through the Window

I see you through the window,
My own sweetheart outside!
I know you by your shadow;
You cannot steal inside.

To-night I neglected to put out the signal,
I think, Heav'n help me, the fellow's gone crazy;
He can't hear my warning that father's at home now,
My own sweetheart outside!
Lulla, lulla, lulla, lullaby.

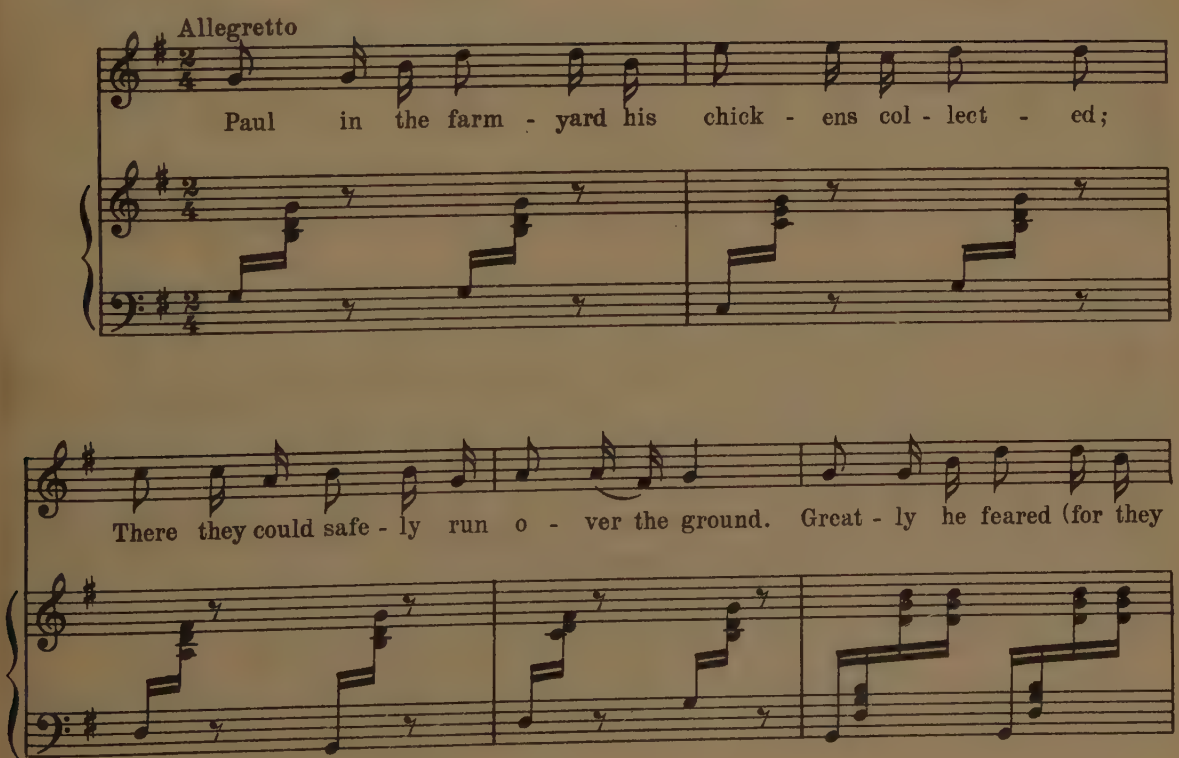
O are your poor feet freezing,
My own sweetheart outside?
Then hie you to the stable;
There you can get inside.

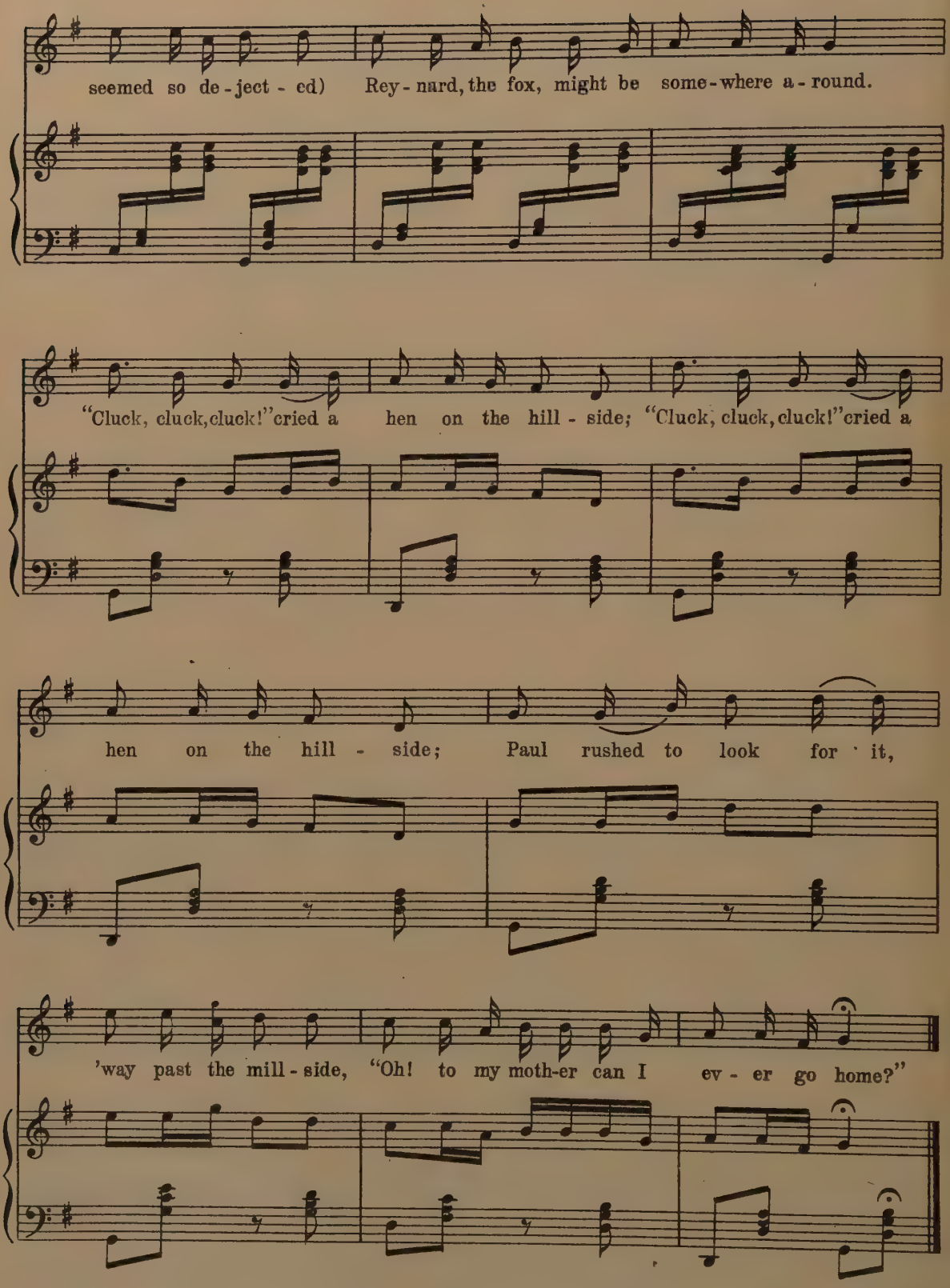
By cockcrow in the morning,
My own sweetheart outside,
Off with the grist goes father,
Then you can slip inside.

Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

English version by
Anna Mathewson

PAUL ON THE HILL


Allegretto
Paul in the farm - yard his chick - ens col - lect - ed;
There they could safe - ly run o - ver the ground. Great - ly he feared (for they


seemed so de - ject - ed) Rey - nard, the fox, might be some - where a - round.
"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" cried a hen on the hill - side; "Cluck, cluck, cluck!" cried a
hen on the hill - side; Paul rushed to look for it,
'way past the mill - side, "Oh! to my moth-er can I ev - er go home?"

Paal Paa Hougje

Paal sine høno paa haugan utslepte,
Hønun saa lett over haugan sprang;
Paal kunne væl paa hønun fornema
Ræven va ute mæ rumpa saa lang.
Kluk, kluk, kluk, sa' høna paa haugom;]2
Paal han sprang og rengde mæ augom;
„Naa tor' e inkje koma heim aat'n mor!"

Paal han gjekk se lit' lenger paa haugjen,
Fekk han sjaa ræven laag paa høna aa gnog;
Paal han tok se ein stein uti neve,
Dugle han da te ræven slog;
Ræven flaug, saa rumpa has riste;]2
Paal han gret for høna, han miste;
„Naa tor' e inkje koma heim aat'n mor!

„Hadd' e naa nebb aa hadd' e naa klø
Aa viste bare, kor ræven' laag,
Skuld' e dom baade rispe aa klore
Framma te nakkjen aa bak over laar.
Skam faa alle rævann raue!]2
Gu' gjev at døm alle va daue!
Saa skuld' e koma heim aat'n mor!

„Inkje kan ho verpe aa inkje kan ho gaala,
Inkje kan ho krype aa inkje kann ho gaa!
E fæ gaa mæ aat kvenne aa maala,
Aa faa att mjøle, e miste igaar!
Men pyt!" sa'n Paal, „e æ inkje bangen;]2
Kjeften aa mote ha hjelpt naa saa mangen,
E tor' nok væl koma heim aat'n mor!"

Paal han konne paa kvenne te aa sleppe,
Saa at dæ ljoma i kor ein vegg,
Saa at agnan tok te aa flyge,
Aa dei vart lange som geiteragg.
Paal han gav se te læ aa te knoggje:]2
„Naa fekk e like for høna aa for egge,
Naa tor' e trygt koma heim aat'n mor!"

Paul on the Hill

Paul in the farm-yard his chickens collected;
There they could safely run over the ground.
Greatly he feared (for they seemed so dejected)
Reynard, the fox, might be somewhere around.
"Cluck, cluck, cluck!" cried a hen on the hill-side;]2
Paul rushed to look for it, 'way past the mill-side,
"Oh! to my mother can I ever go home?"

Paul tried the harder his running to quicken,
Soon came in sight of the wicked old fox,
Having a feast of the runaway chicken;
Paul hit him hard with a handful of rocks.
Off ran Reynard, his long tail a-flying;]2
Paul for the chicken was bitterly crying,
"Now to my mother I can never go home.

"Had I a beak and some claws made for scratching,
If I but knew where the fox had his den
Ah, what a punishment he would be catching,
Ripping and tearing, again and again!
Shame on foxes and other beasts like them,]2
May a kind Heaven with death quickly strike them!
Then to my mother I could safely go home.

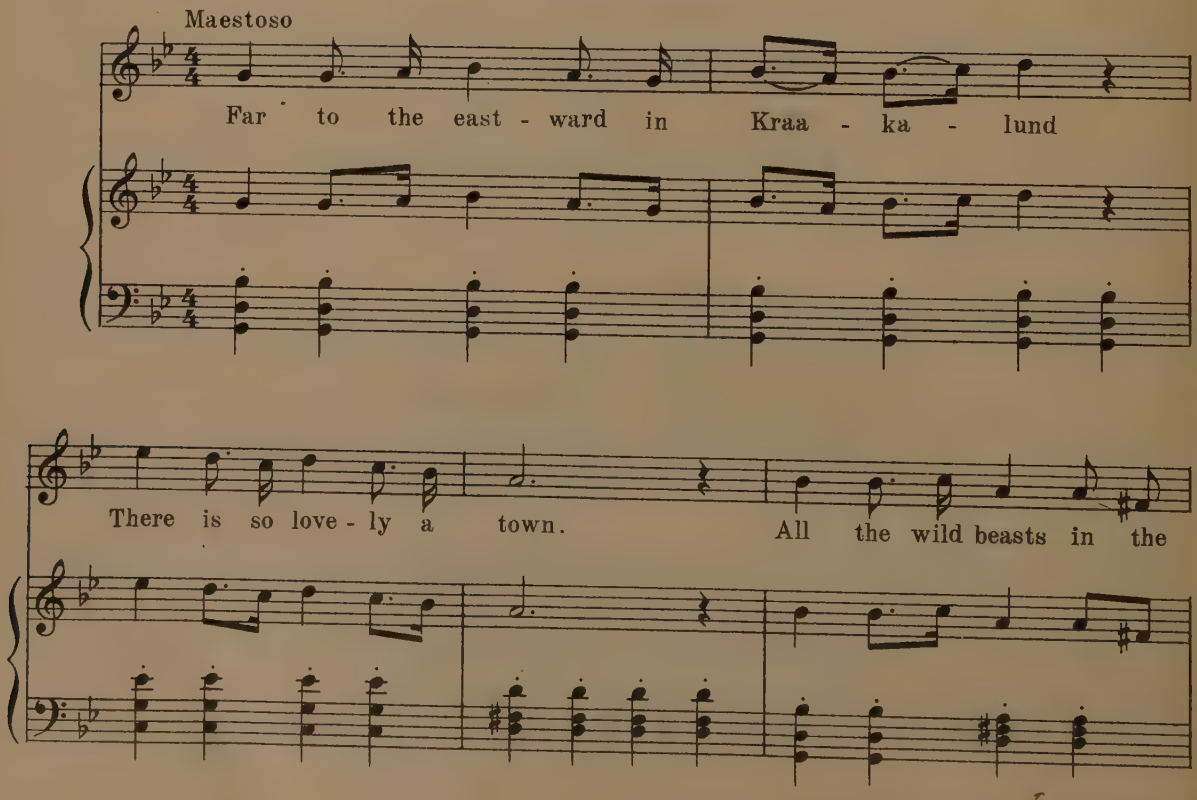
"Poor little chicken! No eggs she'll be laying,
Nevermore cackle or wander at will.
Here on the hill there's no use in my staying;
So I will go to my work at the mill.
Pooh, pooh, pooh! where's the need to be frightened?]2
Words, big and bold, many dangers have lightened,
Maybe to mother I shall dare to go home."

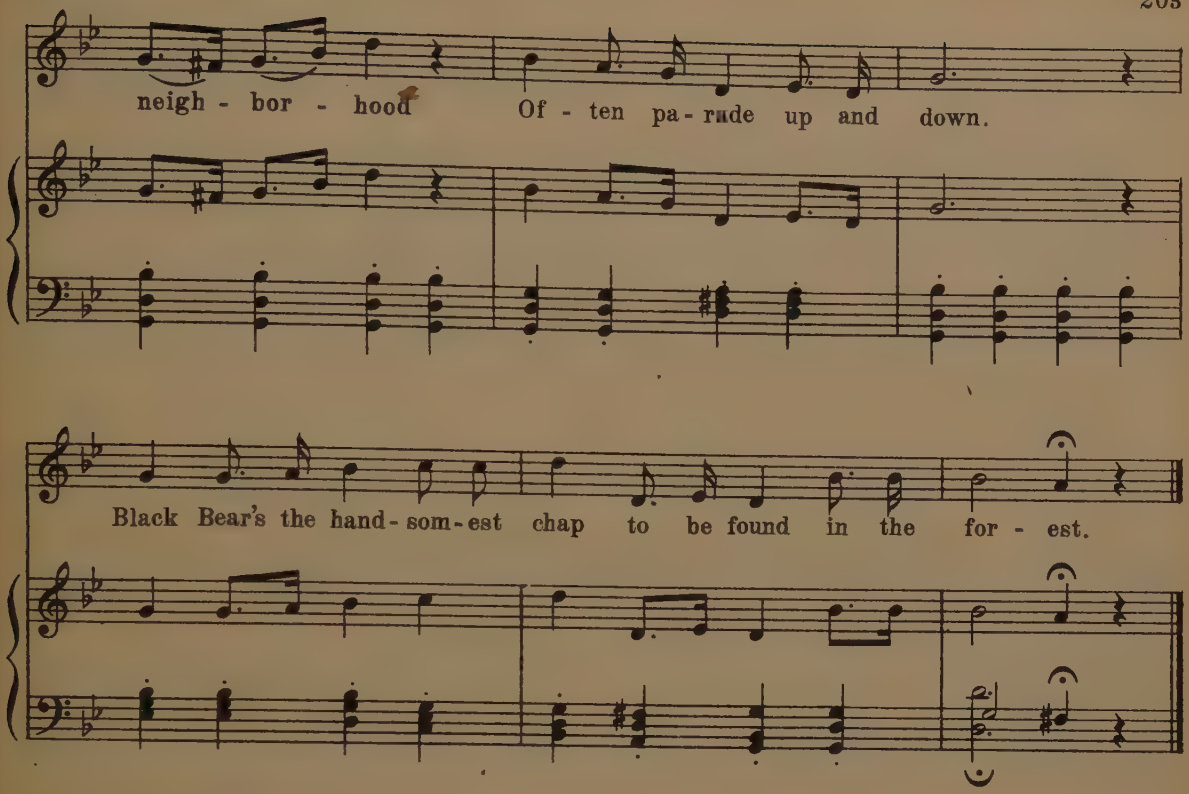
Paul at the mill soon was busily plying,
Grinding the grain he had brought with him there;
Loud was the racket and all around flying
Chaff that was long as a nanny-goat's hair.
"Ha ha ha! I've a notion that's funny,]2
Pay for the hen with my flour for good money,—
Now to my mother I can safely go home!"

English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

IN KRAAKALUND





Kraakalund

Langt i auster i Kraakalund
Der er saa fagre en by;
Alle dei dyr i varinal
Ofte er deruti.
Bjørnen er deiraste yppaste kar uti skegen.

In Kraakalund

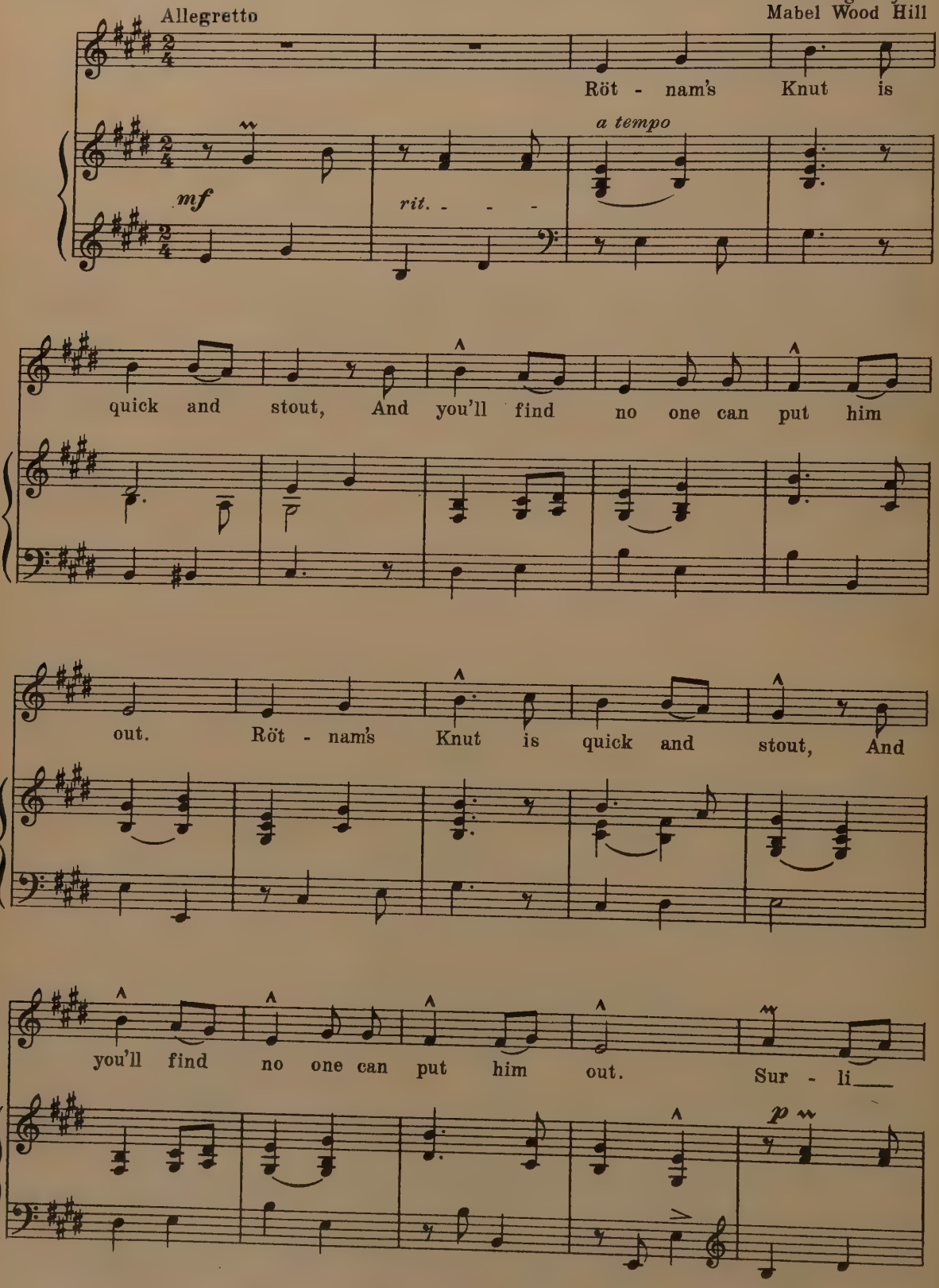
Far to the eastward in Kraakalund
There is so lovely a town.
All the wild beasts in the neighborhood
Often parade up and down.
Black Bear's the handsomest chap to be found in the forest.

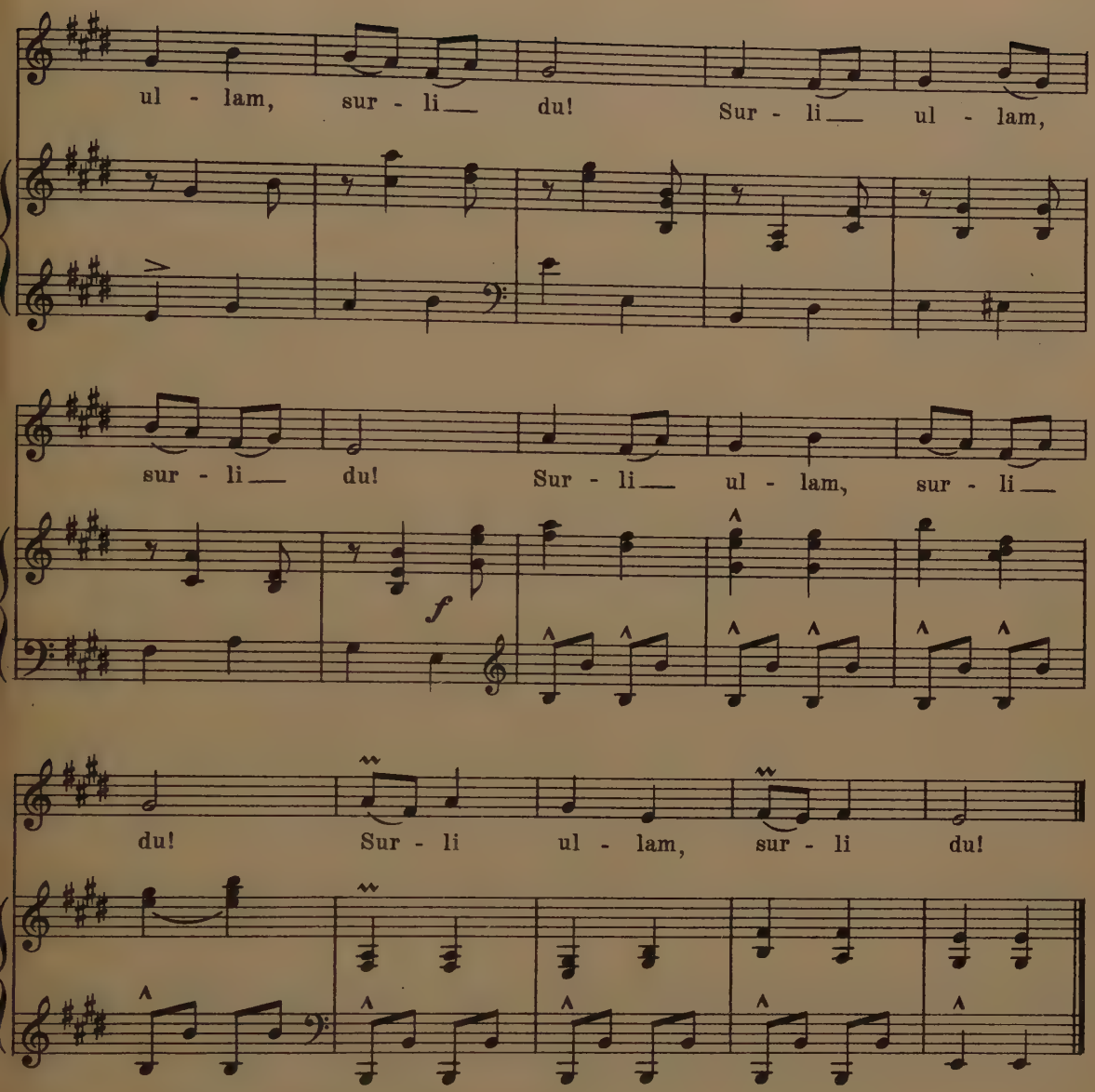
Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

RÖTNAM'S KNUT

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund
Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill


Allegretto
Röt - nam's Knut is
mf
rit. - - -
a tempo
quick and stout, And you'll find no one can put him
out. Röt - nam's Knut is quick and stout, And
you'll find no one can put him out. Sur - li___
p



Røtnam's Knut

Røtnam's Knut e kaat aa mjuk,
Der fins inkje nokon, sò jága'n ut.
Surli ullam, surli du,
Surli ullam, surli du.

Rötnam's Knut

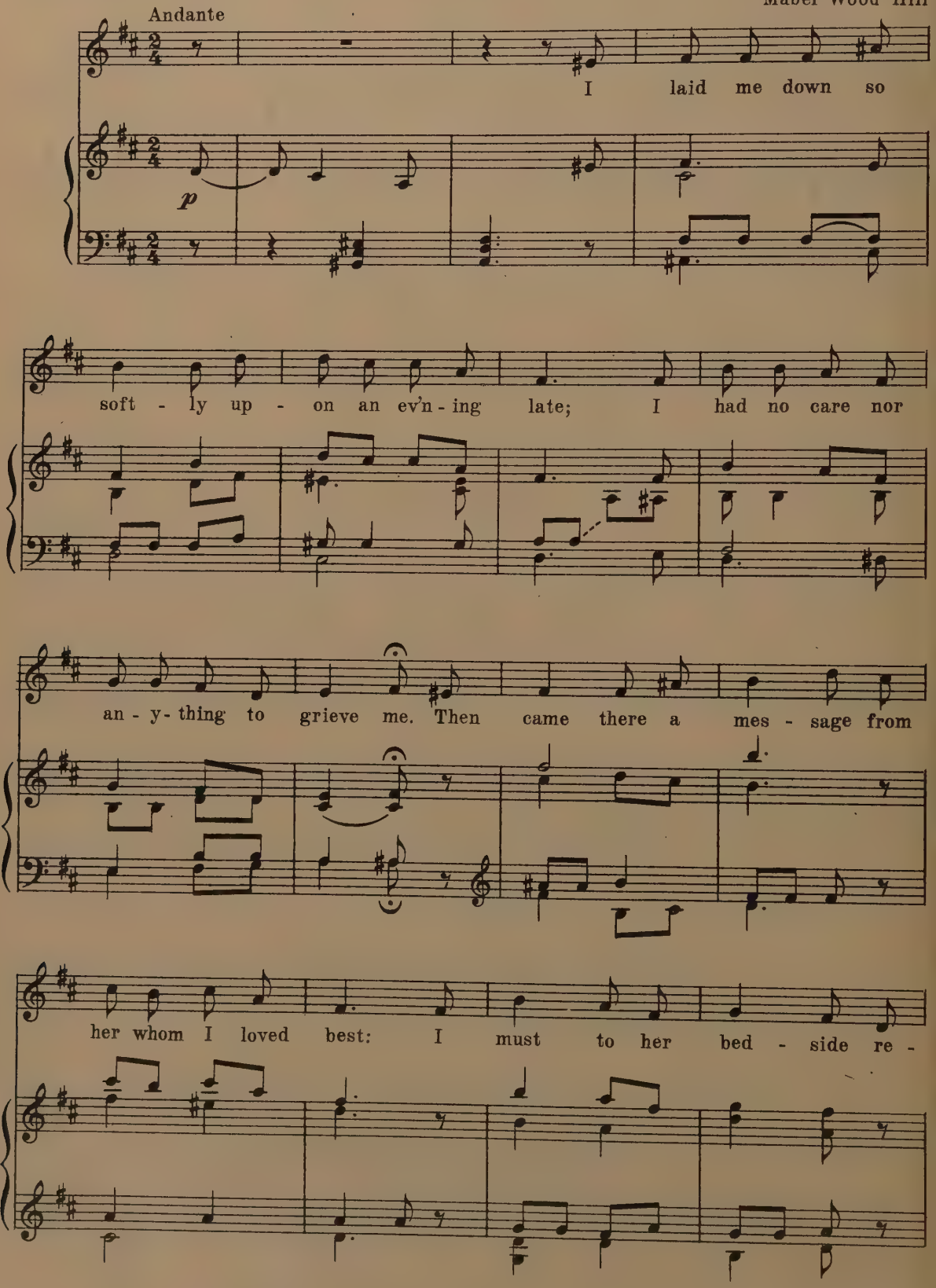
Rötnam's Knut is quick and stout,
And you'll find no one can put him out.
Surli ullam, surli du!
Surli ullam, surli du!

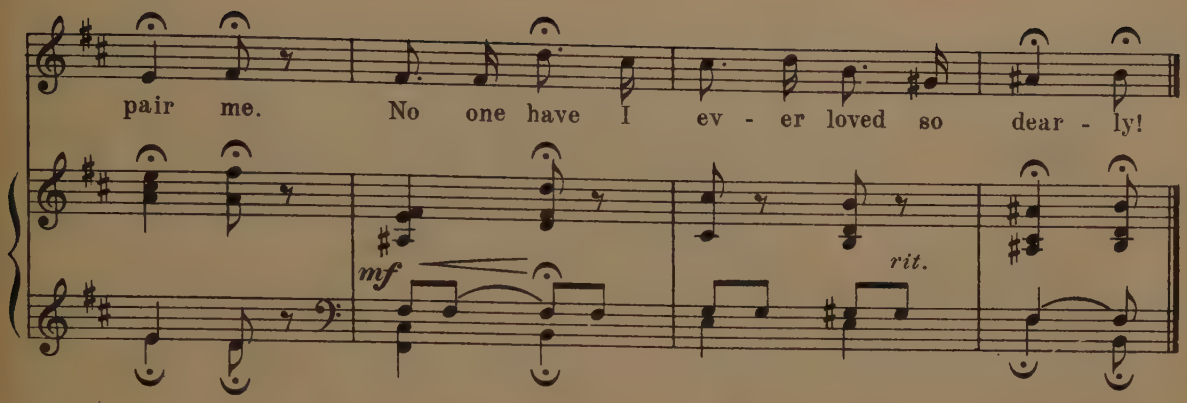
Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

I LAID ME DOWN SO SOFTLY

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund
Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill


Andante
I laid me down so
p
soft - ly up - on an ev'n - ing late; I had no care nor
an - y - thing to grieve me. Then came there a mes - sage from
her whom I loved best: I must to her bed - side re -



Jeg Lagde Mig Saa Sildig

Jeg lagde mig saa sildig alt sent om en kveld,
Jeg vidste ingen kvide til at have;
Saa kom der da bud ifra kjæresten min,
Jeg maatte til hende vel fare.
Ingen har man elsket over hende!

Saa ganger jeg mig op i højen loft,
Som jeg plejed van til at gjøre,
Der stander de jomfruer alt udi flok
Og klæde min kjærest til døde.
Ingen har man elsket over hende!

Saa gik jeg mig ud paa grønnen eng,
Der hørte jeg de klokker at ringe;
Ej andet jeg vidste, ej andet jeg fornam,
End hjertet i stykker vilde springe.
Ingen har man elsket over hende!

FRA VAAGE

I Laid Me Down So Softly

I laid me down so softly upon an ev'ning late;
I had no care nor anything to grieve me.
Then came there a message from her whom I loved best:
I must to her bedside repair me.
No one have I ever loved so dearly!

Then quickly I ascended unto her lofty room,
As often with gay spirits I had done so.
There stood the handmaidens, a gruesome company,
A-dressing my sweetheart for her burial.
No one have I ever loved so dearly!

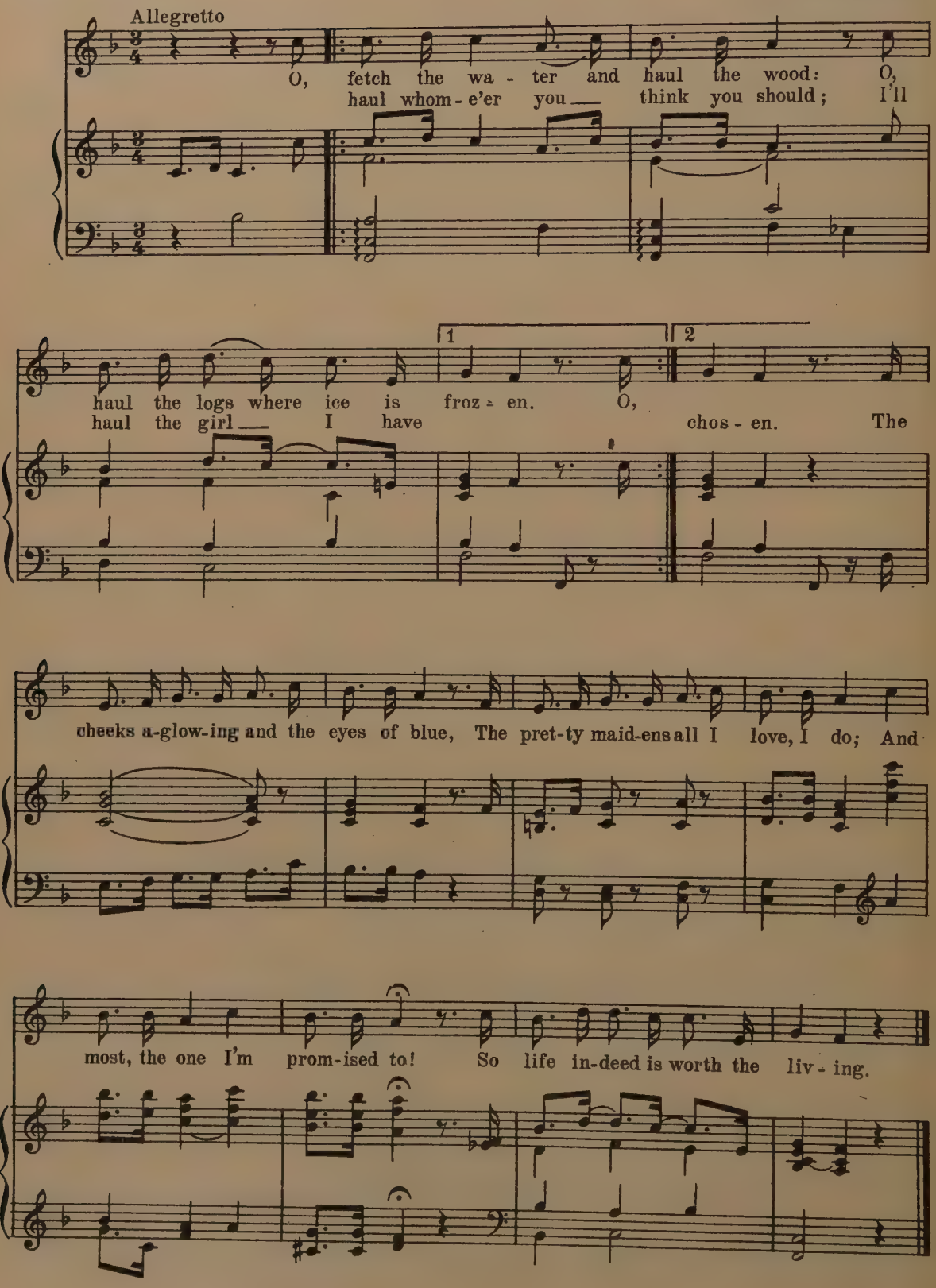
Then forth fared I sadly upon the heath so green,
And here I heard the church bell a-tolling.
I knew nothing more, save that it seemed to me
The heart in my bosom was breaking;
No one have I ever loved so dearly!

Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

O FETCH THE WATER

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund
Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill


Allegretto
O, fetch the wa - ter and haul the wood: O,
haul whom - e'er you think you should; I'll
1
2
haul the logs where ice is froz - en. O,
haul the girl I have chos - en. The
cheeks a-glow-ing and the eyes of blue, The pret-ty maid-ens all I love, I do; And
most, the one I'm prom-ised to! So life in-deed is worth the liv - ing.

Aa Kjøre Vatten Aa Kjøre Ve'

Aa kjøre vatten, aa kjøre ve',
Aa kjøre tømmer over heia!
Aa kjøre va døm kjøre vi',
Je kjører gjenta mi eia.
De røde roser aa de øine blaa,
De vakre gjenter haaller je utaa,
Helst naar je faar den, je vi' ha,
Saa ær 'e marrosomt aa leva.

O Fetch the Water

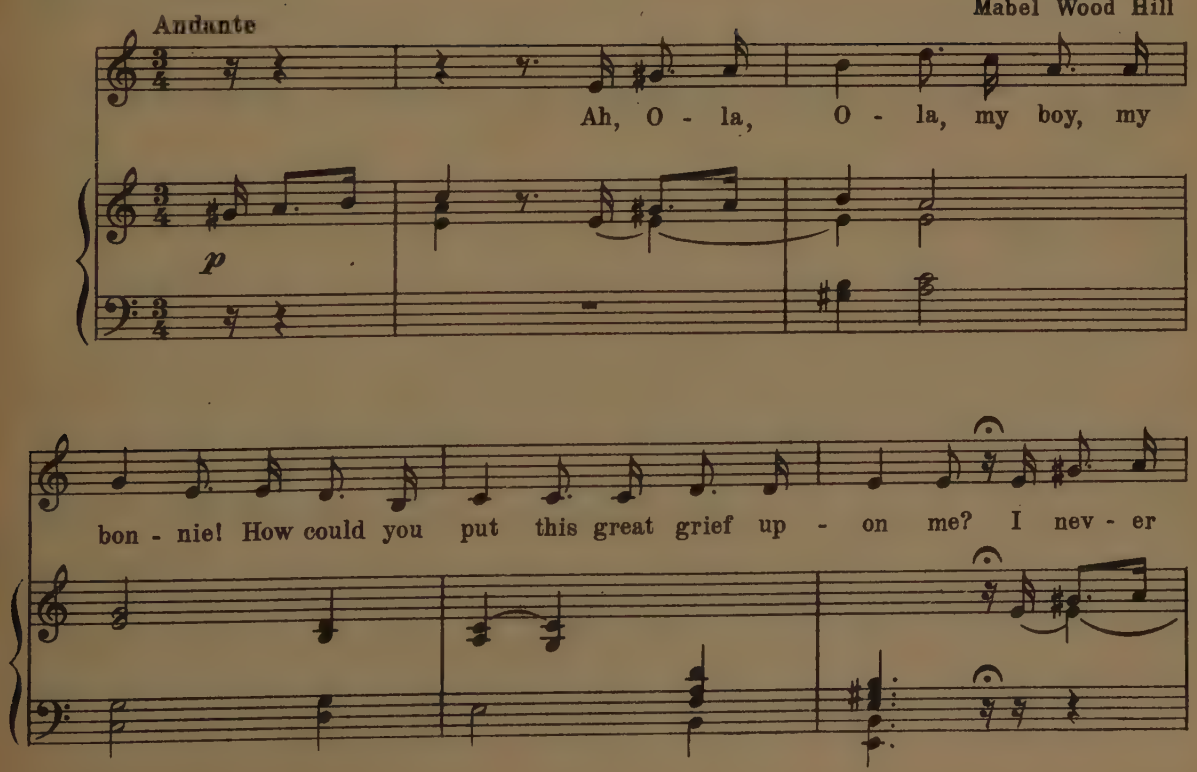
O fetch the water and haul the wood!
O haul the logs where ice is frozen.
O haul whome'er you think you should;
I'll haul the girl I have chosen.
The cheeks a-glowing and the eyes of blue,
The pretty maidens all I love, I do,
And most, the one I'm promised to!
So life indeed is worth the living.

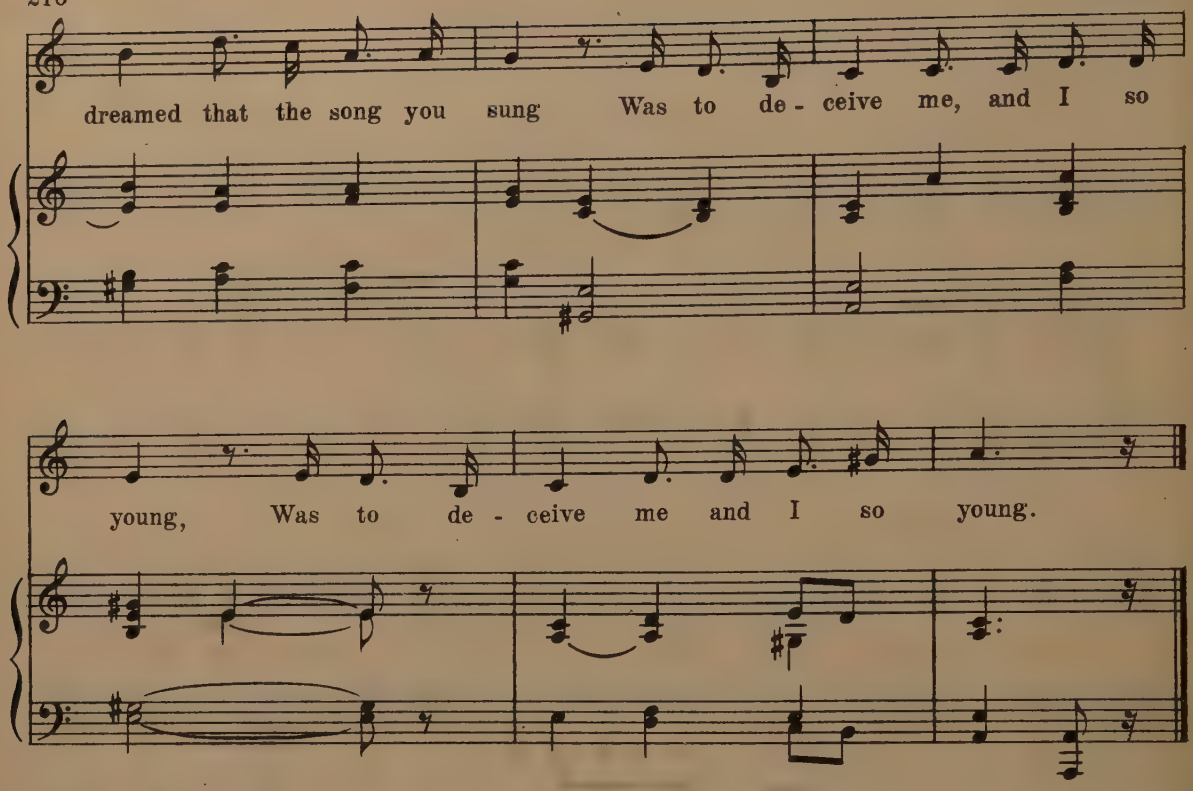
Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

AH, OLA, OLA

Translation by
Miles M. Dawson

As sung by
Charlotte Lund
Arranged by
Mabel Wood Hill





Aa Ola, Ola

Aa Ola, Ola, min eien onge!
Kvila du paa meg den sorg saa tonge?
Eg tenkte aldrem du brydd' deg om,
Aa narre meg, som du saa va' ong.

Ah, Ola, Ola

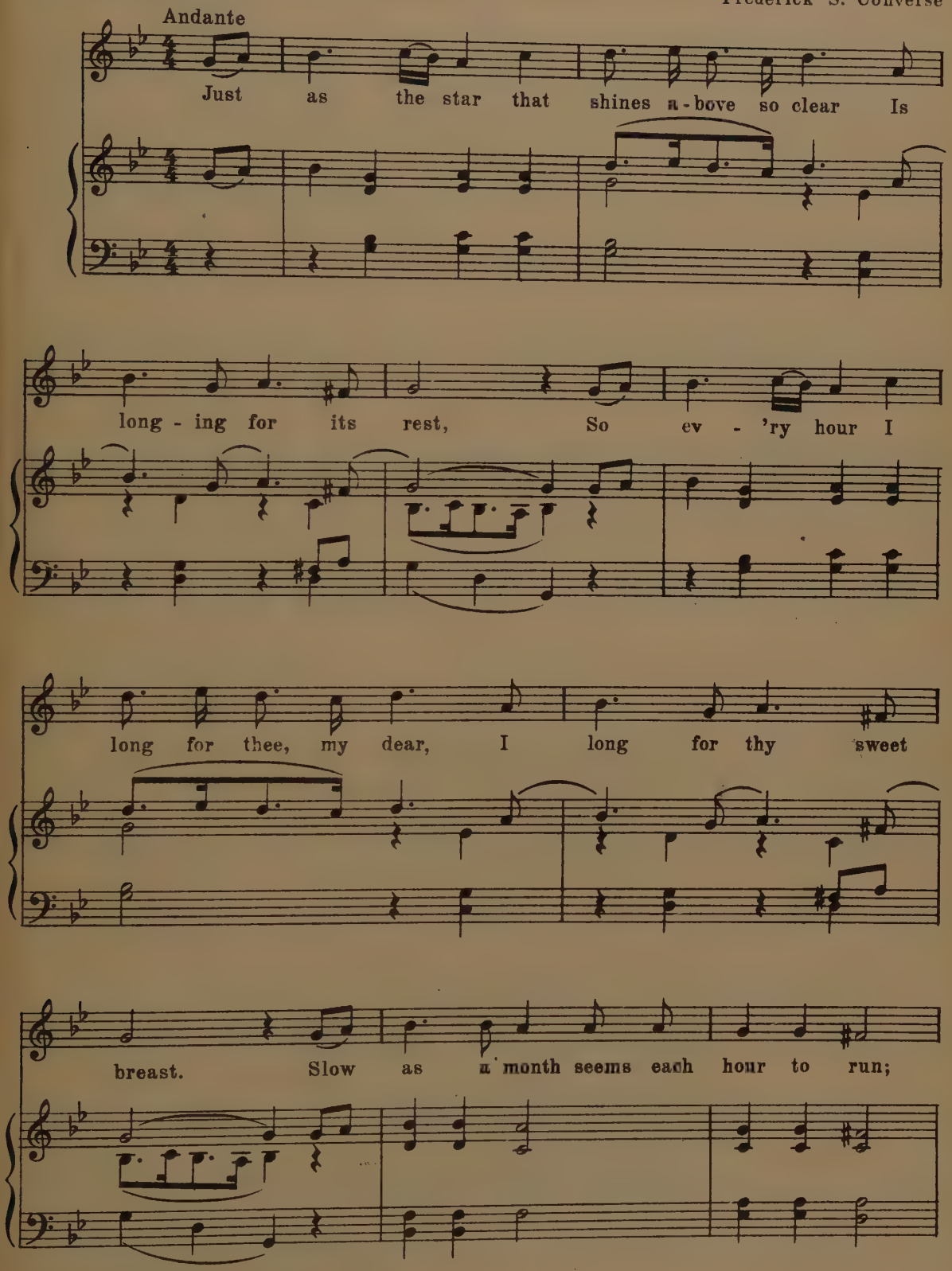
Ah, Ola, Ola, my boy, my bonnie!
How could you put this great grief upon me?
I never dreamed that the song you sung
Was to deceive me, and I, so young.

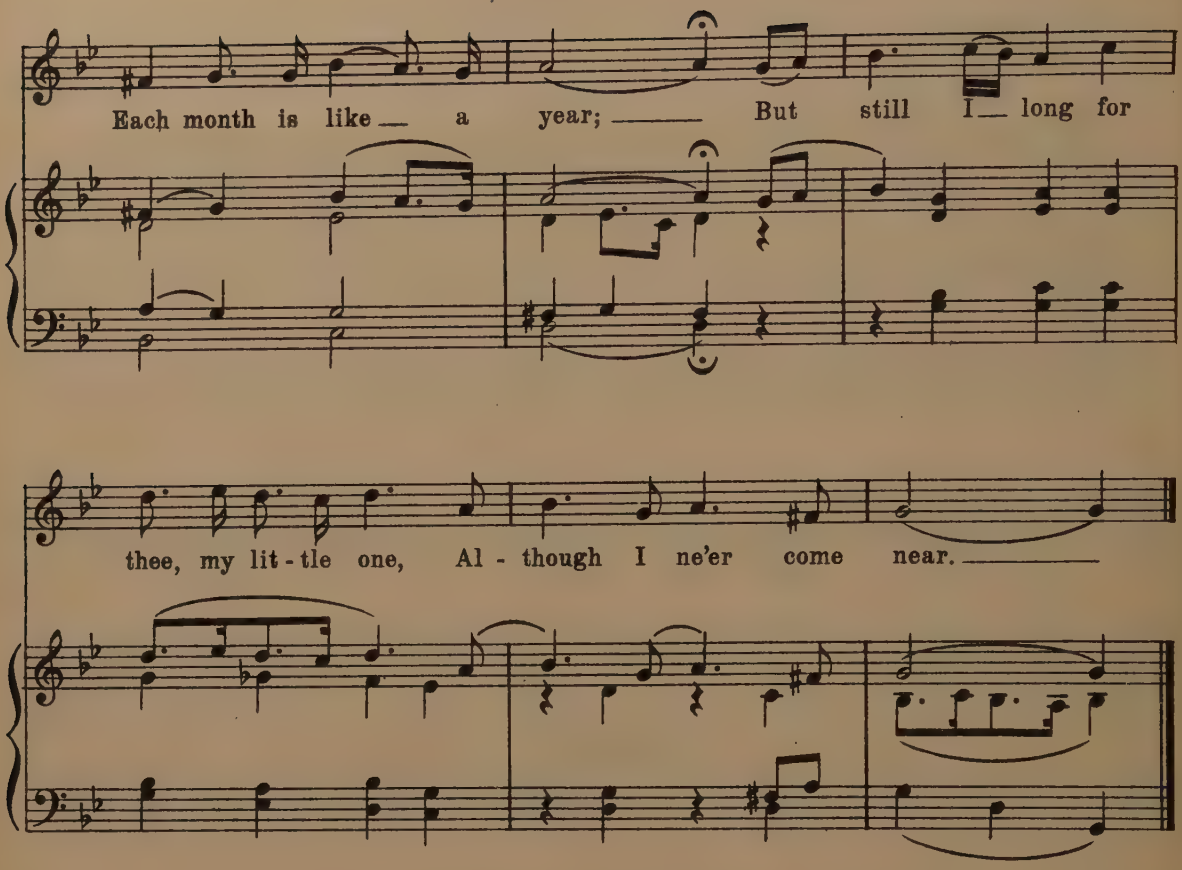
Translation by
MILES M. DAWSON

AS THE STAR

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Frederick S. Converse


Andante
Just as the star that shines a-bove so clear Is
long-ing for its rest, So ev-'ry hour I
long for thee, my dear, I long for thy sweet
breast. Slow as a month seems each hour to run;



Som stjärnan

Som stjärnan uppå himmelen så klar
Hon längtar till sitt rum,
Så längtar jag till dig, min lilla vän,
Hvar timma och hvar stund.
Hvar timma är som en månad lång,
En månad som ett år.
Så längtar jag till dig, min lilla vän,
Fast jag dig aldrig får.

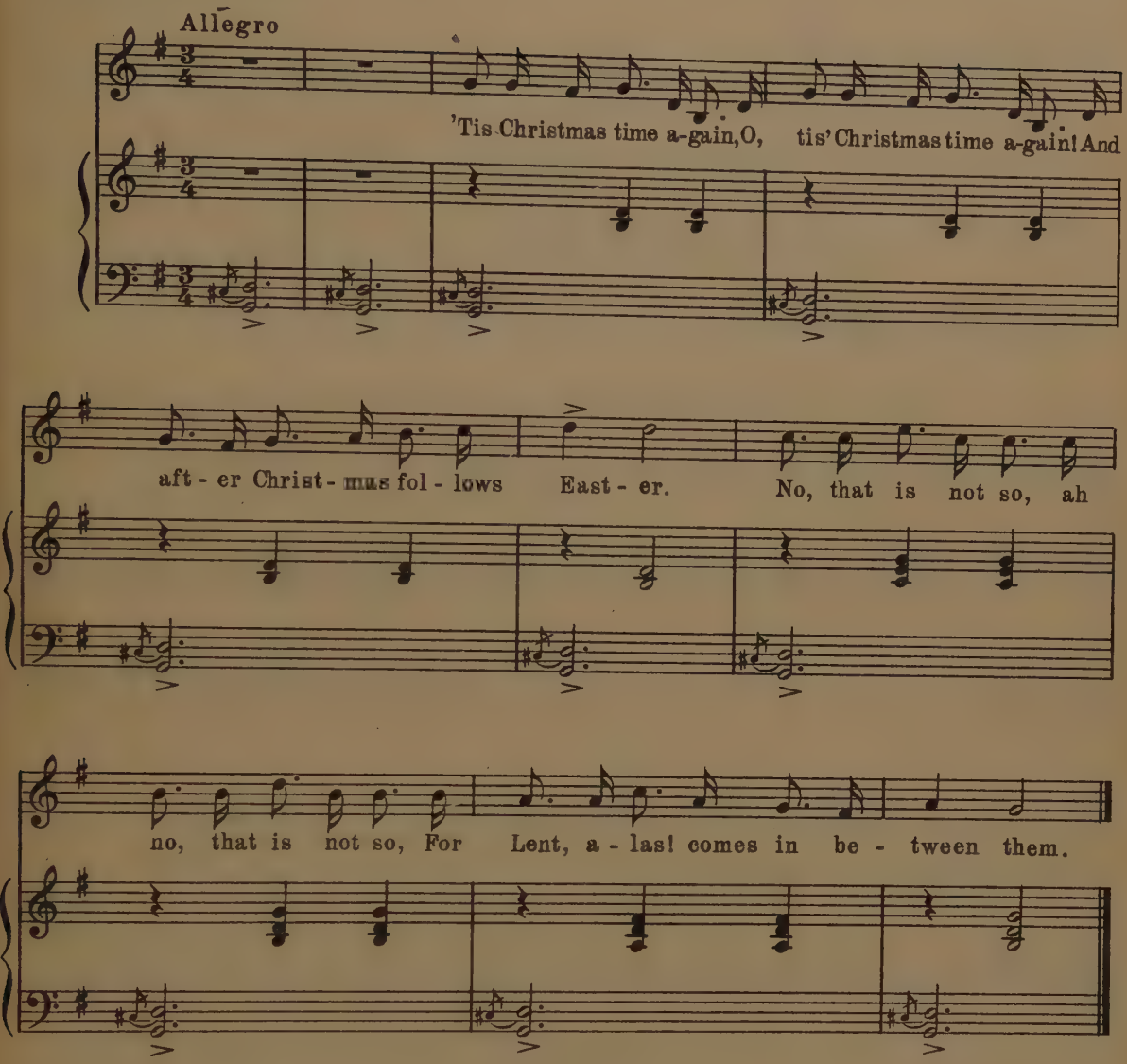
As the Star

Just as the star that shines above so clear
Is longing for its rest,
So every hour I long for thee, my dear,
I long for thy sweet breast.
Slow as a month seems each hour to run;
Each month is like a year;
But still I long for thee, my little one,
Although I ne'er come near.

Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

CHRISTMAS POLKA

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork


Allegro
'Tis Christmas time a-gain, O, tis' Christmas time a-gain! And
aft - er Christ - mas fol - lows East - er. No, that is not so, ah
no, that is not so, For Lent, a - las! comes in be - tween them.

Jul Polska

Nu är det Jul igen, och nu är det Jul igen
Och Julen varar väl till Påska.
Det var inte sant, och det var inte sant,
Ty efter Julen kommer Fastan.

Christmas Polka

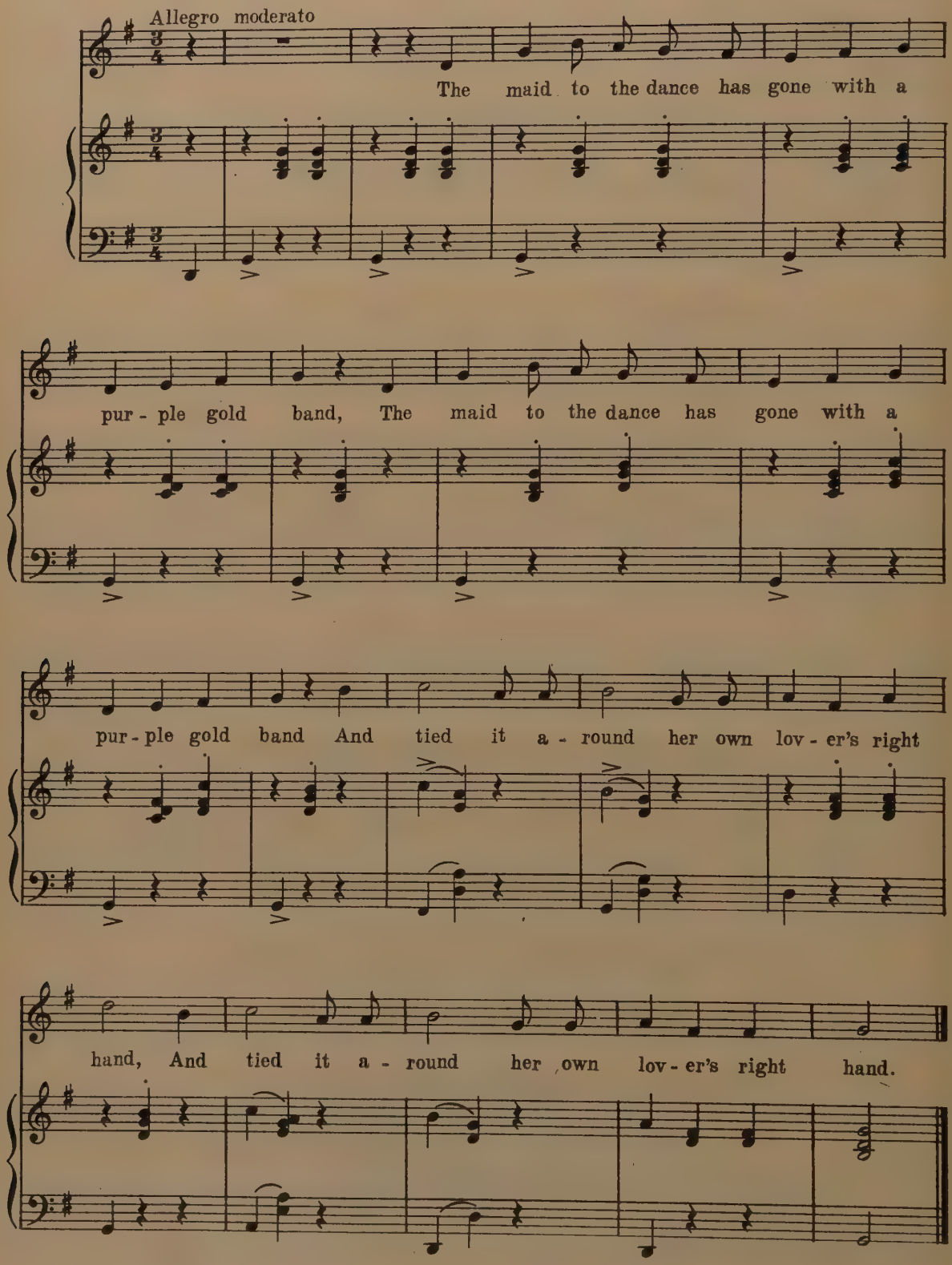
'Tis Christmas time again, O 'tis Christmas time again!
And after Christmas follows Easter.
No, that is not so, ah no, that is not so,
For Lent, alas! comes in between them.

Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

THE PURPLE GOLD RIBBON

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Dance song


Allegro moderato
The maid to the dance has gone with a
pur - ple gold band, The maid to the dance has gone with a
pur - ple gold band And tied it a - round her own lov - er's right
hand, And tied it a - round her own lov - er's right hand.

Rödan Guldband

Och flickan hon går i dansen med rödan guldband,
Det binder hon om allrakärestans hand.

Ack, kära min lilla flicka, bind inte så hårdt;
Jag ärnar visst inte att rymma långt bort.

Och jungfrun hon går och löser på rödan guldband,
Så räcker hon kär'stan snöhvitan hand.

Så hasteligt denna gossen ur dansen försvann,
De sökte efter honom i hela det land;

De sköto efter honom med femton gevär,
De sporde efter honom båd fjärran och när.

"Säg, vill du mig något, så har du mig här;
Till dig står allt mitt hjärtas begär."

Och nu har jag blifvit gifter, nu har jag fått man,
Den vackraste gosse, som finns i vårt land!

The Purple Gold Ribbon

The maid to the dance has gone with a purple gold band
And tied it around her own lover's right hand.

"O why, dearest little girl, dost thou bind me so tight?
I'll not run away nor go far from thy sight."

Reluctant she loosed the ribbon of purple and gold
And trustfully gave him her white hand to hold.

But quickly her lover slipped from the dance and away;
They searched through the land for a year and a day.

They shot at him with their guns, all fifteen in a row;
They asked for him high, and they asked for him low.

"Say, why are you seeking me, when I'm coming to you?
The thoughts of my heart, dear, have ever been true."

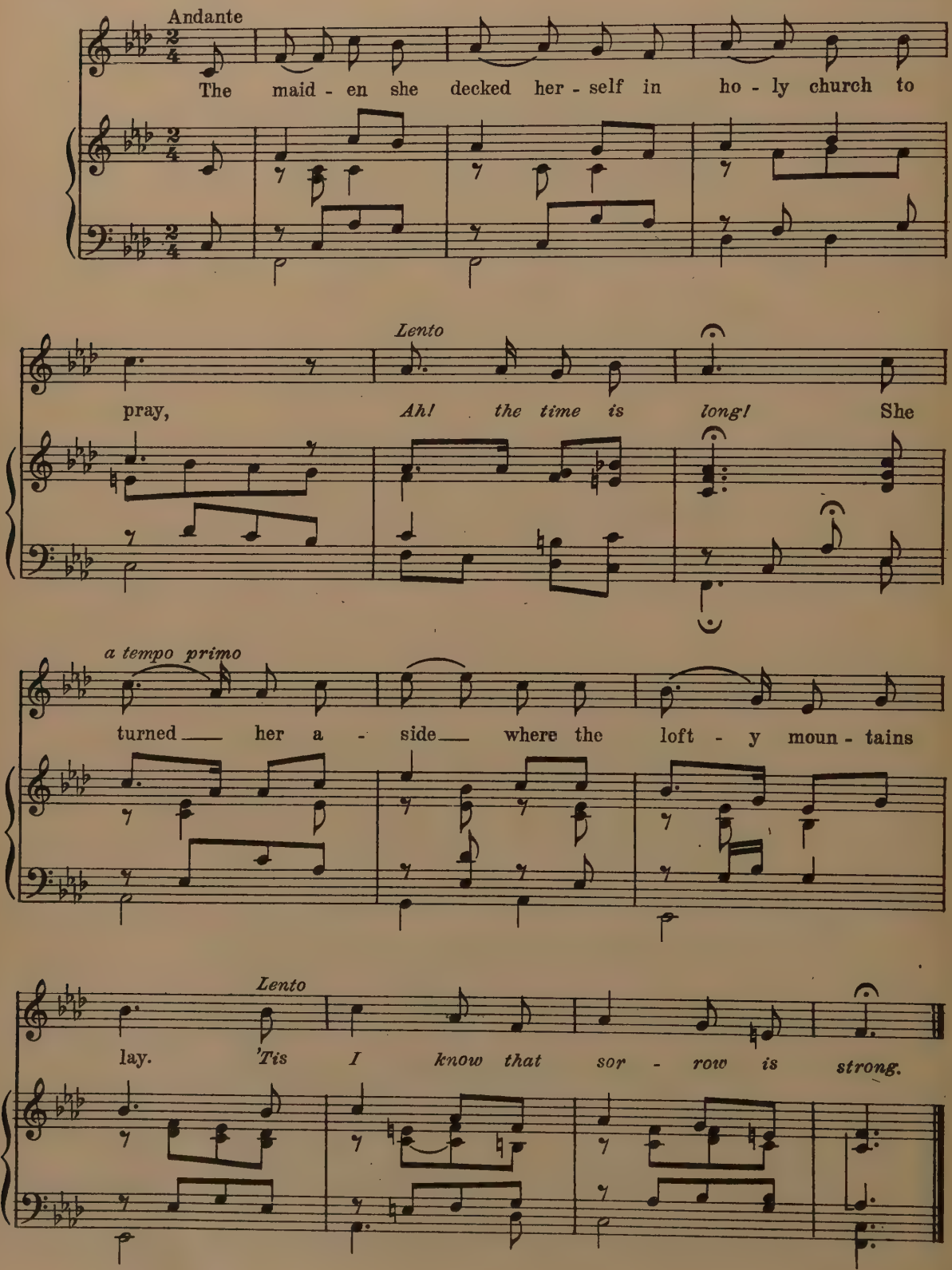
"Now wed am I, with my man and my home and my hearth.
O yes, and the dearest small boy on the earth."

English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

THE MOUNTAIN CAPTIVE

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Andante
The maid - en she decked her - self in ho - ly church to
Lento
pray, Ah! the time is long! She
a tempo primo
turned her a - side where the loft - y moun - tains
Lento
lay. 'Tis I know that sor - row is strong.

Den Bergtagna

Och jungfrun hon skulle sig till ottesången gå;
Tiden görs mig lang.
Så gick hon den vägen, där höga berget låg.
Men jag vet att sorgen är tung.

Hon klappade på bergadörrn med fingrarna de små:
"Statt upp, du höga bergakung, drag låsen ifrå!"

Och upp steg bergakungen, drog låsen ifrå;
Så bar han den bruden i silkessängen blå.

Så var hon i berget i åtta runda år,
Fick sönerna sju och en dotter så båld.

Jungfrun hon gångar sig för bergakungen stå:
"Ack gifve, att jag finge till moder min hemgå!"

"Och nog kan du hem till din moder få gå,
Blott att du ej vill nämna sju barnen de små."

Och när sen' hon kom på sin kära moders gård,
Ute för henne huld-moderen står.

"Och hvar har du varit så långan en tid,
Nu hafver du väl varit uti rosende lid?"

"Och inte har jag varit uti rosende lid:
I berget har jag varit så långan en tid.

"I berget har jag varit i åtta runda år,
Då har jag födt sju söner och en dotter så båld."

Bergakungen in genom dörren steg:
"Hvi står du här och talar så mycket ondt om mig?"

"Och inte har jag talat något ondt om dig,
Men väl om det goda, du gjort emot mig."

"Packa dig på dörren, och låt det ske fort!
Och aldrig skall du komma inför din moders port."

"Farväl, du höga himmel! Farväl du gröna jord!
Nu reser jag till berget, där bergakungen bor."

The Mountain Captive

The maiden she decked herself in holy church to pray,
Ah! the time is long!
She turned her aside where the lofty mountains lay.
'Tis I know that sorrow is strong.

She tapped upon the mountain's gate with fingers so small:
"Rise up, thou mighty mountain king, and open to my call!"

And up rose the mountain king; the bolt then he drew;
Bore with him the maid to his bridal bed of blue.

Eight years in the mountains the maiden she did dwell,
And seven sons she bore there, a daughter fair as well.

The maiden she went and before the king she stood:
"O grant that I may go to my mother so good!"

"Aye, well may'st thou go to thy mother again,
If thou dost not tell of thy seven children then."

And when she had come to her dear mother's home,
Her mother was waiting to see where she did come.

"Where hast thou been, my daughter, this many a day?
And hast thou then tarried in the church for to pray?"

"O no, I have not tarried in the church for to pray,
But I've been in the mountains this many a day.

"For I in the mountains full eight years did dwell,
And seven sons I bore there, a daughter fair as well."

With that the mountain king in the doorway stood he:
"O wherefore art thou talking such evil of me?"

"O I was not telling aught evil of thee,
But rather of the kindness thou didst unto me."

"Get out of this door and betake thee from here,
And never come again to thy own mother dear!"

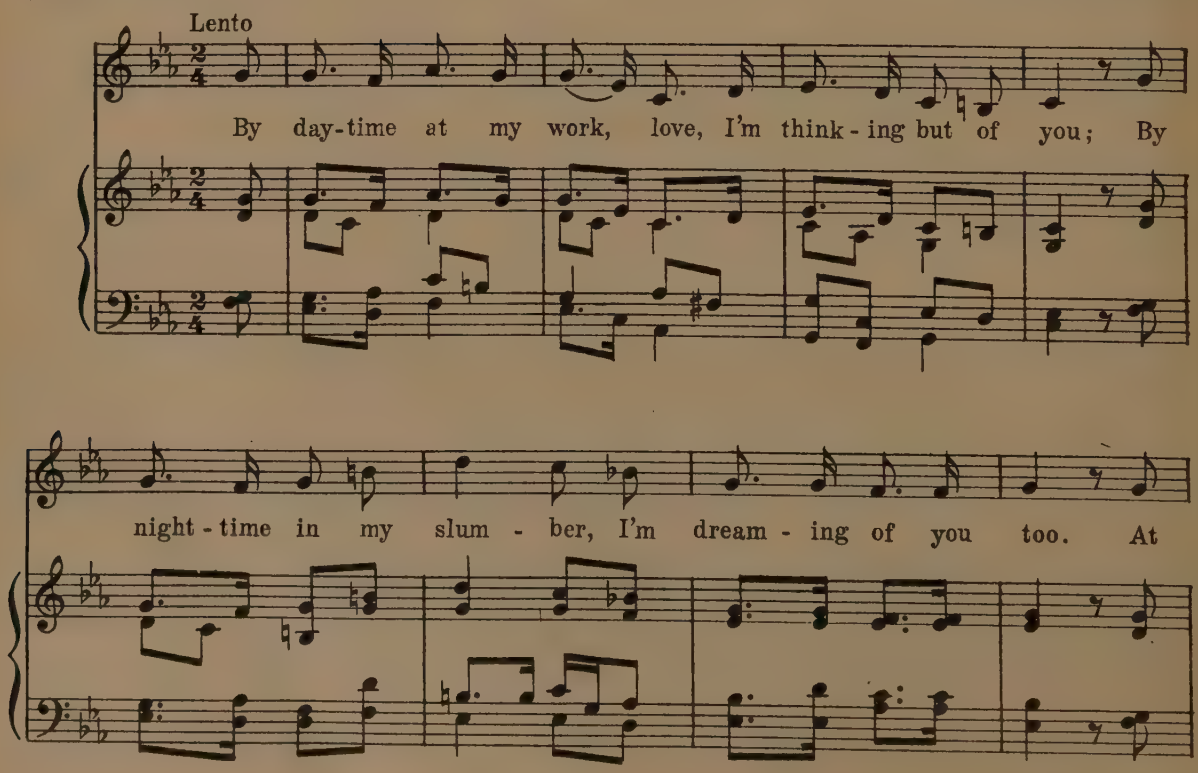
"Farewell, O high heavens, thou green earth, farewell!
For I must depart with the mountain king to dwell."

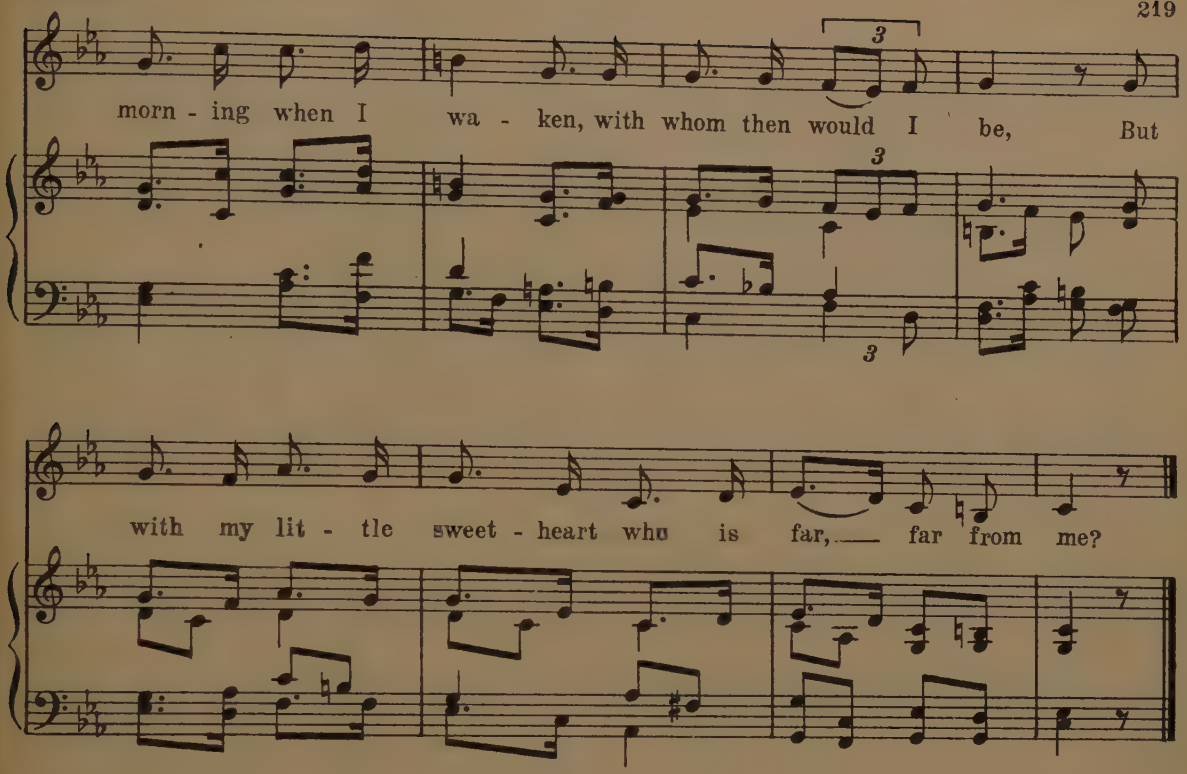
Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

BY DAYTIME AT MY WORK

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson





Om dagen vid mitt arbete

Om dagen vid mitt arbete är du uti mitt sinn',
Om natten då jag sofver är du i drömmen min.
Om morgon, då jag vaknar, hvem saknar jag väl då?
Jag saknar lilla vännen, som är långt härifrån.

By Daytime At My Work

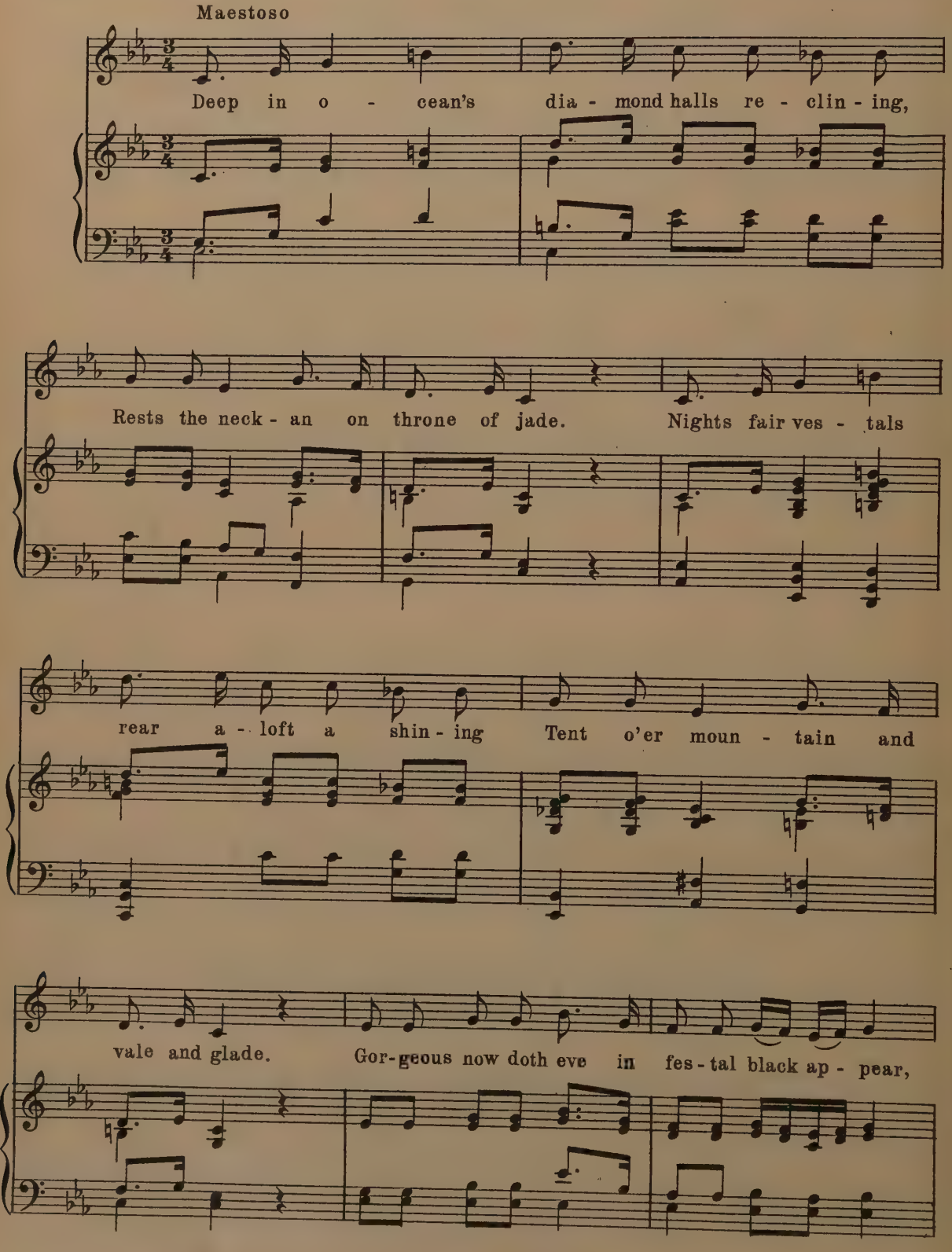
By daytime at my work, love, I'm thinking but of you;
By nighttime in my slumber, I'm dreaming of you too.
At morning when I waken, with whom then would I be,
But with my little sweetheart who is far, far from me?

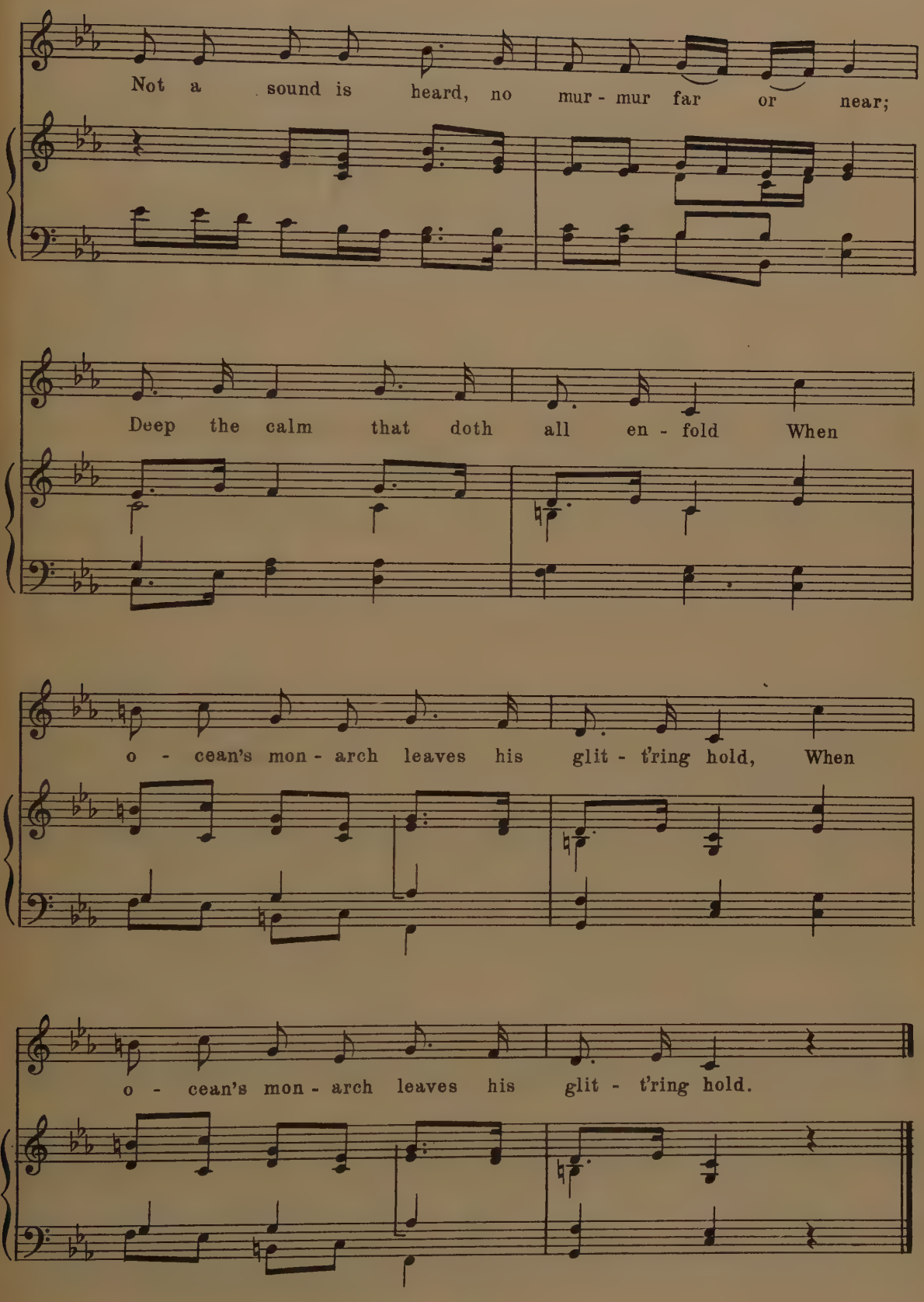
Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson

Maestoso


Deep in o - cean's dia - mond halls re - clin - ing,
Rests the neck - an on throne of jade. Nights fair ves - tals
rear a - loft a shin - ing Tent o'er moun - tain and
vale and glade. Gor-geous now doth eve in fes - tal black ap - pear,


Not a sound is heard, no mur - mur far or near;
Deep the calm that doth all en - fold When
o - cean's mon - arch leaves his glit - t'ring hold, When
o - cean's mon - arch leaves his glit - t'ring hold.

Neckens Polska

Djupt i hafvet på demantehällen
Necken hvilar i grönan sal.
Nattens tärnor spänna mörka pällen
Öfver skog, öfver berg och dal.
Kvällen härlig står i svartan högtidsskrud.
När och fjäran ej en susning, intet ljud
Stör det lugn öfver nejden rår.
När hafvets kung ur gyllne borgen går.]2

The Neckan's Polka

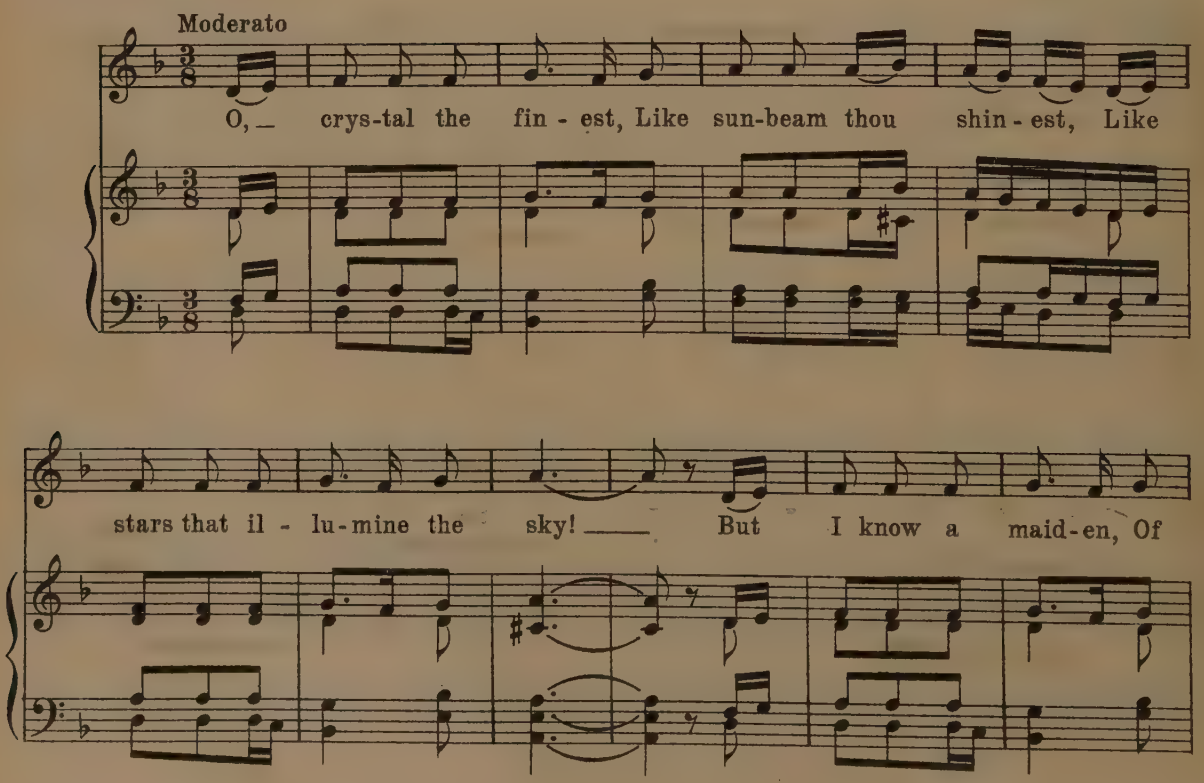
Deep in ocean's diamond halls reclining,
Rests the neckan on throne of jade.
Night's fair vestals rear aloft a shining
Tent o'er mountain and vale and glade.
Gorgeous now doth eve in festal black appear,
Not a sound is heard, no murmur far or near;
Deep the calm that doth all enfold
When ocean's monarch leaves his glitt'ring hold.]2

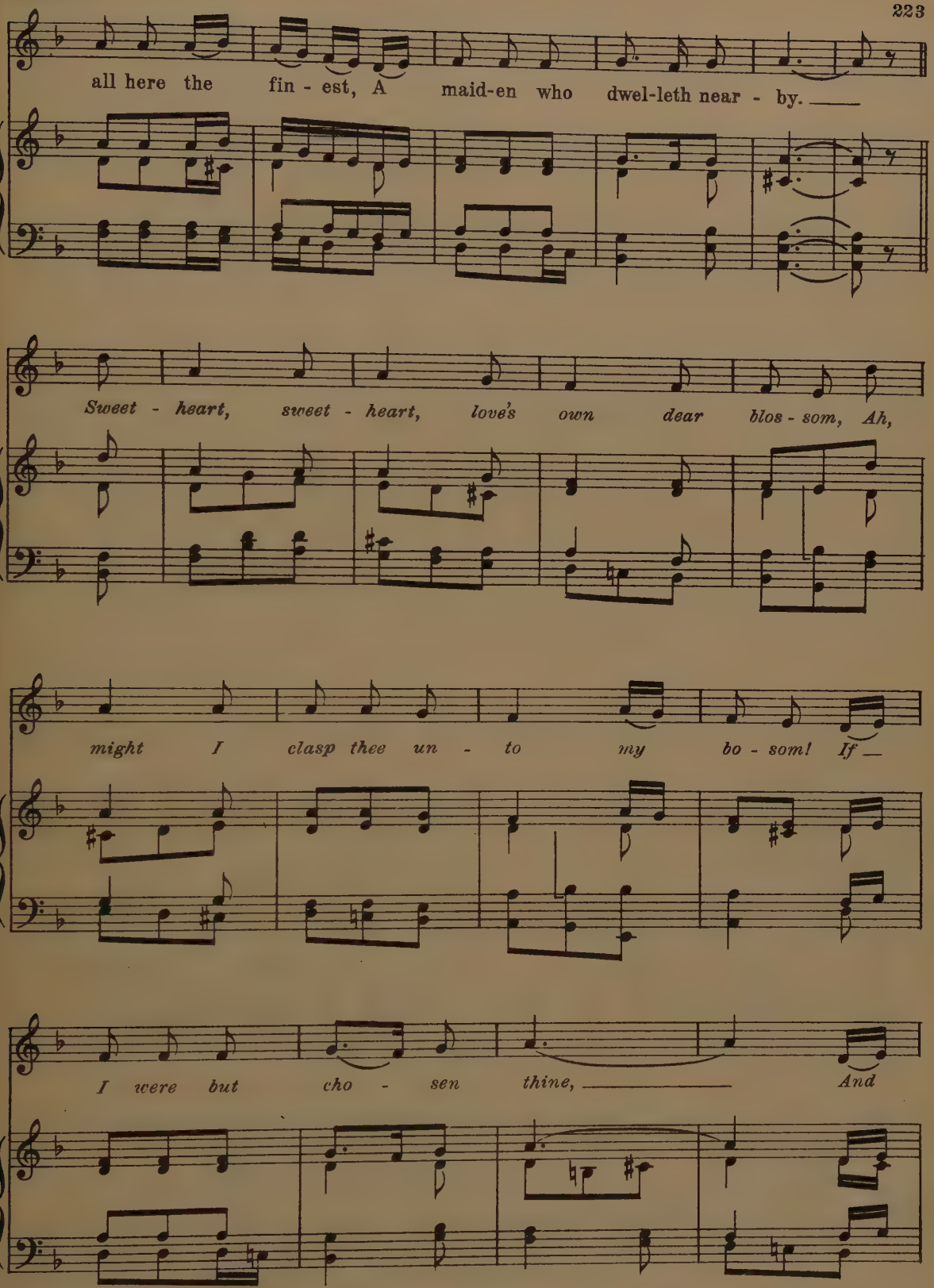
Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

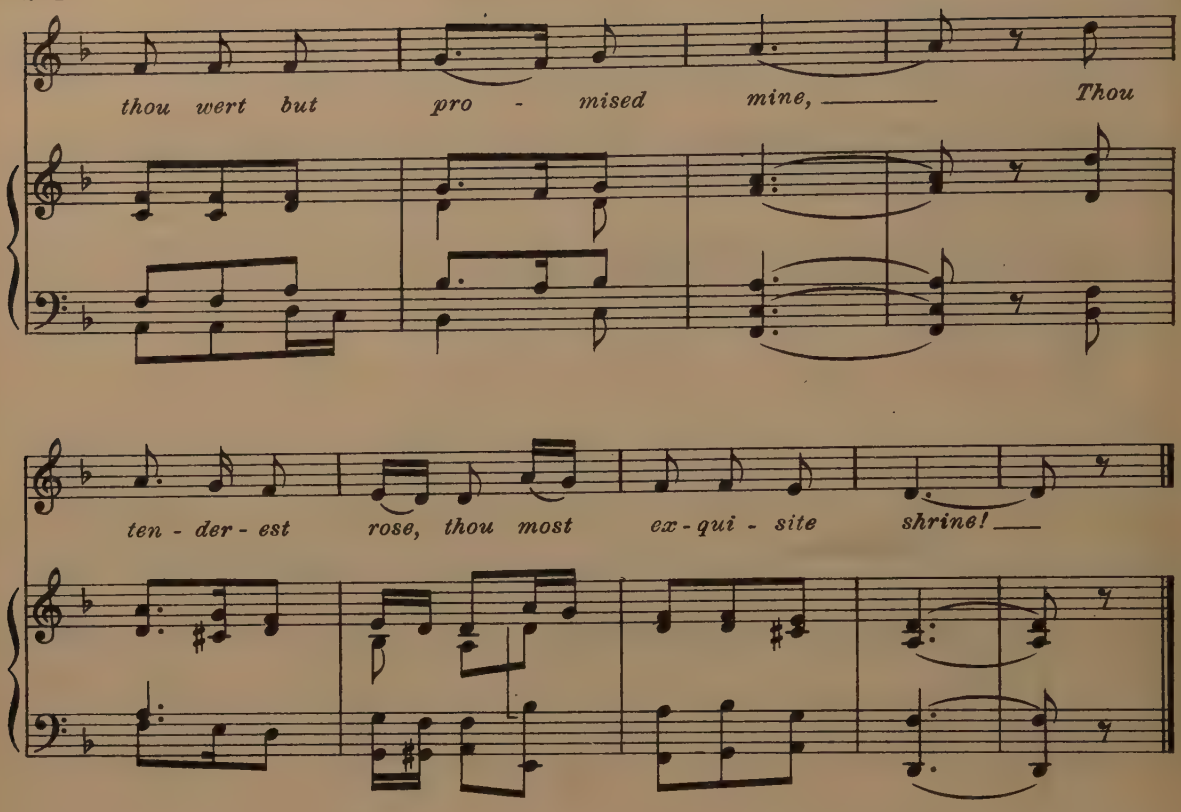
O CRYSTAL THE FINEST

Translation by
Charles Wharton Stork

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson




all here the fin - est, A maid-en who dwel-leth near - by.
Sweet - heart, sweet - heart, love's own dear blos - som, Ah,
might I clasp thee un - to my bo - som! If
I were but cho - sen thine, And



Kristallen den fina

Kristallen den fina,
Som solen månd' skina,
Som stjärnorna blänka i skyn!
Jag känner en flicka
I bygden fina,
En flicka i denna här byn.

Min vän, min vän, och älskogsblomma,
Ack, att vi kunde tillsammans komma,
Och jag vore vännen din,
Och du allra kärestan min,
Du ädela ros och förgyllande skrin!

Och om du än fore
Till världenes ände,
Så ropar mitt hjärta till dig.
Och om du an fore
Till världenes ände,
Så ropar mitt hjärta till dig.

Till dig, min vän, o. s. v.

O, Crystal the Finest

O, crystal the finest,
Like sunbeam thou shinest,
Like stars that illumine the sky!
But I know a maiden,
Of all here the finest,
A maiden who dwelleth near-by.

Sweetheart, sweetheart, love's own dear blossom,
Ah, might I clasp thee unto my bosom!
If I were but chosen thine,
And thou wert but promiséd mine,
Thou tenderest rose, thou most exquisite shrine!

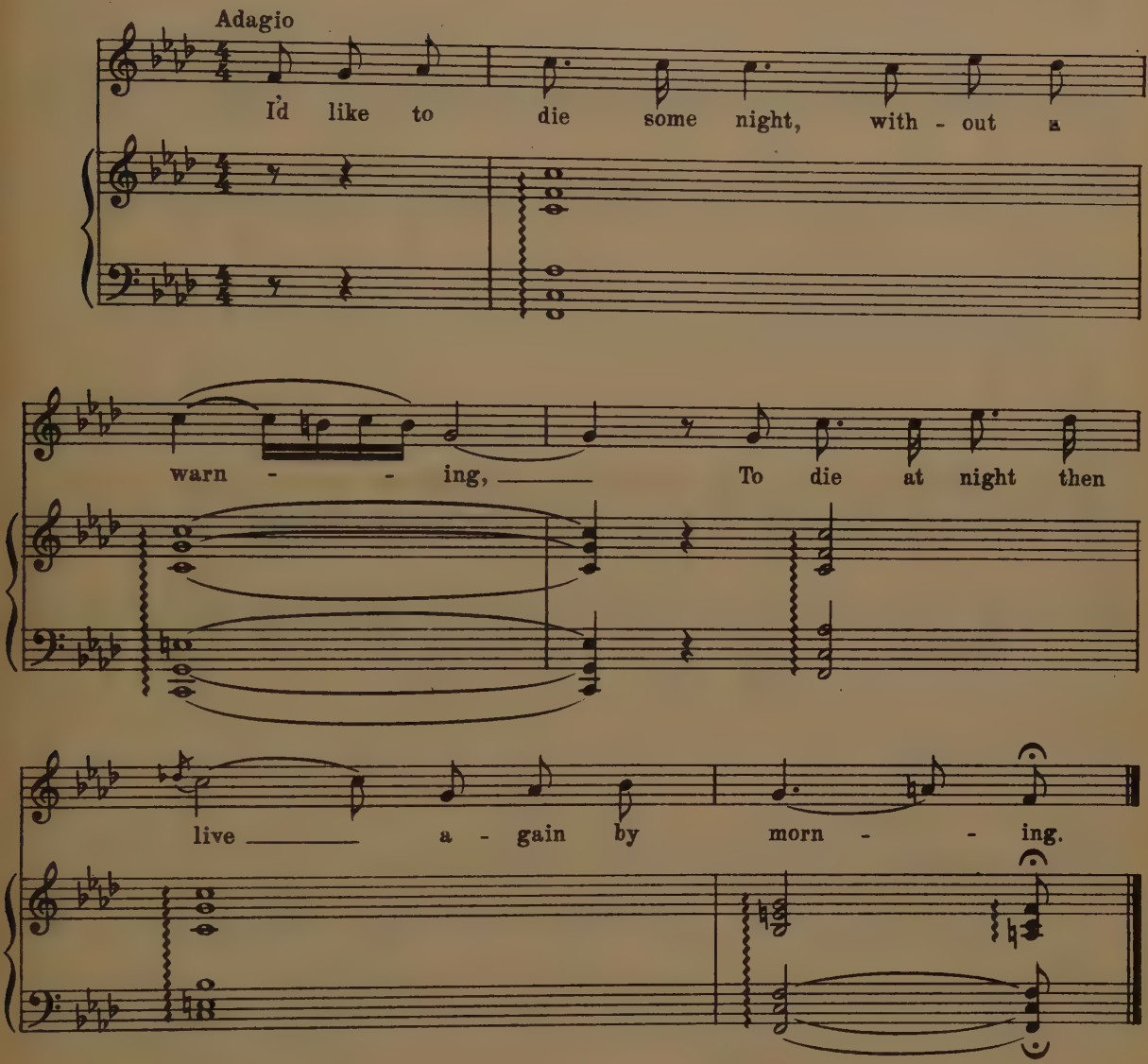
And though thou wert far as
The ends of the earth, love,
My heart would still clamor for thee.
And though thou wert far as
The ends of the earth, love,
My heart would still clamor for thee.

For thee, sweetheart, etc.

Translation by
CHARLES WHARTON STORK

I'D LIKE TO DIE

English version by
Kathryn White Ryan



Vorrei morire

Vorrei morir di morte piccolina,
Morta la sera e viva la mattina.

Vorrei morir e stare sopra un pero,
Vorrei veder chi mi piange davvero.

I'd Like To Die

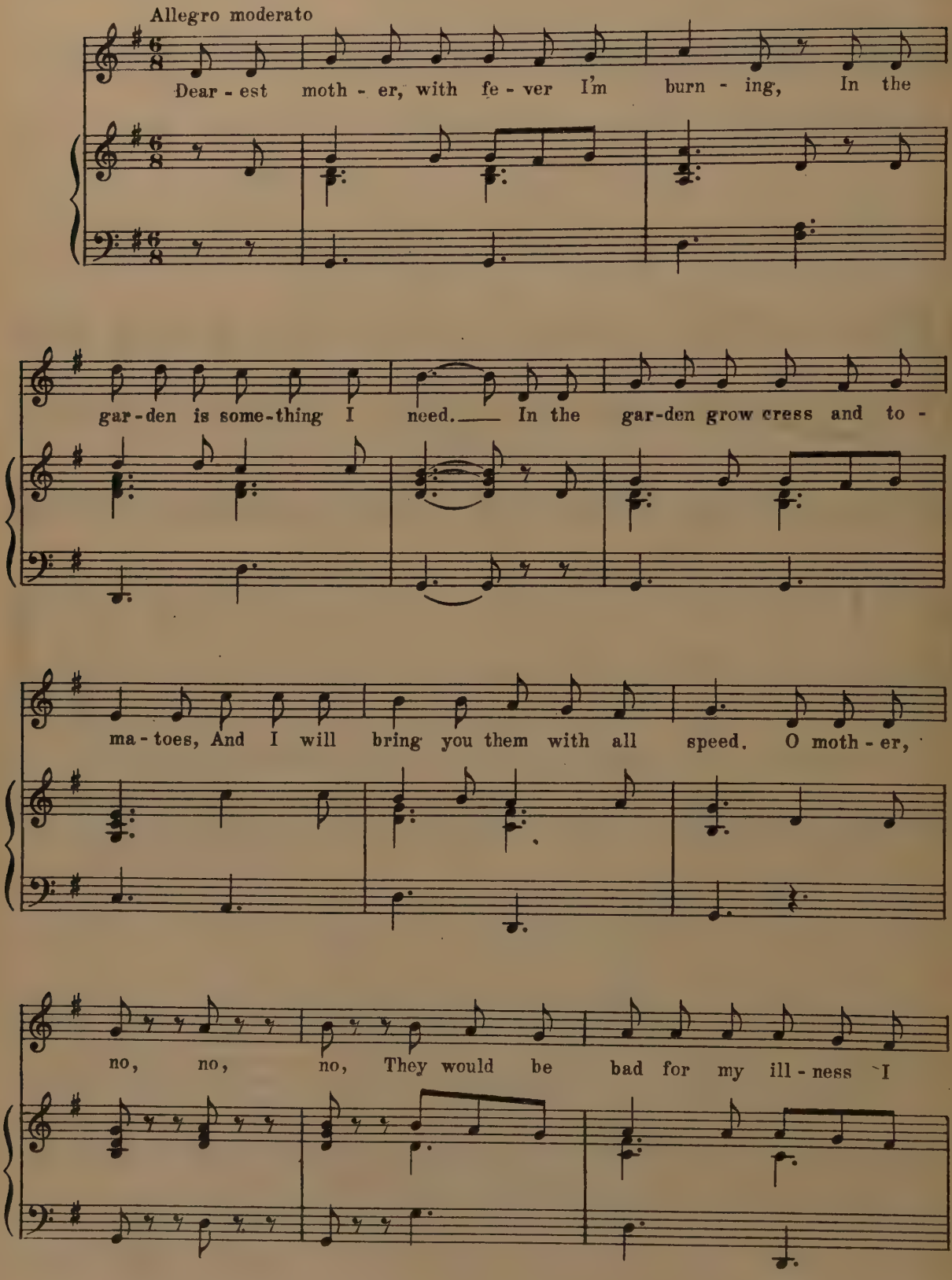
I'd like to die some night, without a warning,
To die at night, then live again by morning.

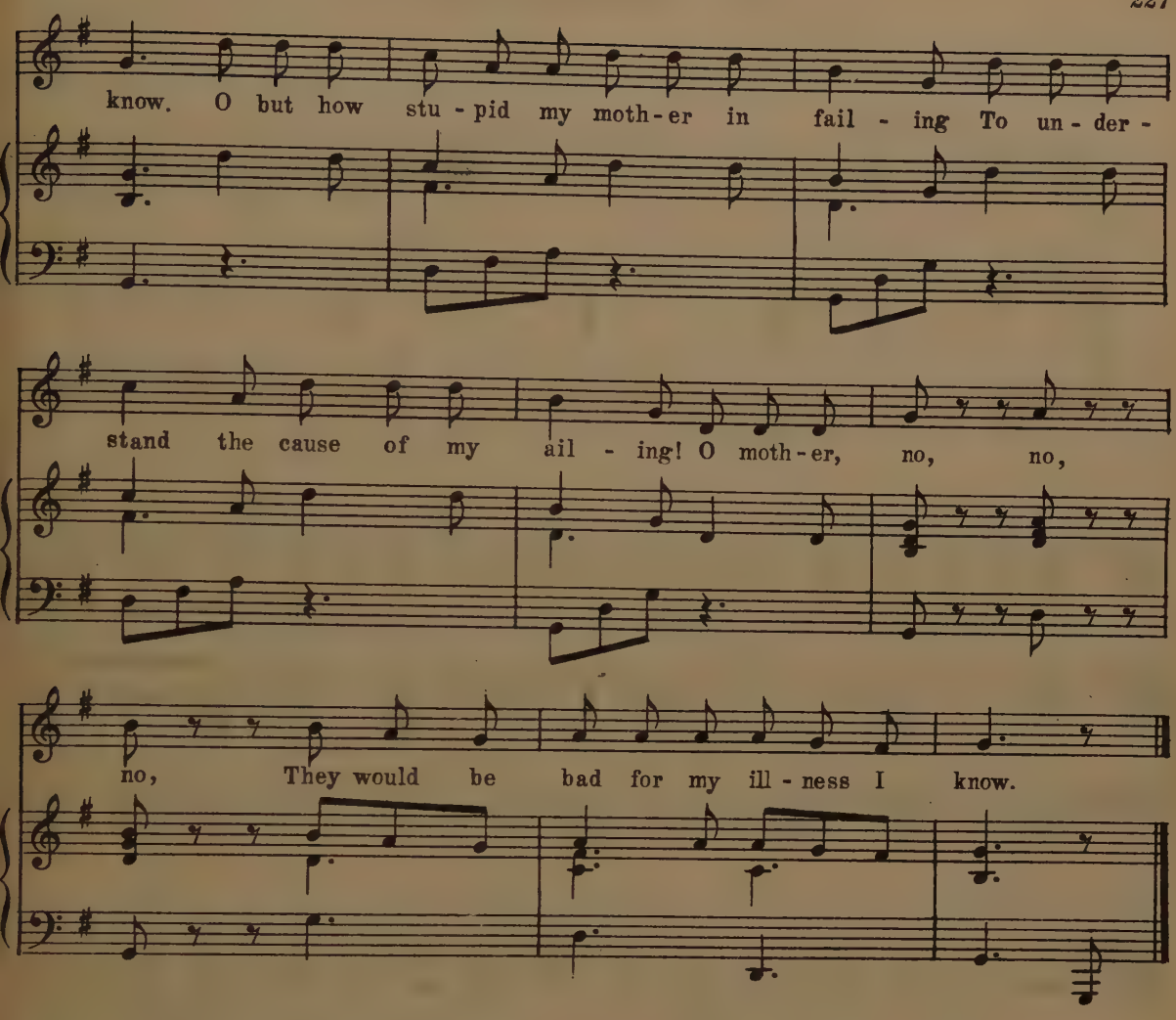
I'd like to die and climb up in a pear tree
To see if anyone would really weep for me.

English version by
KATHRYN WHITE RYAN

DEAREST MOTHER, I AM ILL

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert


Allegro moderato
Dear - est moth - er, with fe - ver I'm burn - ing, In the
gar-den is some-thing I need. In the gar-den grow cress and to -
ma - toes, And I will bring you them with all speed. O moth - er,
no, no, no, They would be bad for my ill - ness I


know. O but how stu - pid my moth - er in fail - ing To un - der -
stand the cause of my ail - ing! O moth - er, no, no,
no, They would be bad for my ill - ness I know.

Cara Mamma, io sono malata

Cara mamma, io sono malata;
Ma una cosa nell'orto ci sta! . . .
E nell'orto ci sta l'insalata,*
Se tu la vuoi, io te la do.
O mamma, no, no, no,
Questo fa male pel male che ho!
Oh, quant' é stupida la mamma mia,
Che non conosce la malattia!
O mamma, no, no, no,
Questo fa male pel male che ho!

Cara mamma, io sono malata;
Ma una cosa nell'orto ci sta! . . .
E nell'orto ci sta l'ortolano,
Se tu lo vuoi, io te lo do!
O mamma, si, si, si,
Questo va bene per farmi guarì!
Oh, quant'è cara la mamma mia,
Che conosciuto la malattia!
O mamma, si, si, si,
Questo va bene per farmi guarì!

* la patata, il pomidoro, ecc.

Dearest Mother, I Am Ill

Dearest mother, with fever I'm burning,
In the garden is something I need.
In the garden grow cress* and tomatoes,
And I will bring you them with all speed.
O mother, no, no, no,
They would be bad for my illness I know.
O, but how stupid my mother in failing
To understand the cause of my ailing!
O mother, no, no, no,
They would be bad for my illness I know.

Dearest mother, with fever I'm burning,
In the garden does nothing else grow?
In the garden a gardener twines flowers,
Quick will I fetch him, e'er he may go.
O mother, yes, yes, yes,
That is the cure for my pain and distress.
O, but how deep is my mother's discerning
To understand the cause of my yearning!
O mother, yes, yes, yes,
That is the cure for my pain and distress.

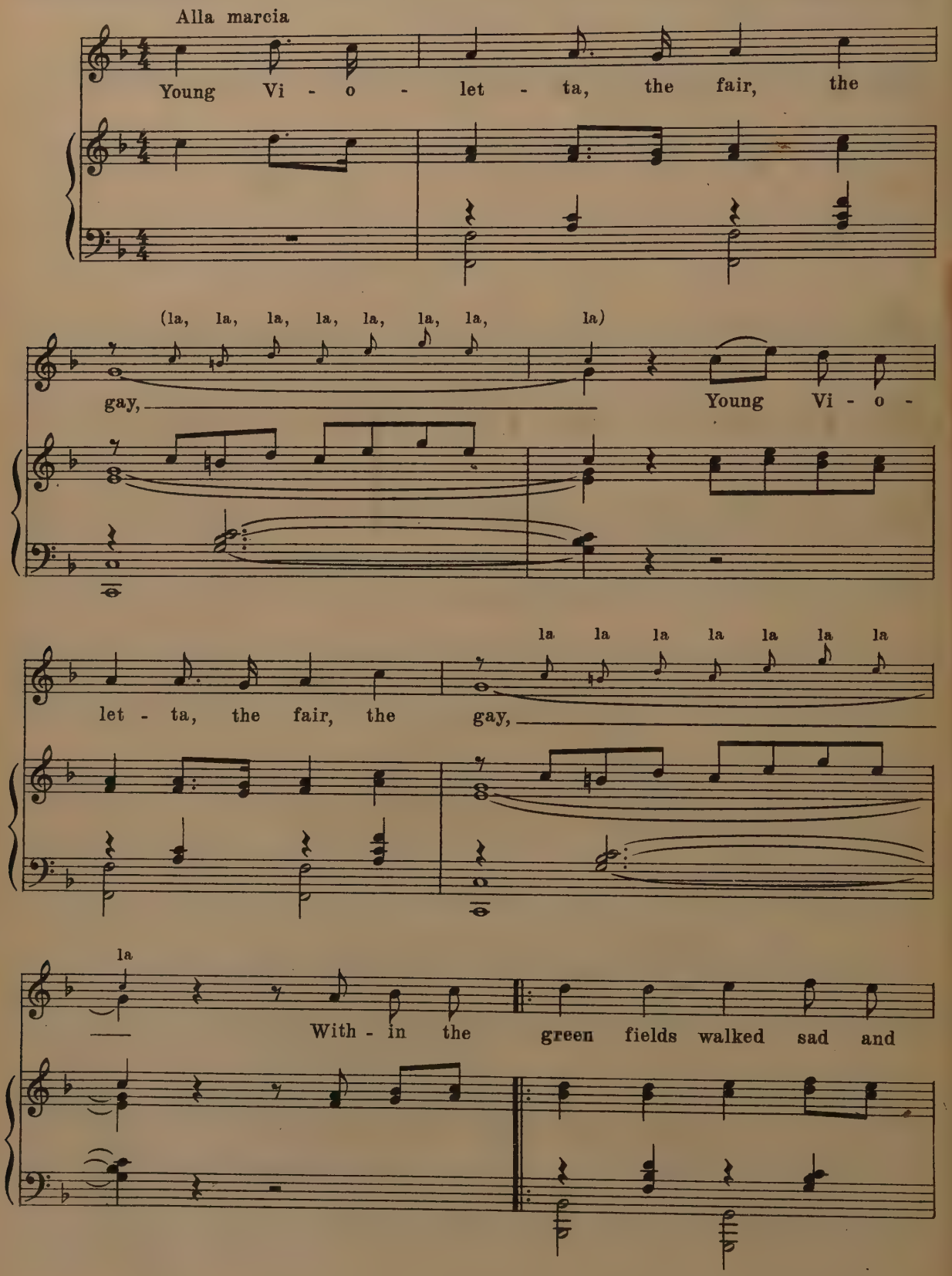
* corn and potatoes, etc.

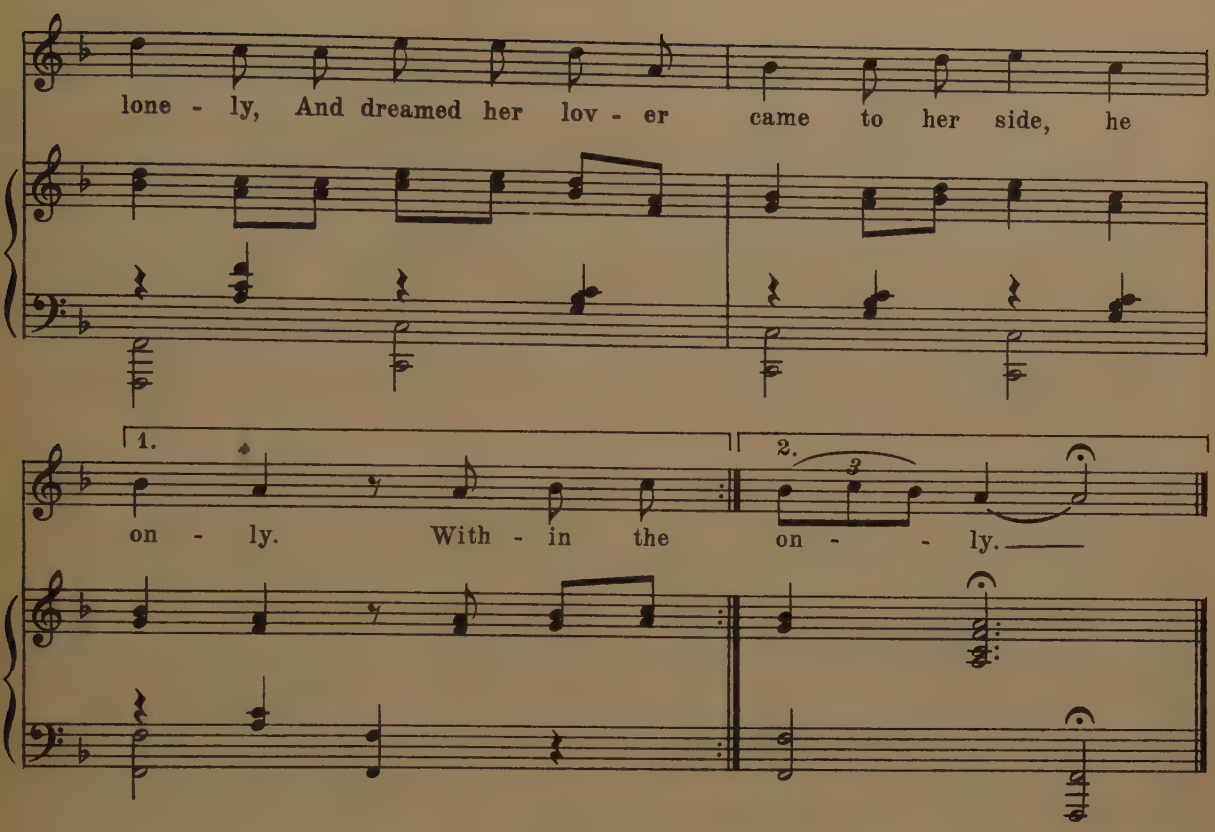
English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

VIOLETTA

English version by
Theodosia Garrison

Arranged by
Evelina Levi


Alla marcia
Young Vi - o - let - ta, the fair, the
(la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la)
gay,
Young Vi - o -
la la la la la la la
let - ta, the fair, the gay,
la
With - in the green fields walked sad and



La Violetta la va

La Violetta la va, la va,]2
La va sul campo, e la si sognava
Che c'era suo gingin che la rimirava.

Cosa rimiri, gingin d'amor?]2
Io ti rimiro perchè sei bella,
Vuoi tu venire con me alla guerra?

Sonate, trombe, suné, tambur,]2
Sonate, trombe, suné una marciada
Che la Violetta l'è entra' all' armada!

Violetta

Young Violetta, the fair, the gay,]2
Within the green fields walked sad and lonely,
And dreamed her lover came to her side, he only.

"Oh, love, my lover, what come you for?"]2
"To see your blue eyes, to hear your laughter
And pray you follow close to my side hereafter."

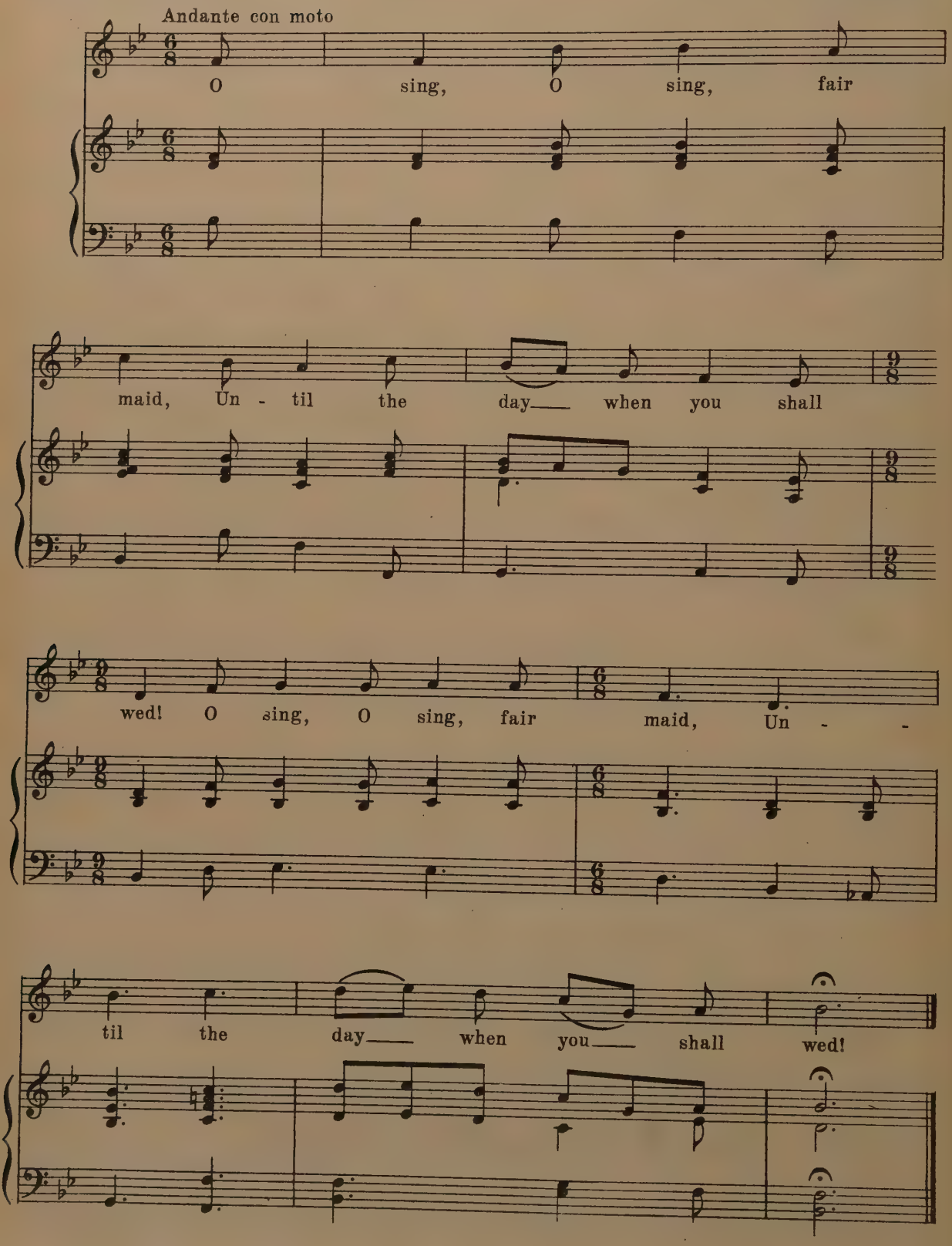
For Violetta no more repose.]2
The drums are rolling; trumpets are blowing;
And with her lover, off to the war she's going.

English version by
THEODOSIA GARRISON

O SING, FAIR MAID

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Arranged by
Alberto Bimboni


Andante con moto
O sing, O sing, fair
maid, Un - til the day when you shall
wed! O sing, O sing, fair maid, Un - -
til the day when you shall wed!

Cante, cante, Fiette

Cante, cante, fiette,
Fin che se' da maridar.

Non poss' cantar nè rider,
Chè 'l mio core l'è passiunà,

'l me amor l'è andà a la guerra,
Sta sett'anni a ritornar.

Se mi savess la strada,
L'anderei a ritrovar.

Quando fu a mezza strada
Vede un giovine a passar.

Disú, disú, bel giovin,
Avè visto il mio amor?

Io si che l'ha veduto,
Ma non l'ho riconossú!

L'è bianco rosso a rizzo,
Con due occhi da innamorar!

L'ho visto sulle spalle
Con quattr' omini a portar.

Disú, disú, bel giovin,
Gh'avi fat un bel unor?

Quattro cavalli bianchi
Con le insegne d' l'imperator!

Ninetta casca in terra,
Casca in terra dal gran dolor.

Sta su, sta su, Ninetta,
Chè son me lo tuo amor!

O Sing, Fair Maid

O sing, O sing, fair maid,
Until the day when you shall wed!

O I shall neither sing nor smile;
My heart must weep instead.

For my true love has gone from me
To fight for seven years;

And if I did but know the road,
I'd follow through my tears.

She had not gone but half the way
Before she met a lad.

O tell me, have you seen my love
For whom my heart is sad?

O if I should have seen your love,
How should his looks be said?

He has two eyes that win all hearts,
And he is white and red.

Alas, on shoulders of four men
I saw your true love borne!

O tell me, tell me true, young man,
Did any for him mourn?

Yes, four white horses went before;
The king's shield went below.

Ninetta swooned upon the ground,
So great was all her woe.

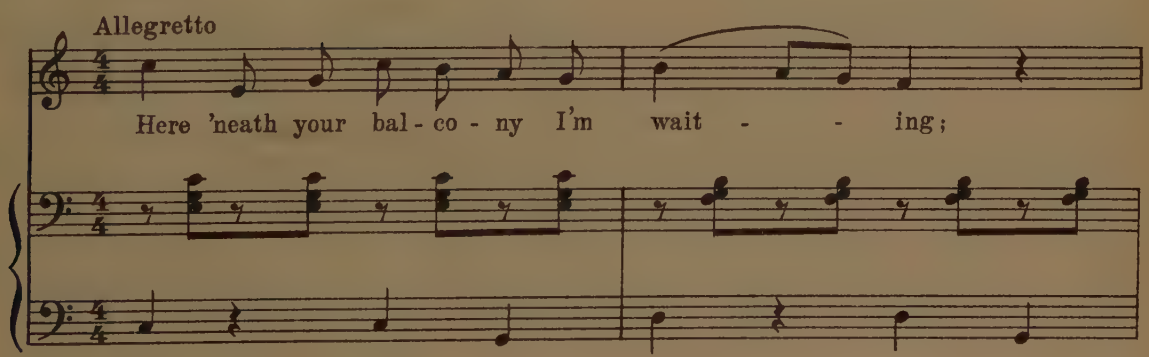
Rise up, rise up, Ninetta true,
Gaze in my face and see;

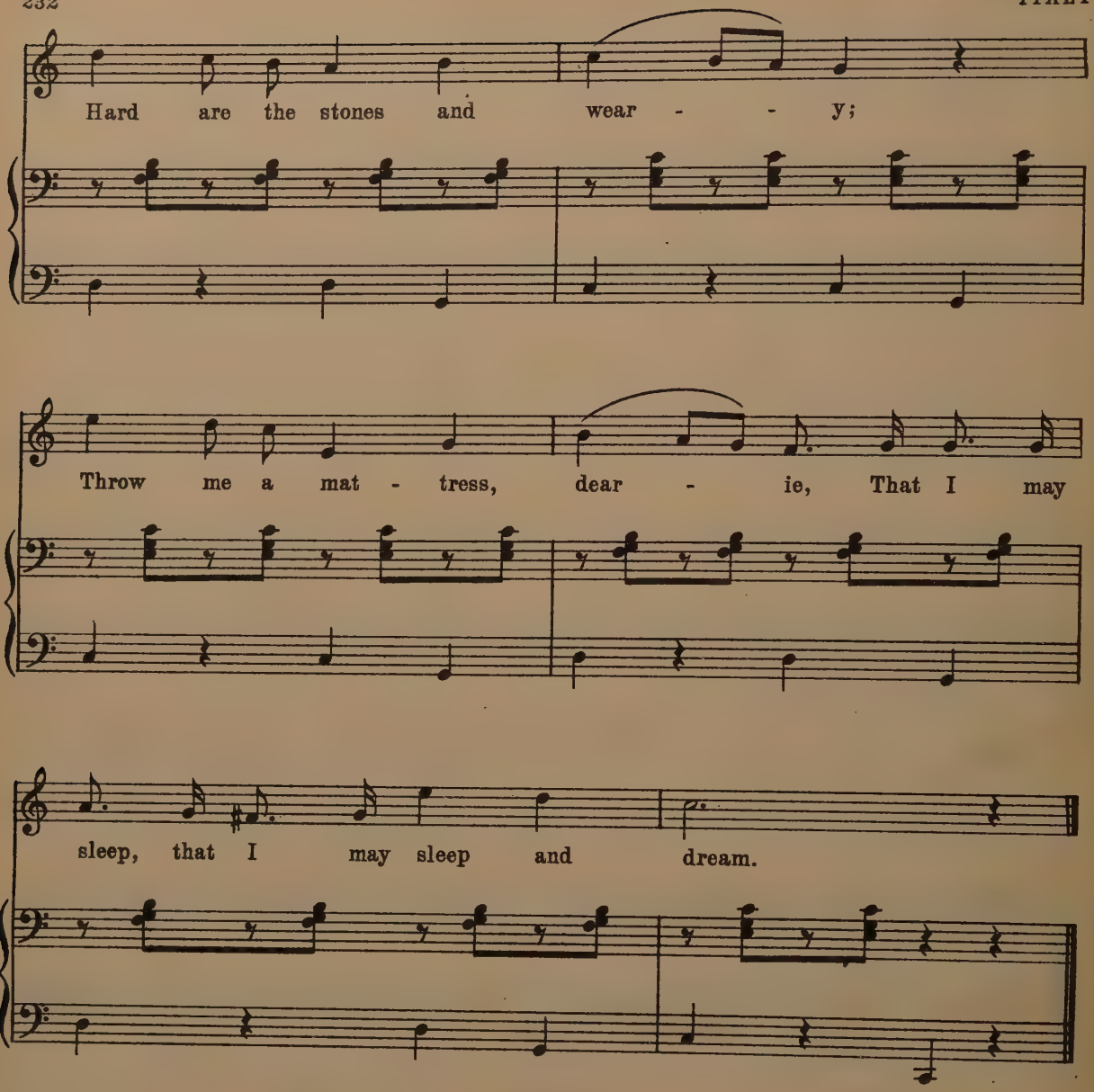
Your true love did not die, my dear,
For know that I am he!

English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

BENEATH YOUR BALCONY





Serenata

Son soto i toi balconi,
Son destirà sui sassi,
Butime zo i stramassi
Che dormirò più ben.

Son soto i toi balconi,
Son destirà sui spini,
Butime zo i cussini
Che dormirò più ben.

Beneath Your Balcony

Here 'neath your balcony I'm waiting;
Hard are the stones and weary;
Throw me a mattress, dearie,
That I may sleep and dream.

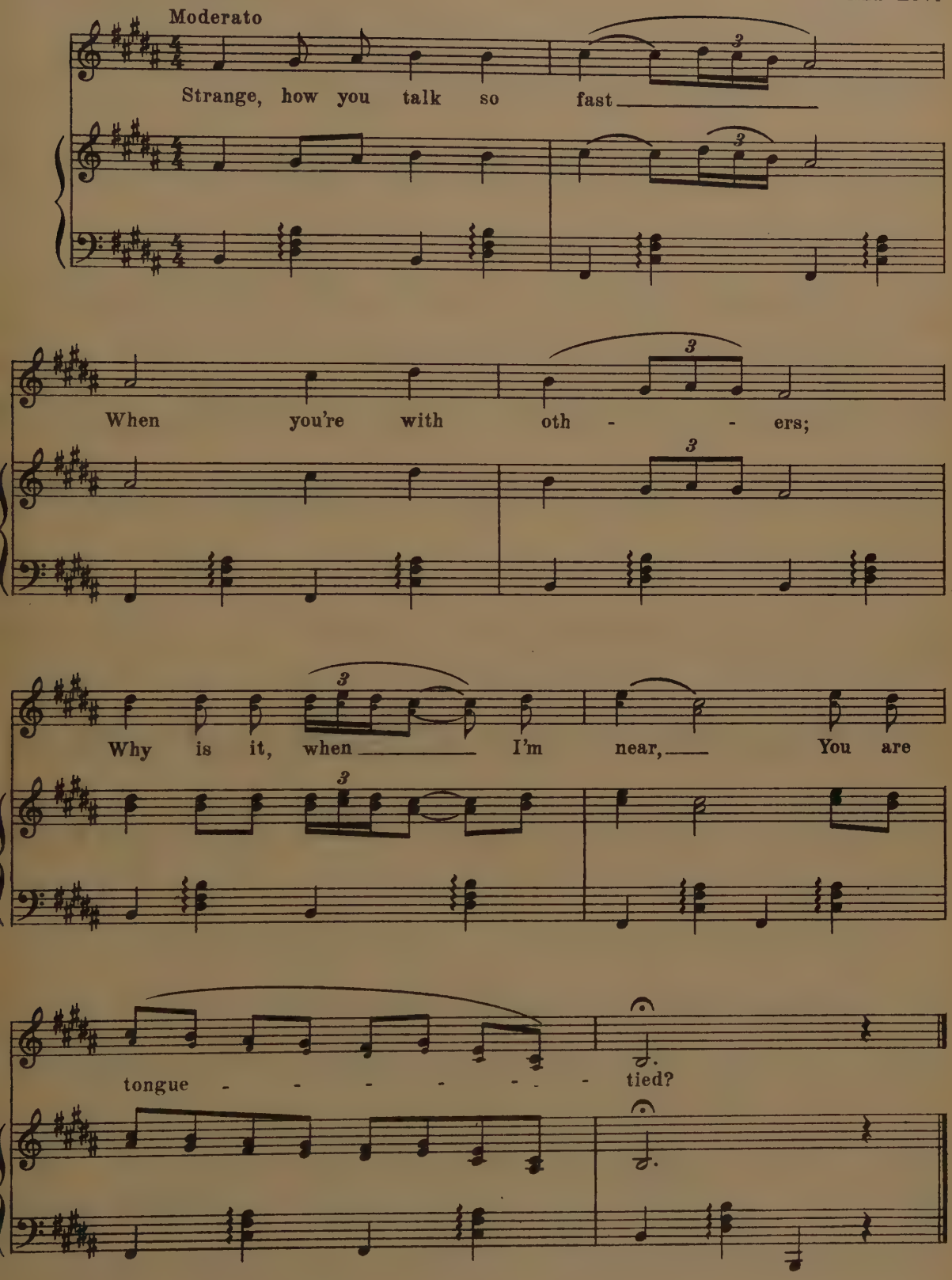
Here 'neath your balcony I'm waiting;
Sharp the thorns that are near me;
Throw me a pillow, dearie
That I may sleep and dream.

English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

RITORNELLI

English version by
Anna Catherine Markham

Arranged by
Evelina Levi



Ritornelli romaneschi

Co' l'antri hai da discorre, e parli bene,
Quanno parli co' me non ciai parole.

La vigna nun po' sta' senza canneto,
Come la donna senza innamorato.

Sentila la chitarra cosa dice:
Non più guerra, amor mio, famo la pace!

Non posso più canta', non ci ò più voce,
Tanto te l'ho già fatta la serenata!

Ritornelli

Strange, how you talk so fast when you're with others;
Why is it, when I'm near, you are tongue-tied?

Vines cannot stand without some props to hold them;
Nor can a woman live, dear, with no lover.

Listen to my guitar,—what it now asks you:
"Oh, no more strife," it says, dear, "Come let's make peace."

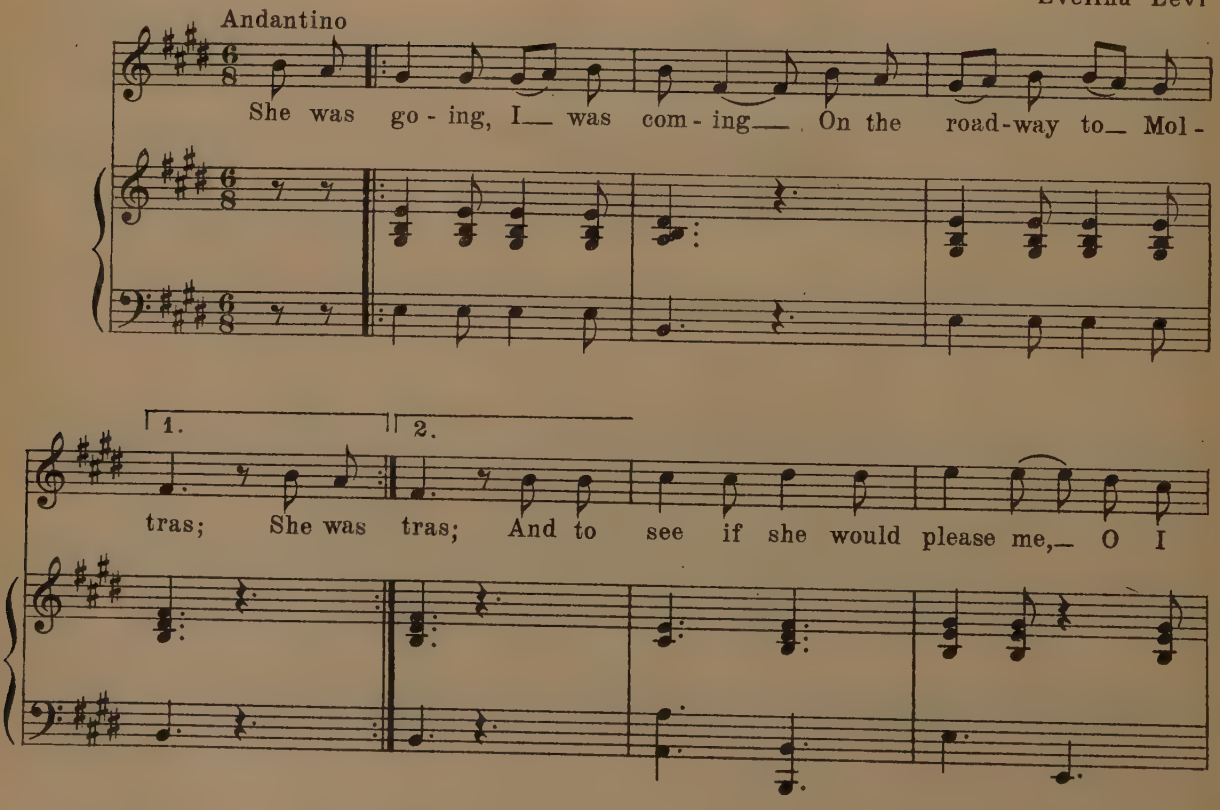
Now I can sing no more: my voice has left me,
Lost serenading you, dear, in these love songs.

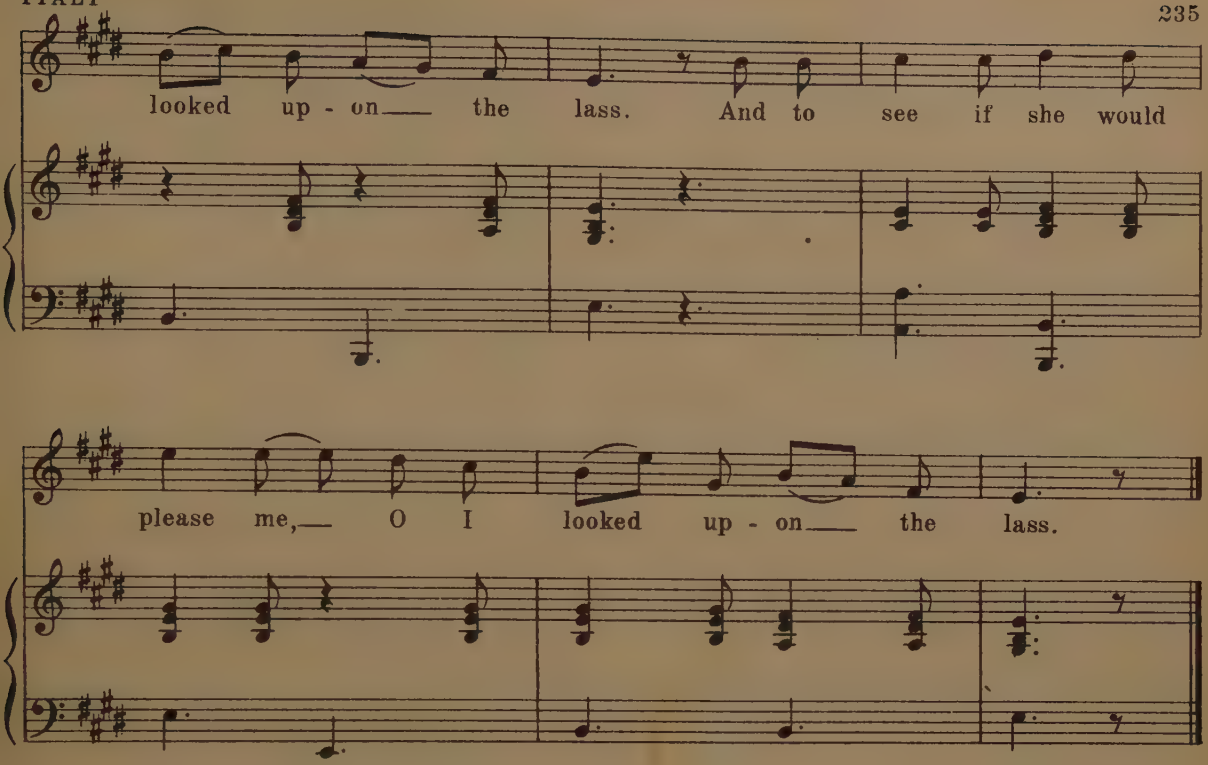
English version by
ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

THE ROAD TO MOLTRAS

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Arranged by
Evelina Levi





Lee l'andava e mi vegneva

Lee l'andava e mi vegneva
Per la strada de Moltras.
L'oo guardada chi che l'eva,
L'eva quella che mi pias.

E gh'oo ditt int' ün' oreggia:
Morettina, voeurem ben!
Suspirand, la m'a rispost:
O, podess voretten men!

The Road to Moltras

She was going, I was coming
On the roadway to Moltras;
And to see if she would please me,
O I looked upon the lass.

In her ear I stopped to whisper,
"Could you love me, sweet? Confess."
And she breathed a sigh and answered,
"If I only loved you less!"

English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

Canzone di Natale

Dormi, dormi, O bel bambin,
Re divin;]2
Dormi, dormi, O fantòlin;
Fa la nanna, O caro figlio,
Re del ciel,
Tanto bel, grazioso giglio.

Dormi, dormi, dolce amore;
Dormi, dormi, O mio desir.
O caro e dolce amor,
O pargoletto fior!
Gesù, dimmi che brami,
Tutto, tutt'io t'offro il cor.

Perchè piangi, O bambinell?
Forse il gèl]2
Ti dà noia, o l'asinell.
Fa la nanna, O paradiso
Del mio cor;
Redentor, ti bacio il viso.

Così presto vuoi provar
A penar,]2
A venir a sospirar;
Dormi, che verrà quel giorno
Di partir
E morir con tuo gran scorno.

Or di raggi cingi il crin,
Ma nel fin]2
Cambieransi in lunghi spin.
Fa la nanna, O pargoletto
Sì gentil,
Che un fenil godi per letto.

Ecco vengono i pastor
Che di cuor]2
Riconoscenti Signor.
Fa la nanna, O mio conforto,
Chè il crudel
Israel ti vuol per morto.

Suggi il latte dal mio sen
D'amor pien;]2
Chiudi l'occhio tuo seren.
Fa la nanna e mentre io canto
Dormi tu,
Buon Gesù, sotto al mio manto.

Dormi, dormi, O Salvator,
Mio Signor]2
È delizia del mio cuor;
In si povera capanna
Coresin,
Vezzosin, Oh fa la nanna.

Christmas Lullaby

Slumber, slumber, lovely babe,
Heavenly King;]2
Slumber, slumber, little pet;
Lullaby, my little darling.
Hear me sing—
Thou art gracious as a lily.

Slumber, slumber, baby tender.
Lullaby, dear heart's desire;
O flower of the sky,
O Jesu, do not cry.
What tribute may I render?
All my heart with love afire!

Why, O, why the tears, my child?
Has the frost]2
Or the braying ass near by
Wakened thee, O small Redeemer,
To thy cost?
Little King of Heaven, I kiss thee.

All too soon thy love will learn
Pang and sigh;]2
Sleep, ere comes the awful day
When for all our sin and sorrow
Thou wilt die
Such a bitter death, my darling.

Now thy brow is bound with balm,
Little lad.]2
Lullaby, while time is kind,
Baby in the manger lying
Fair and glad.
Wreathéd thorn thou wilt be wearing.

Here the kindly shepherds come
And they know]2
Thee as Lord of Heaven and earth.
Lullaby, my little blessing,
Long and low,
For thy foes are very cruel.

O my darling, from my breast
Take thy food,]2
Let thy closéd eyes be calm;
Lullaby, for I am singing
For thy good.
Jesu, have my cloak for shelter.

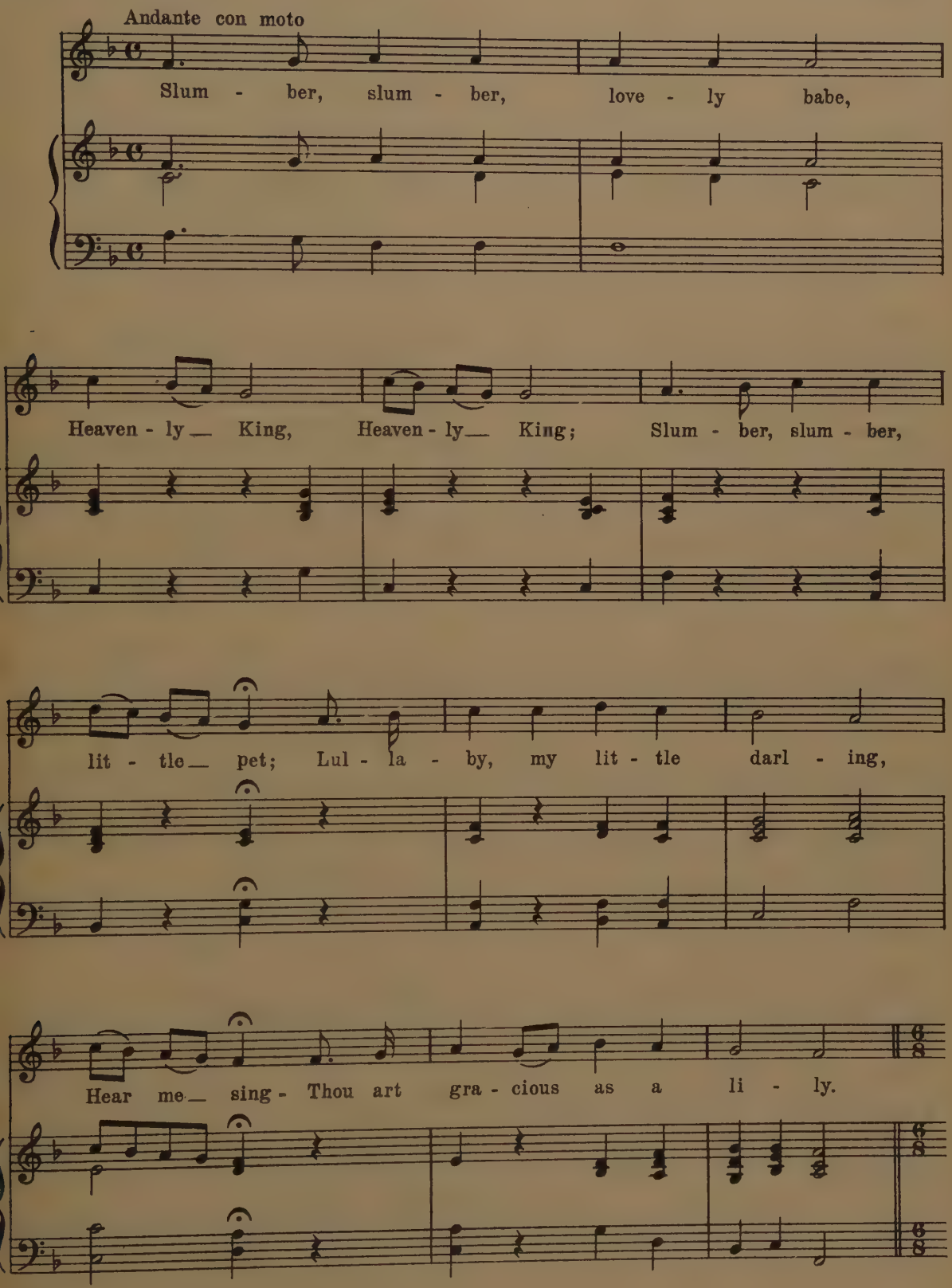
Slumber, slumber, Savior dear,
Lullaby;]2
Heart's delight, I am at hand
In the stable mean and lowly;
Do not cry.
Lullaby, my little treasure!

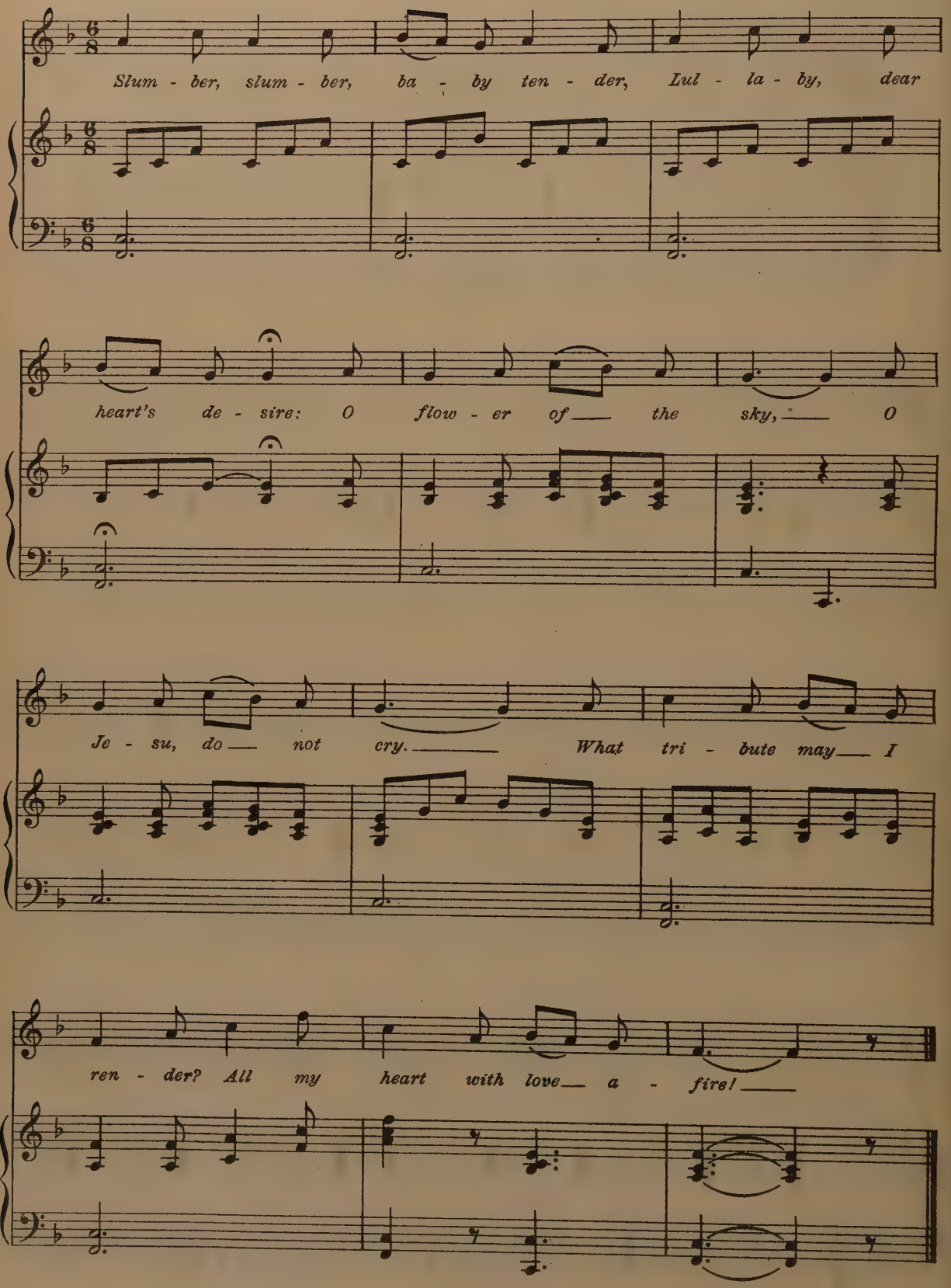
English version by
MARGUERITE WILKINSON

CHRISTMAS LULLABY

English version by
Marguerite Wilkinson

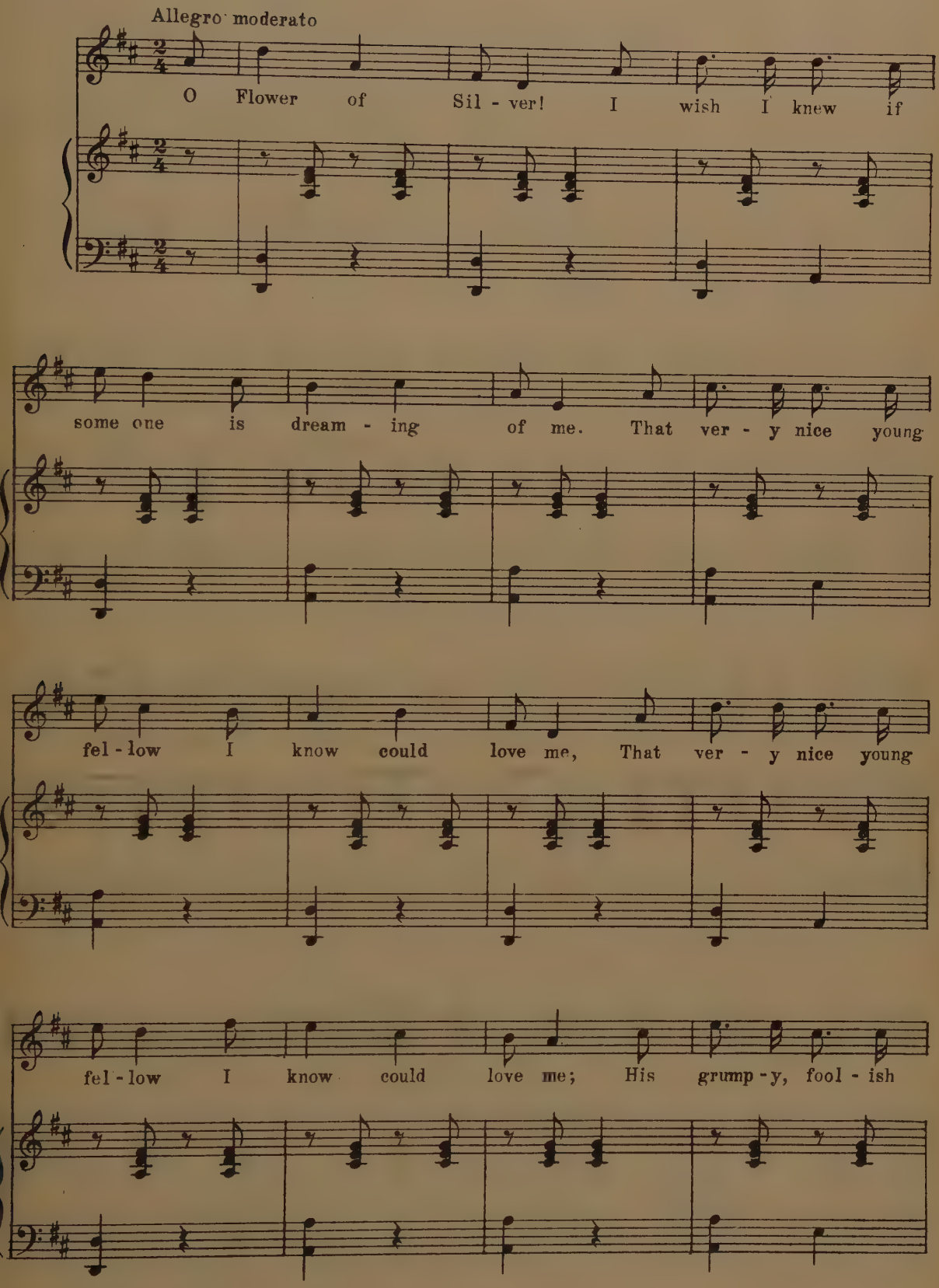
Arranged by
Alberto Bimboni

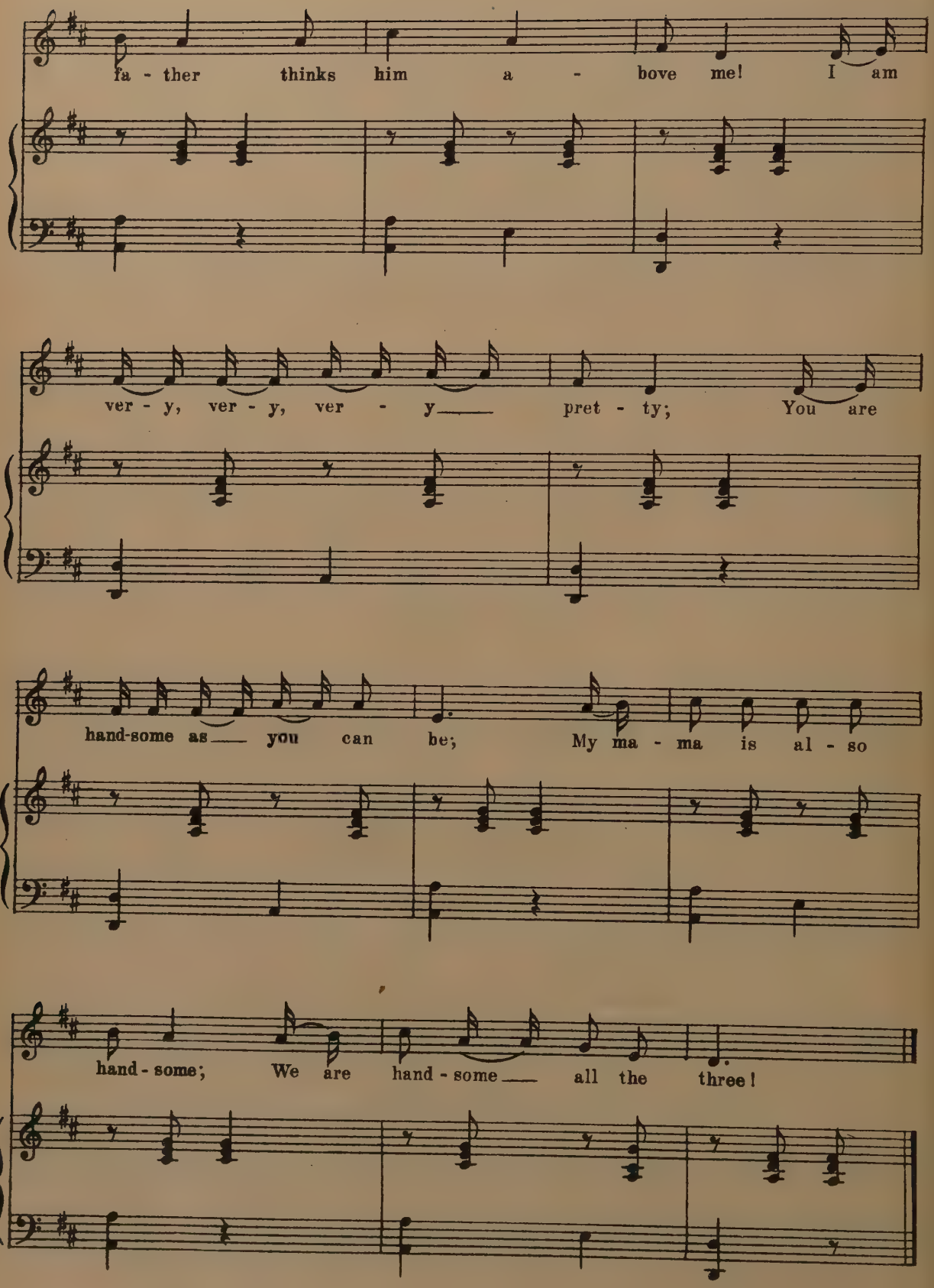

Andante con moto
Slum - ber, slum - ber, love - ly babe,
Heaven - ly King, Heaven - ly King; Slum - ber, slum - ber,
lit - tle pet; Lul - la - by, my lit - tle darl - ing,
Hear me sing - Thou art gra - cious as a li - ly.


Slum - ber, slum - ber, ba - by ten - der, Lul - la - by, dear
heart's de - sire: O flow - er of the sky, O
Je - su, do not cry. What tri - bute may I
ren - der? All my heart with love a - fire!

STORNELLI

Paraphrase by
Arthur Guiterman


Allegro moderato
O Flower of Sil - ver! I wish I knew if
some one is dream - ing of me. That ver - y nice young
fel - low I know could love me, That ver - y nice young
fel - low I know could love me; His grump - y, fool - ish


fa - ther thinks him a - bove me! I am
ver - y, ver - y, ver - y pret - ty; You are
hand-some as you can be; My ma - ma is al - so
hand - some; We are hand - some all the three!

Stornelli

Fiorin d'argento!
Sul canto della via c'è un lume spento,
C'è un giovinotto che mi piace tanto,]2
Quel grullo di su' pa' non è contento.

Son bellina, son bellina io,
Se' bellino, se' bellino te,
È bellina la mi' mamma,
Siam bellini tutt'e tre.

Fiorin di spino!
Hai voglio di girare, o girellino,
Tanto le tu' girate le sono invano,]2
Consumi i tacchi, e t'innamori solo.

E gira, gira, merlo,
E gira per la via.
Non sai altri mestieri,
Ti metti a far la spia.

Peschi fiorenti!
E m'hanno regalato tre confetti,
Ci ho canzonato diciannove amanti,]2
E se canzono voi saranno venti.

E la morina è nera,
S'è nera imbiancherà,
Acqua, sapone e rena
E cipria in quantità.

Fiorin di miglio!
Se tu mi dai un bacio, io me lo piglio,]2
E se me ne dai due, ancora meglio.]2

Nino mio, non mi baciare,
Non lo vedi che mamma è lí?
Quando poi la mamma dorme,
Allora si, allora si, allora si!

Stornelli

O Flower of Silver!
I wish I knew if someone was dreaming of me.
That very nice young fellow I know could love me;]2
His grumpy, foolish father thinks him above me!

I am very, very, very pretty;
You are handsome as you can be;
My mama is also handsome;
We are handsome all the three!

O Flower of Hawthorn!
You wander, wander, wander, O foolish blind one!
And hope to win a sweetheart, a true and kind one.]2
You'll wear your shoes to pieces, but never find one!

Then wander, wander, stupid!
O wander both low and high;
And if you can't do better,
At least you can be a spy.

O Flower of Peaches!
The rings I wear are seven, perhaps eleven.
I've jilted nineteen lovers, and that is plenty;]2
But if I jilt you, also, that will be twenty!

The girl may become like a lily,
As many other dark girls do,
With lots of soap and water
And sand and powder, too!

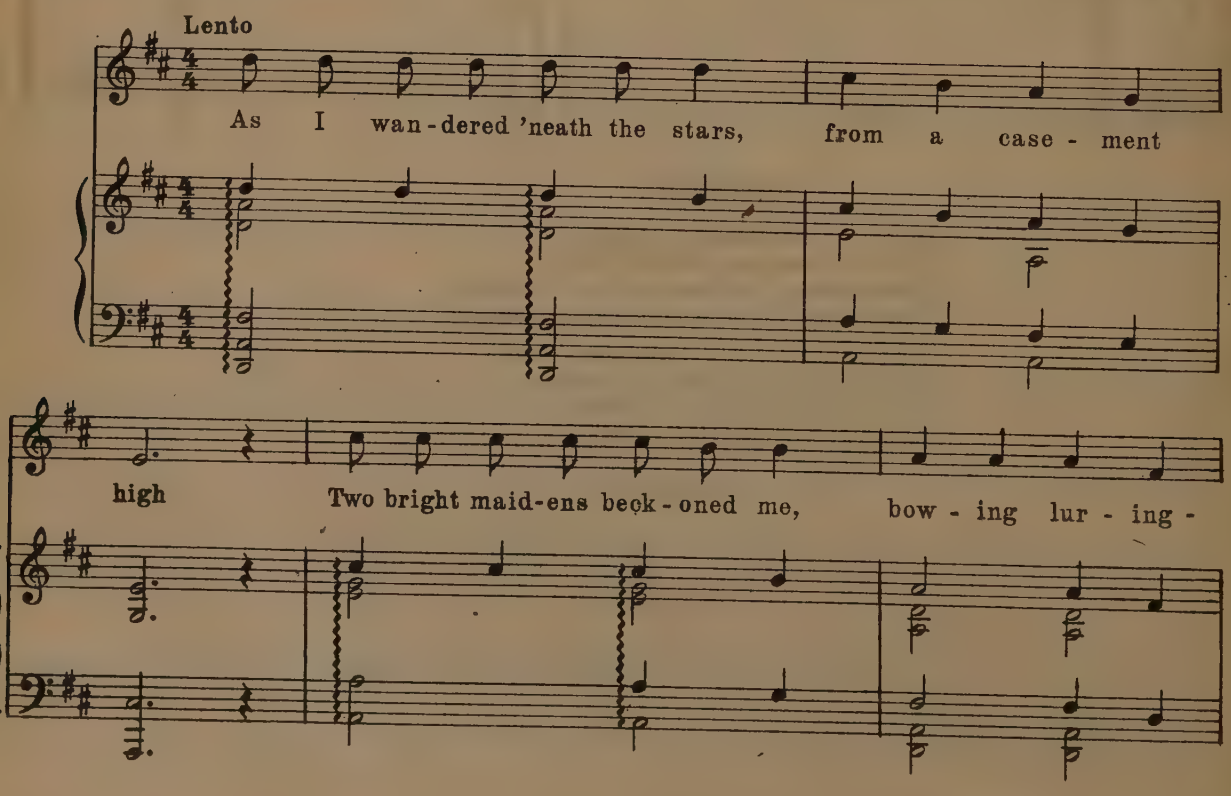
O Flower of Millet!
If any girl will kiss me, I'll gladly let her;]2
And if she gives two kisses, so much the better.]2

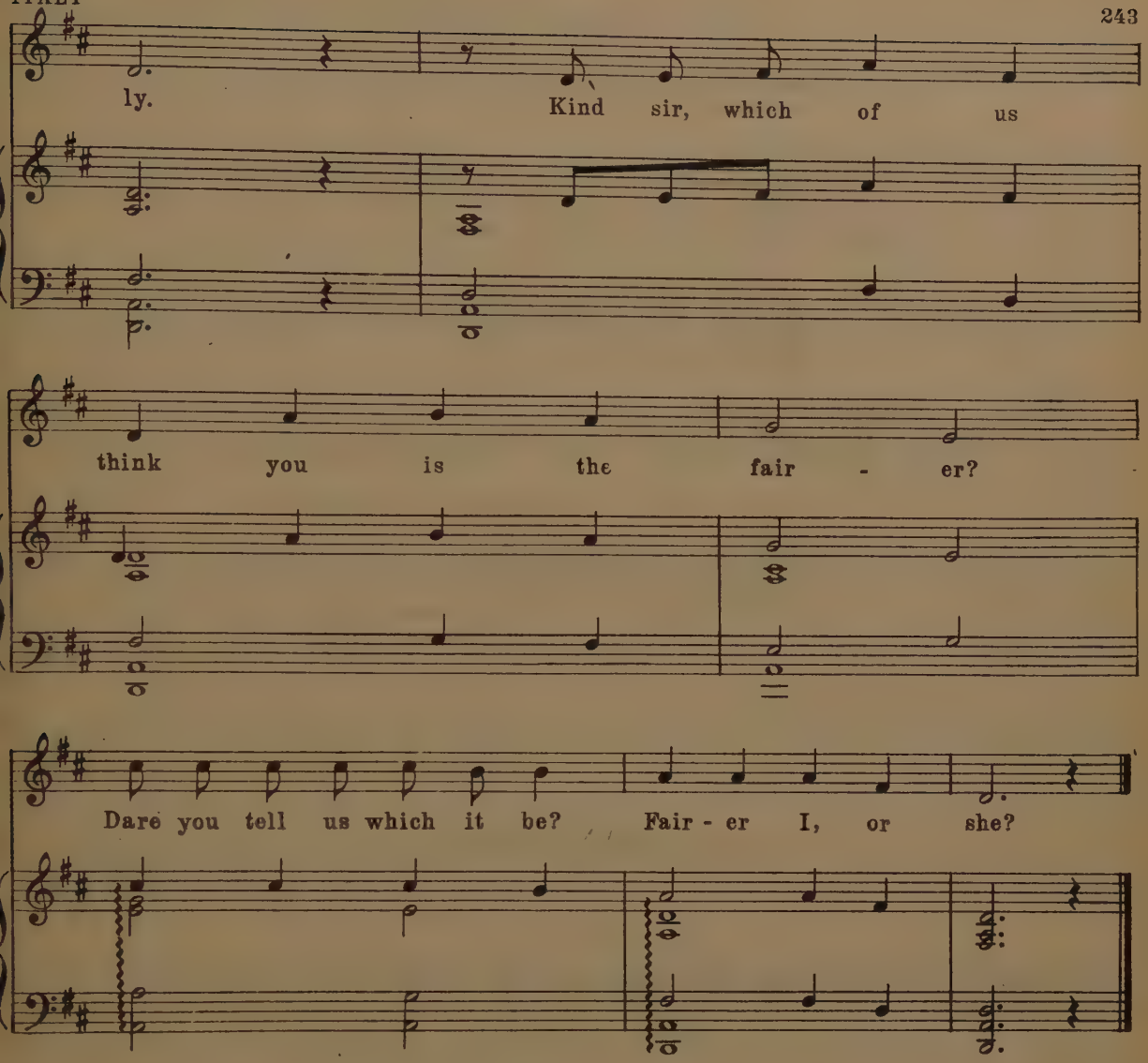
O you mustn't, O you mustn't try to kiss me!
Don't you see that my mother is there?
But when my mother dozes,
Well, perhaps I wouldn't care.

Paraphrase by
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

AS I WANDERED

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert





Strambotto

Ed arzira caminandu caminai
E di 'na finestra s'affacciaru dui.
Una mi dissi: 'nchiana, ed eu 'nchianai,
E mo' dinni cu' è 'a chiù bella di nui ddui.

E la 'randi è bella e mi piaci assai,
E la picculina nu pocu di cchiui.
E la 'randi li sa fari li catini,
E la picculina li sa 'ncatinari.

As I Wandered

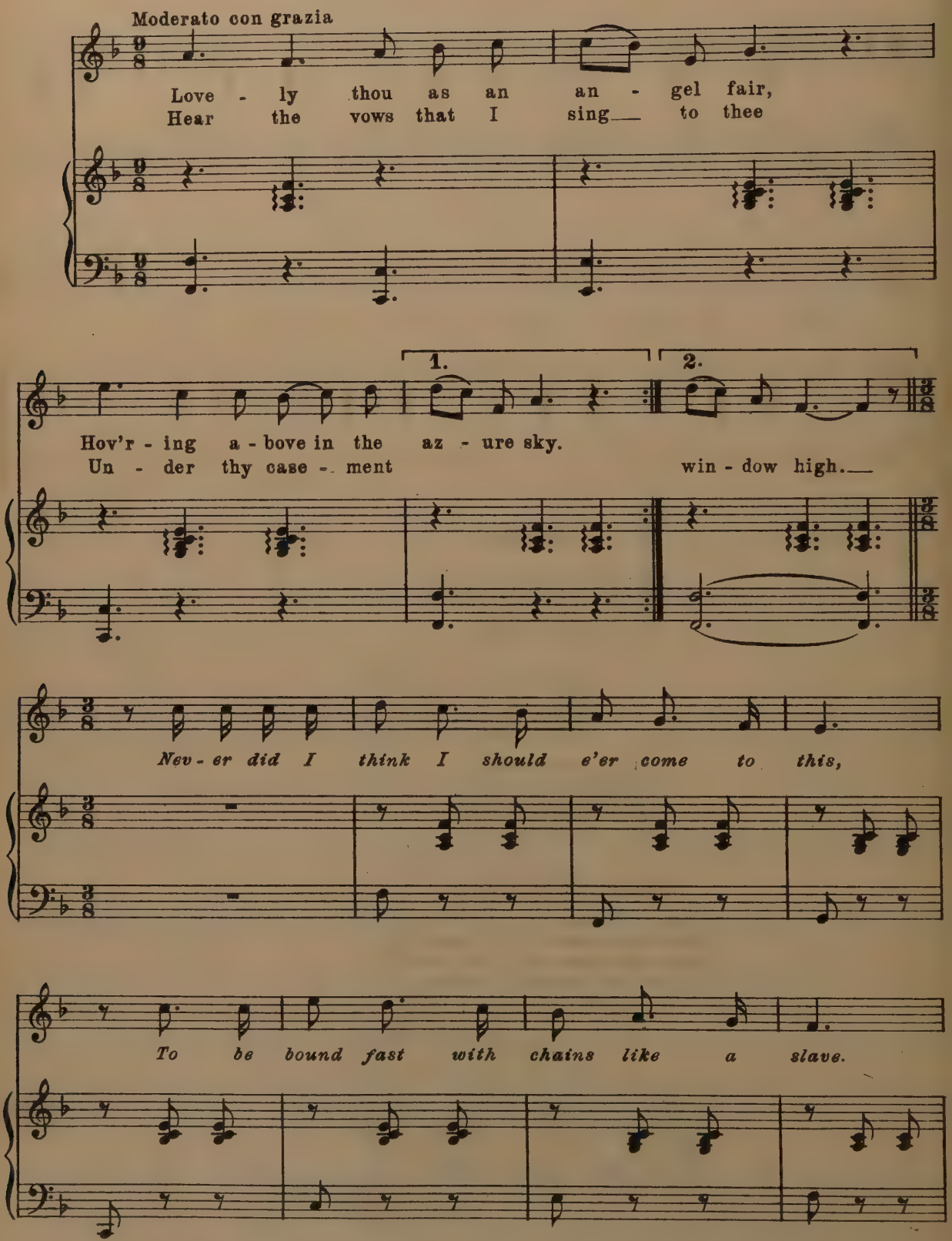
As I wandered 'neath the stars, from a casement high
Two bright maidens beckoned me, bowing luringly.
Kind sir, which of us think you is the fairer?
Dare you tell us which it be? Fairer I, or she?

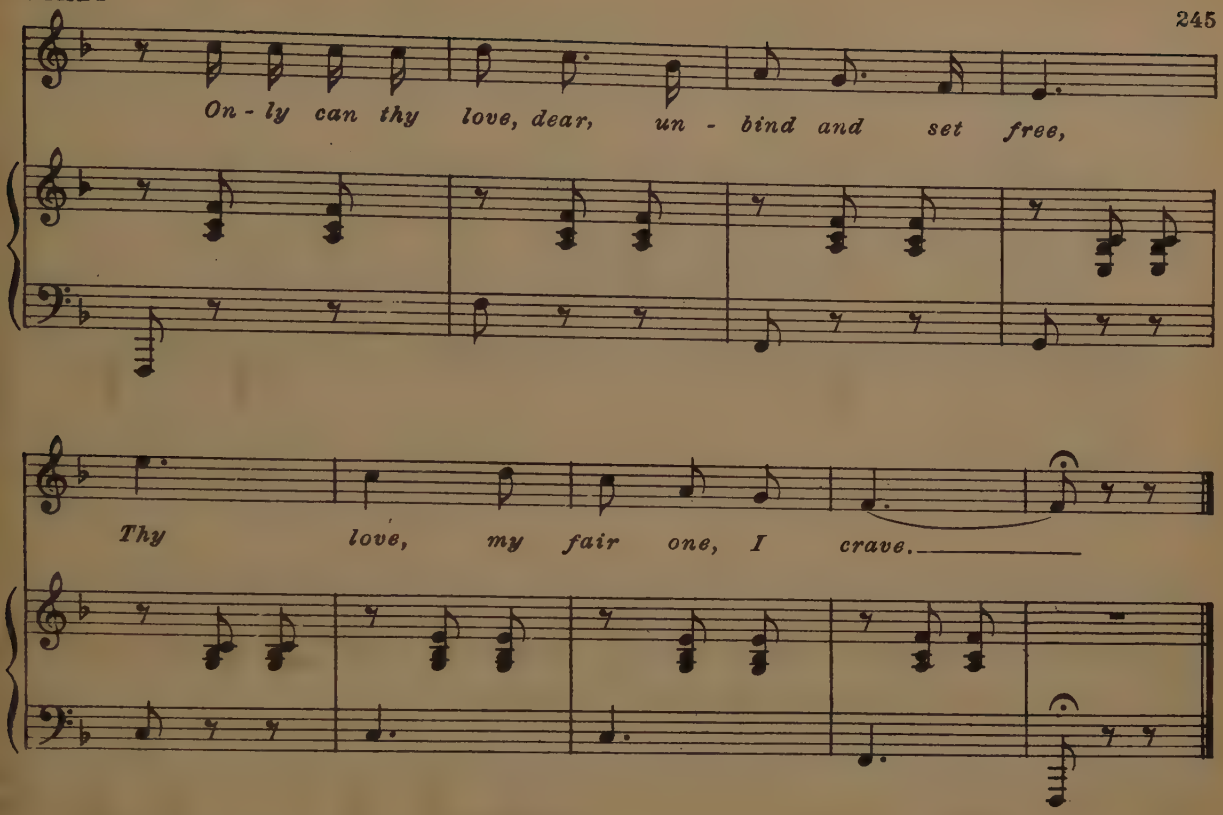
Beautiful the older one; low I bow to her.
Fair for me the younger too; she has won my heart.
The older has the skill to forge strong fetters,
But the younger binds me fast with love's gentle art.

English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

BOUND WITH CHAINS

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert


Moderato con grazia
Love - ly thou as an an - gel fair,
Hear the vows that I sing to thee
1.
2.
Hov'r - ing a - bove in the az - ure sky.
Un - der thy case - ment win - dow high.
Nev - er did I think I should e'er come to this,
To be bound fast with chains like a slave.



Serenata

Bella siccome un angelo
Sparso nel cielo celeste,
Ti fo 'sta serenata
Sotto le tue finestre.

E non mi credevo trovarmi così
Più di mille catene ce l'ho.
E pe' scatenare 'sto core ci vo',
Bella, ci vole 'l tu amo'.

Alla finestra affacciati
E buttami una rosa;
Quando sarai mia sposa
Non mi dirai di no.

Bound With Chains

Lovely thou as an angel fair,
Hov'ring above in the azure sky.
Hear the vows that I sing to thee
Under thy casement window high.

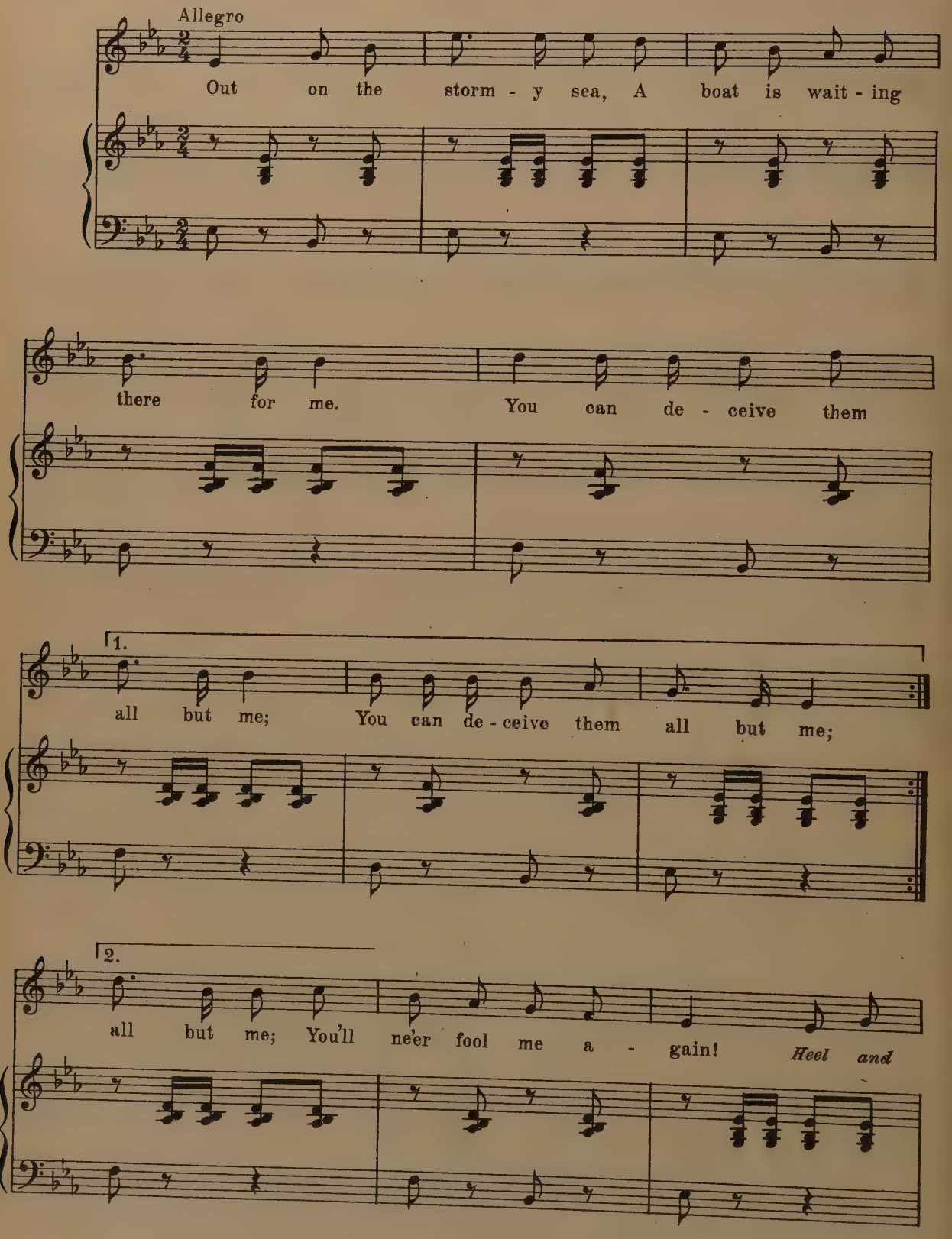
Never did I think I should e'er come to this,
To be bound fast with chains like a slave.
Only can thy love, dear, unbind and set free,—
Thy love, my fair one, I crave.

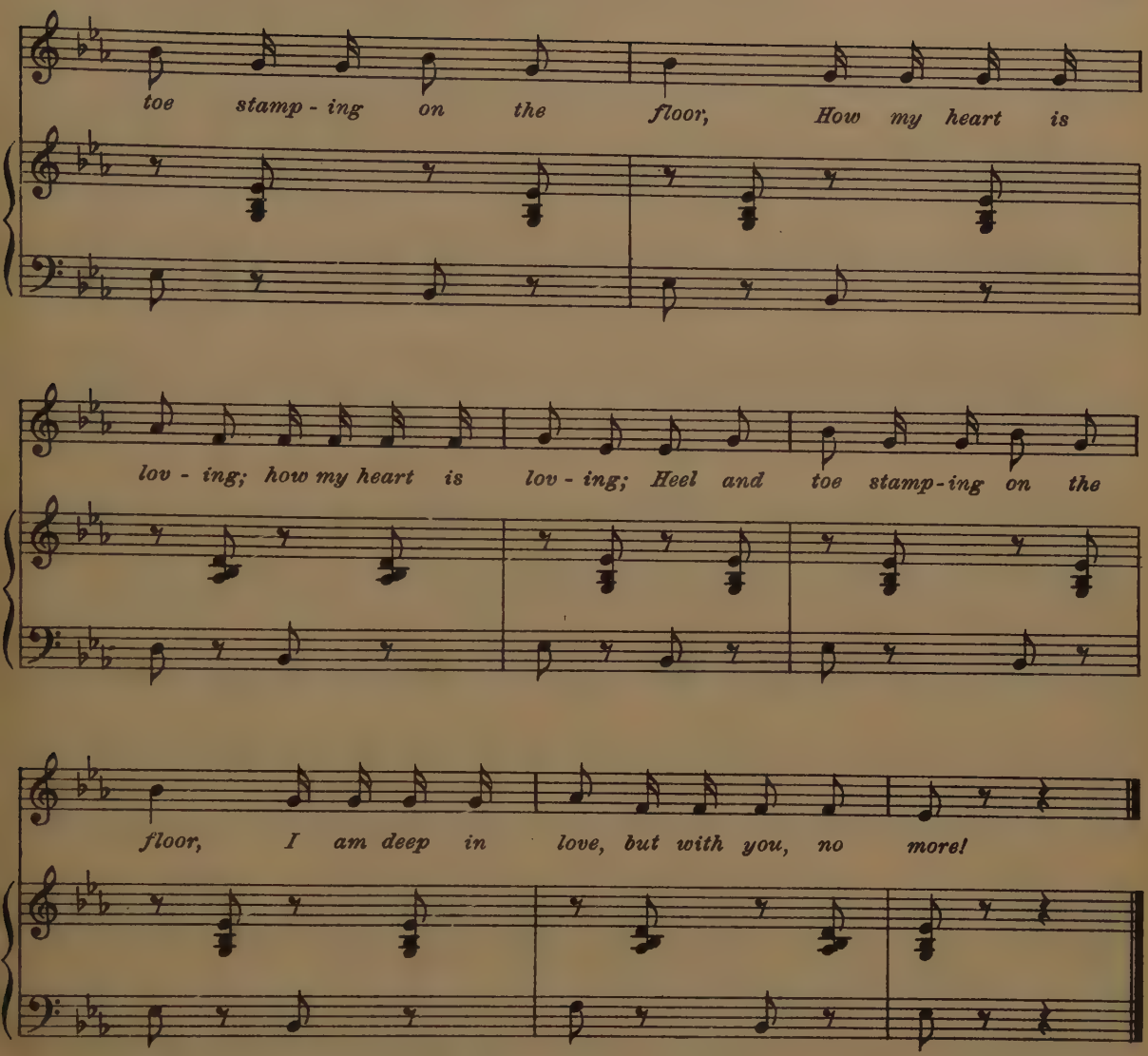
From thy window look down I pray,
And throw a rose, a red rose to me.
When my beautiful bride thou art
Never will I say no to thee.

English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

OUT ON THE STORMY SEA

Paraphrase by
Margaret Widdemer


Allegro
Out on the storm - y sea, A boat is wait - ing
there for me. You can de - ceive them
1.
all but me; You can de - ceive them all but me;
2.
all but me; You'll ne'er fool me a - gain! Heel and


toe stamp - ing on the floor, How my heart is
lov - ing; how my heart is lov - ing; Heel and toe stamp-ing on the
floor, I am deep in love, but with you, no more!

Sul mare torbido

Sul mare torbido
C'è una barchetta a attendere,
Non me la dai da intendere,]2
Non mi canzoni più.

Batti il tacco, la punta, il pie!
Sono innamorato, sono innamorata.
Batti il tacco, la punta, il pie!
Sono innamorata, ma non di te!

Il mare è torbido,
Il mare è in burrasca,
Senza palanche in tasca,]2
Non si può far l'amor.

Out on the Stormy Sea

Out on the stormy sea,
A boat is waiting there for me.
You can deceive them all but me;]2
You'll ne'er fool me again!

Heel and toe stamping on the floor,
How my heart is loving; how my heart is loving;
Heel and toe stamping on the floor,
I am deep in love, but with you, no more!

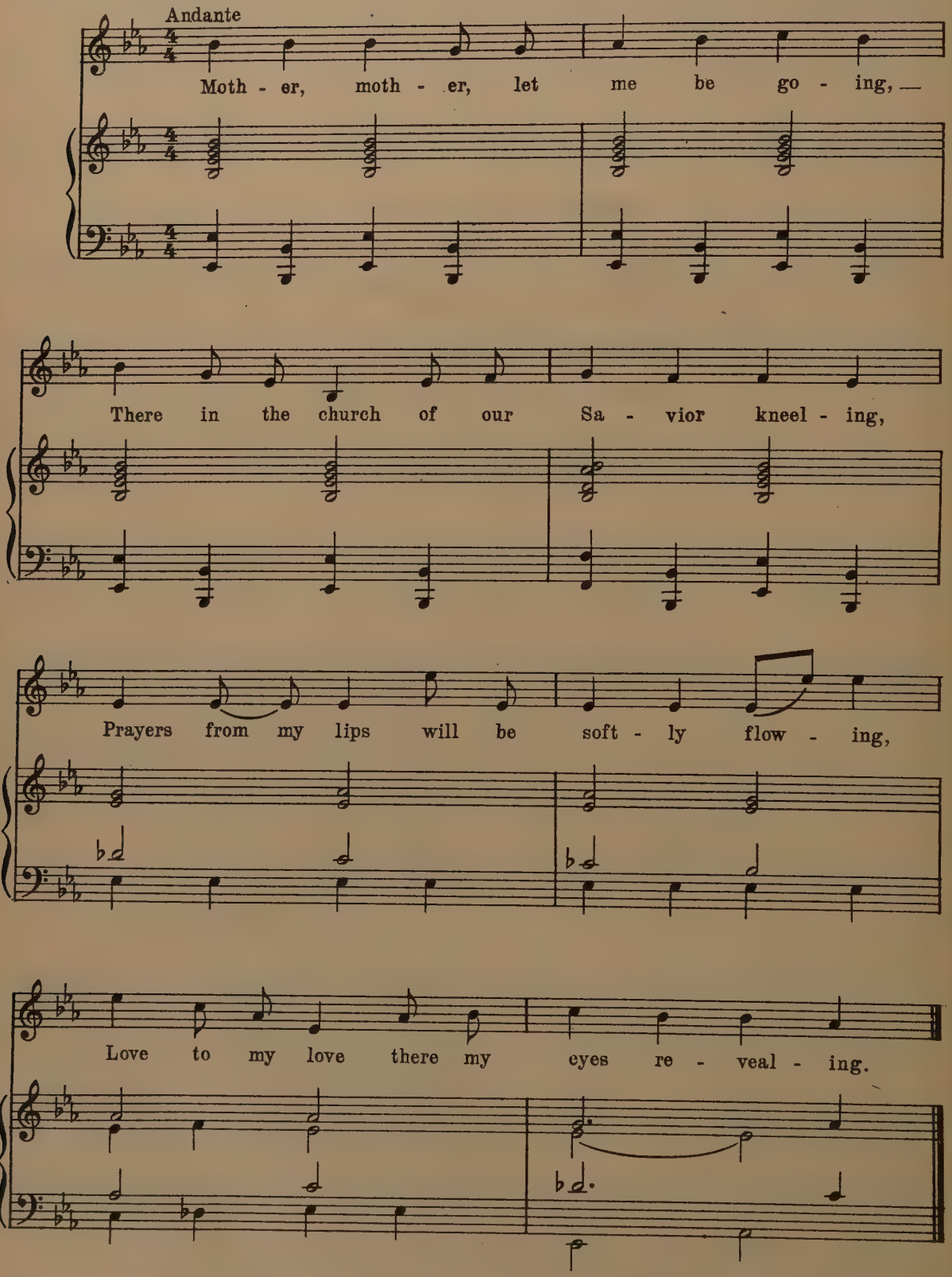
Out on the stormy sea,
If you've no coin to spend for me,
If you've no gold to give to me,]2
How can you come to woo?

Paraphrase by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

MOTHER, LET ME GO

English version by
Horace C. Jenkins

Arranged by
A. Traversi


Andante
Moth - er, moth - er, let me be go - ing, —
There in the church of our Sa - vior kneel - ing,
Prayers from my lips will be soft - ly flow - ing,
Love to my love there my eyes re - veal - ing.

Mamma, lasciami andare

Mamma, mamma, lasciami andare
Là nella chiesa del buon Signore.
Con le labbra saprò pregare
Mentre cogli occhi farò l'amore.

Mamma, mamma, fo la preghiera,
Tu non lo credi, con tanto ardore.
Prego il cielo mattina e sera
Che dell'amante mi serbi il core.

Mother, Let Me Go

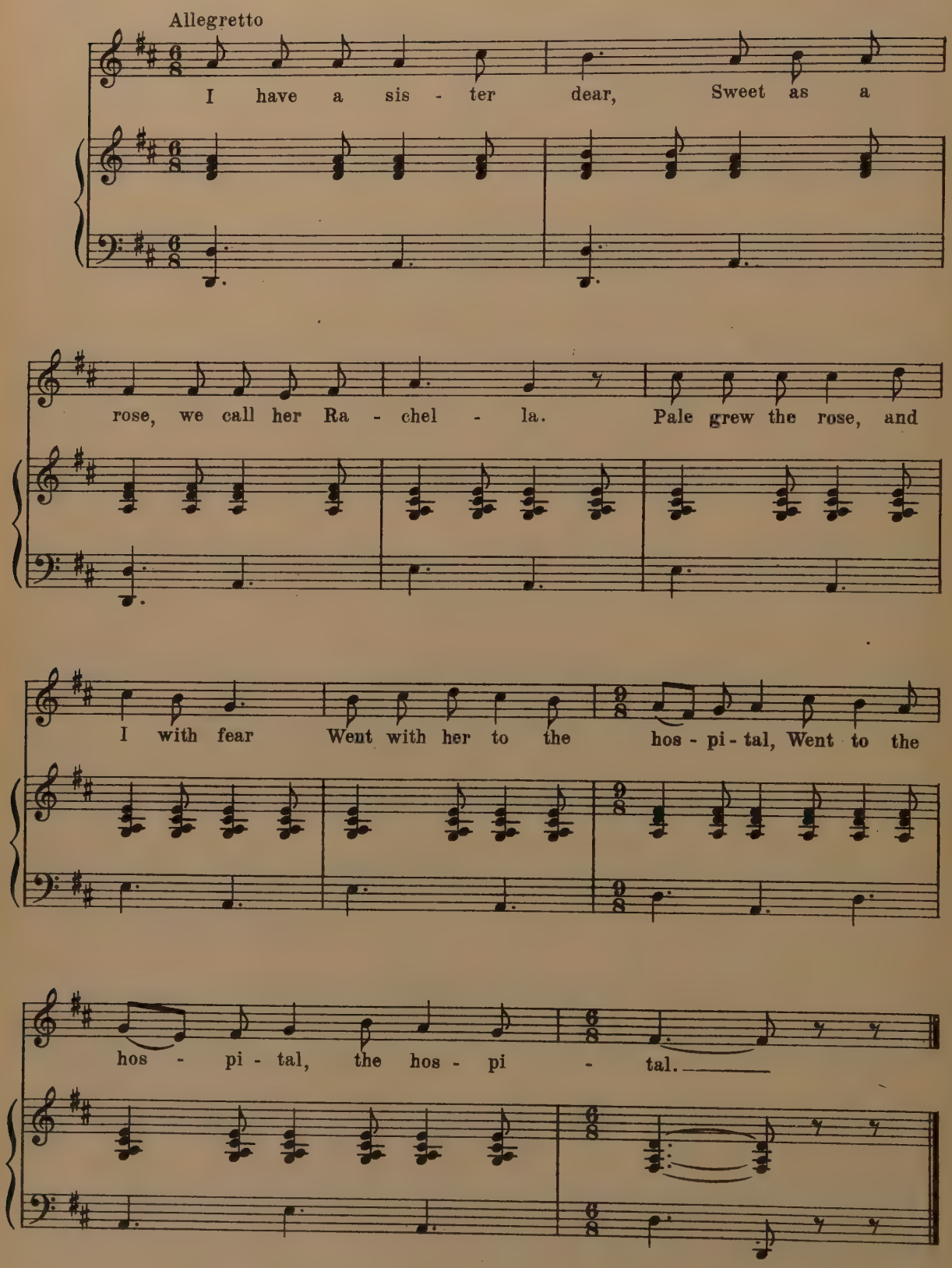
Mother, mother, let me be going,—
There in the church of our Savior kneeling,
Prayers from my lips will be softly flowing,
Love to my love there my eyes revealing.

Mother, mother, my lips are praying,—
But with what ardor you're little knowing—
Night and morning to Heaven saying
"Keep all the love in my love's heart glowing!"

English version by
HORACE C. JENKINS

RACHELLA

English version by
Angela Morgan


Allegretto
I have a sis - ter dear, Sweet as a
rose, we call her Ra - chel - la. Pale grew the rose, and
I with fear Went with her to the hos - pi - tal, Went to the
hos - pi - tal, the hos - pi - tal.

Rachella

Mi gh'òo vuna sorella
Che de nom se ciama Rachella,
A vundes or de sira
La meni a l'ospital.]3

Passati quattro mesi,
El papà l'è anda' a trovalla:
Rachella, come va 'la?
Papà, la me va mal.]3

Passati quattro giorni,
El papà l'è torna a trovalla:
Rachella, come va 'la?
Papà, la me va ben!]3

Gh'è sta' chi el mè Pinella;
El m'à ditt: Te voeui ben, Rachella!
Son bell'e che guarida,
Doman ritorni a ca'.]3

Rachella

I have a sister dear,
Sweet as a rose, we call her Rachella,
Pale grew the rose, and I with fear
Went with her to the hospital,
Went to the hospital, the hospital,

Four dreary months went by;
Then father called to visit Rachella.
"How are you, daughter?" But her sigh
Answered him sadly: "I am so ill,
O father, I am so ill, so very ill."

But when four days passed by,
Father once more did question Rachella.
"O, I am well," was her reply.
"Father I'm well again!
O father, well again, O father, well again!

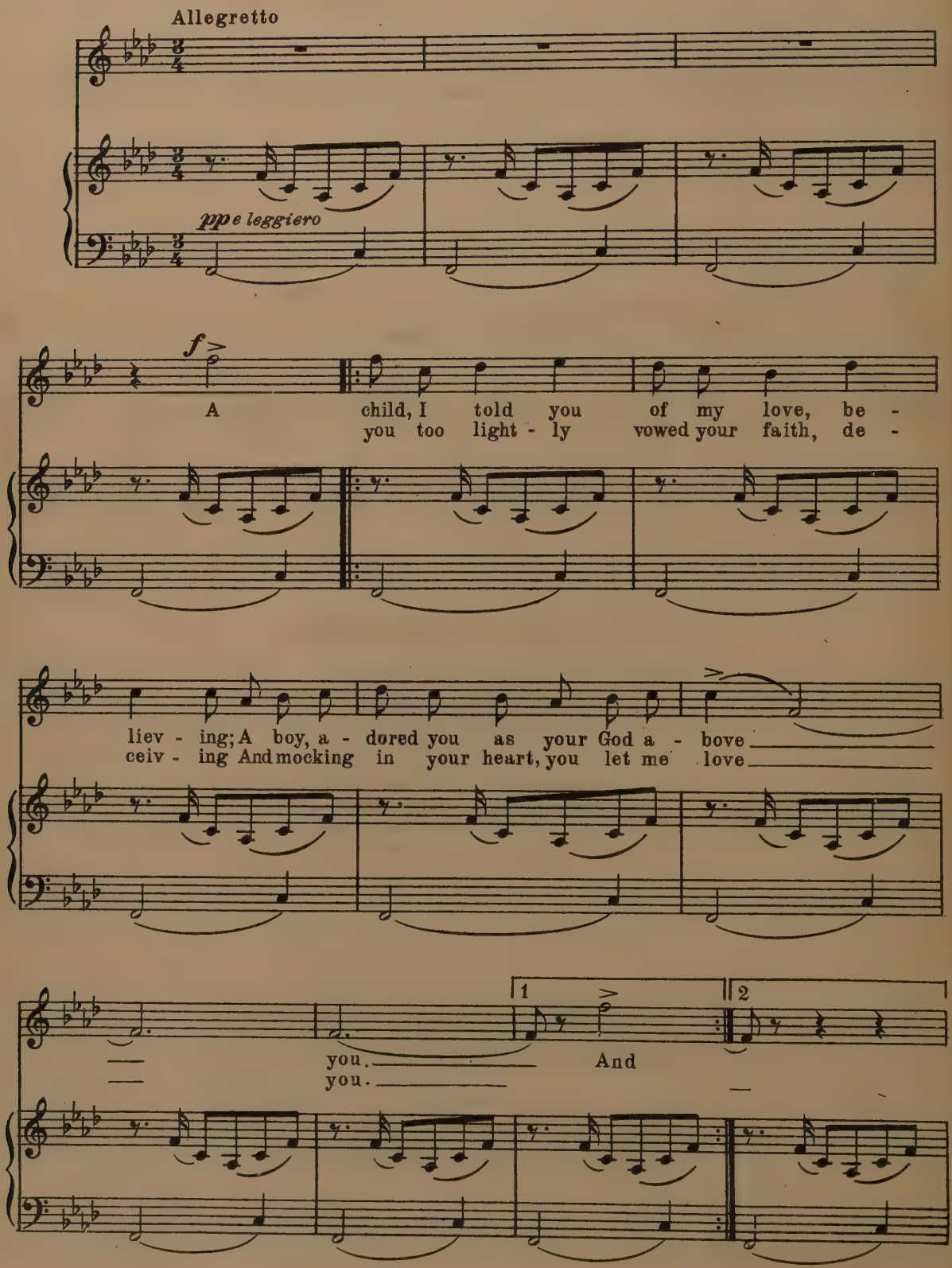
"While you were gone, he came,
Told me he loved me—my Pinella!
Father, I'm well; I'm coming home;
Yes, coming home tomorrow,
Coming home tomorrow, coming, coming home!"

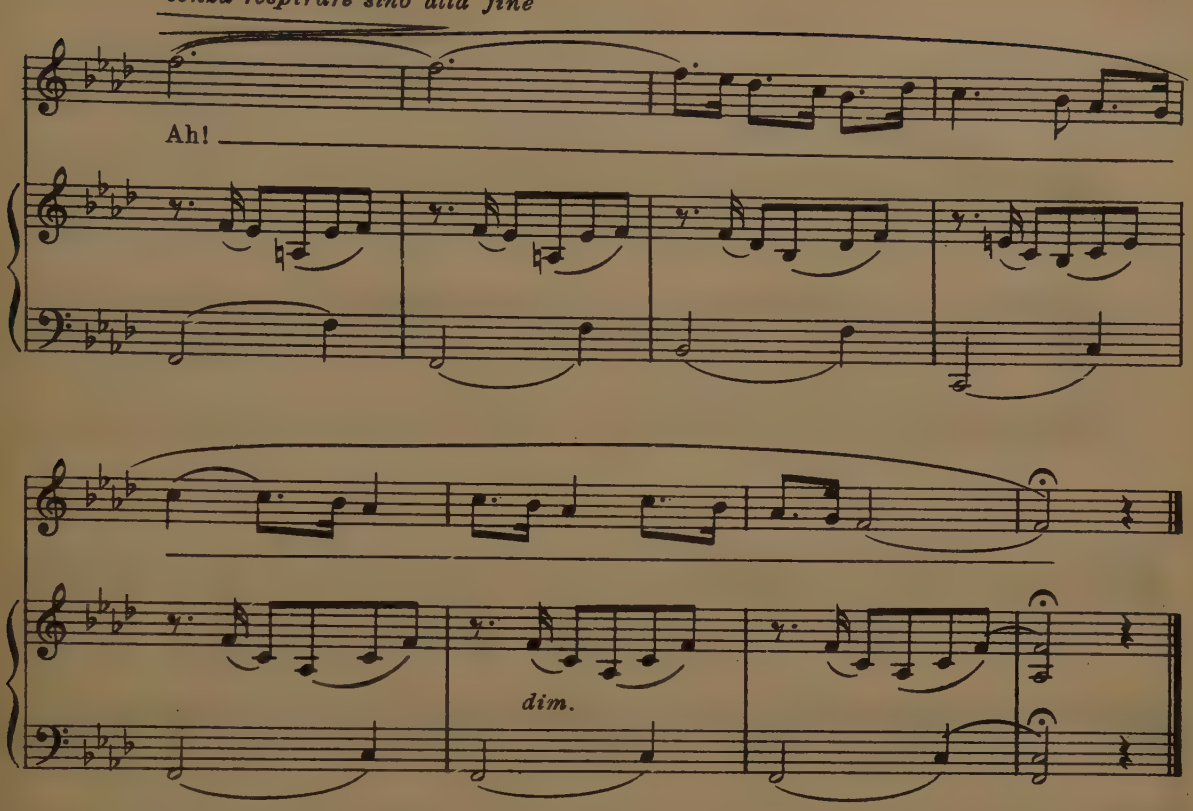
English version by
ANGELA MORGAN

I TOLD YOU OF MY LOVE

English version by
Margaret Widdemer

Arranged by
F. Paolo Tosti


Allegretto
pp e leggiero
f
A child, I told you of my love, be -
you too light - ly vowed your faith, de -
liev - ing; A boy, a - dored you as your God a - bove
ceiv - ing And mocking in your heart, you let me love
you.
you.
1
2
And



Fanciullo Appena Ti Parlai D'Amore

Fanciullo appena ti parlai d'amore,
Garzone t'adorai come il buon Dio.
Tu per trastullo mi donavi il core
E giocando irridevi all' amor mio.

Domani appiè dell' ara al nuovo affetto
Darai promessa d'illibata fede.
Io coll' antico amor sepolto in petto
Porro domani in altra terra il piede.

I Told You of My Love

A child, I told you of my love, believing;
A boy, adored you as your God above you.
And you too lightly vowed your faith, deceiving
And mocking in your heart, you let me love you.

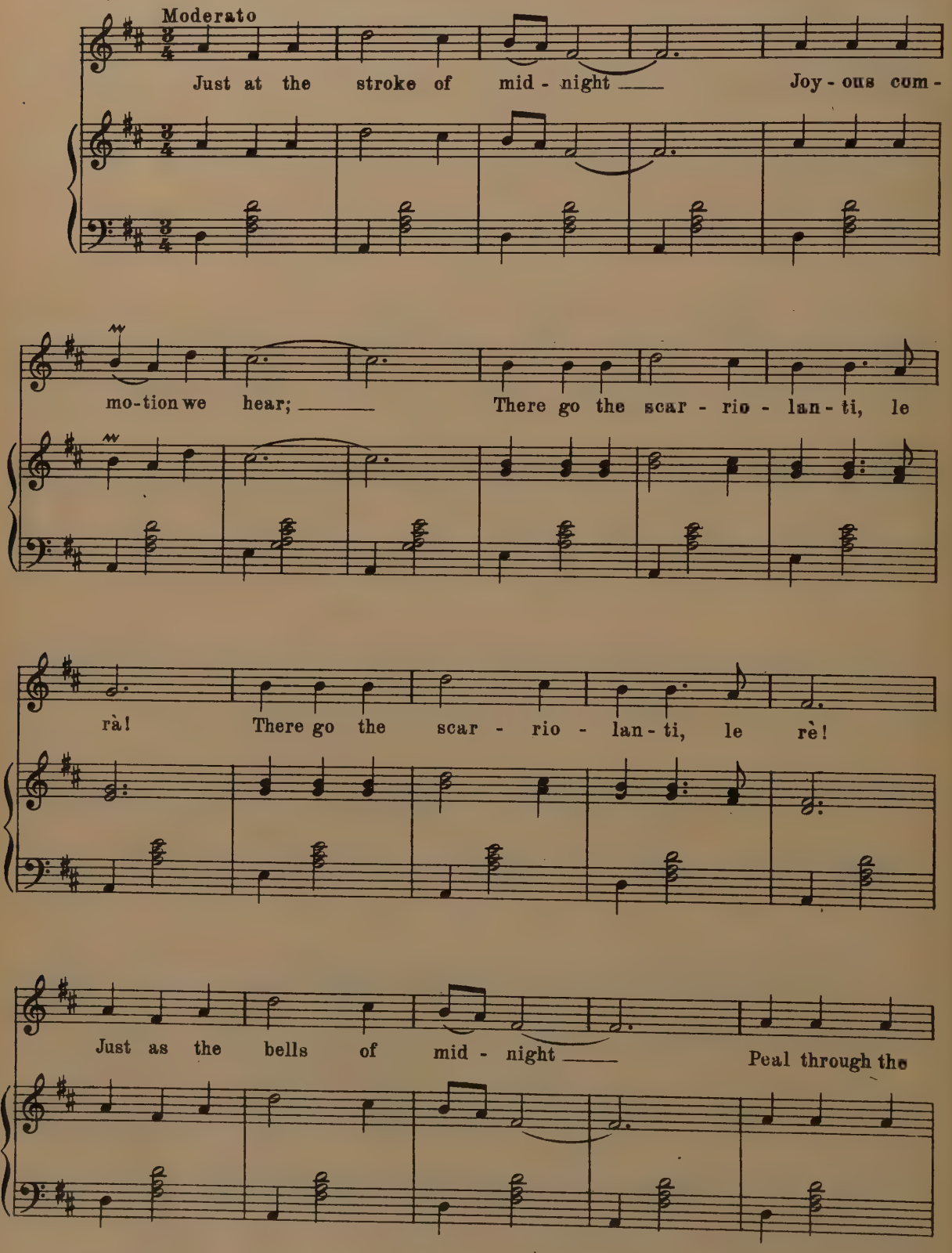
Tomorrow, at your new love's altar kneeling,
You make new vows of faithfulness forever;
And I, my old love in my breast concealing,
Set foot in a far land, returning never.

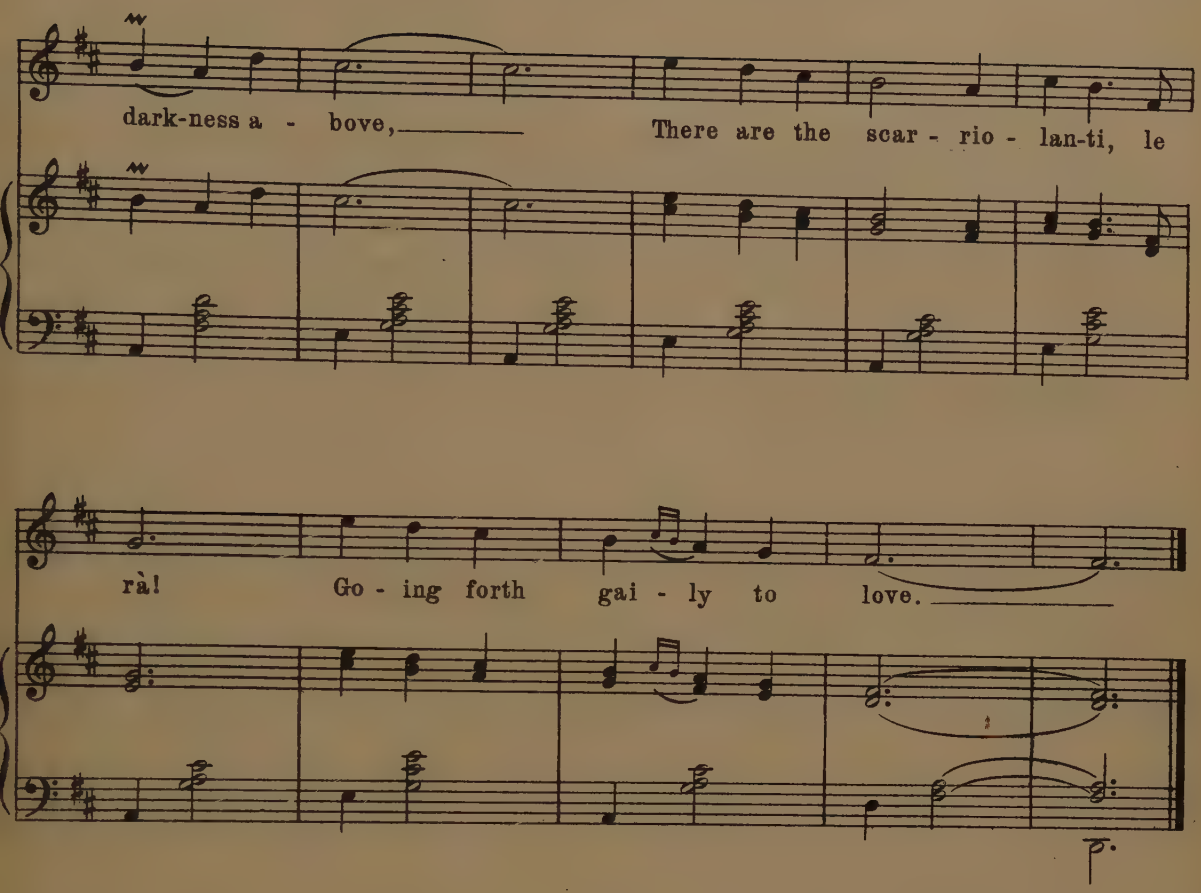
English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE WHEELBARROW LOADERS

English version by
Angela Morgan

Arranged by
Evelina Levi


Moderato
Just at the stroke of mid - night
Joy - ous com -
mo-tion we hear;
There go the scar - rio - lan - ti, le
rà!
There go the scar - rio - lan - ti, le rè!
Just as the bells of mid - night
Peal through the



Gli scarriolanti

A mezzanotte in punto
Si sente un gran rumor,
Sono gli scarriolanti, le rà,
Sono gli scarriolanti, le rè,
A mezzanotte in punto
Si sente un gran rumor,
Sono gli scarriolanti, le rà,
Che vanno a far l'amor.

Alla mattina all'alba
Si sente scarriolar,
Sono gli scarriolanti, le rà,
Sono gli scarriolanti, le rè,
Alla mattina all'alba
Si sente scarriolar,
Sono gli scarriolanti, le rà,
Che vanno a lavorar.

The Wheelbarrow Loaders

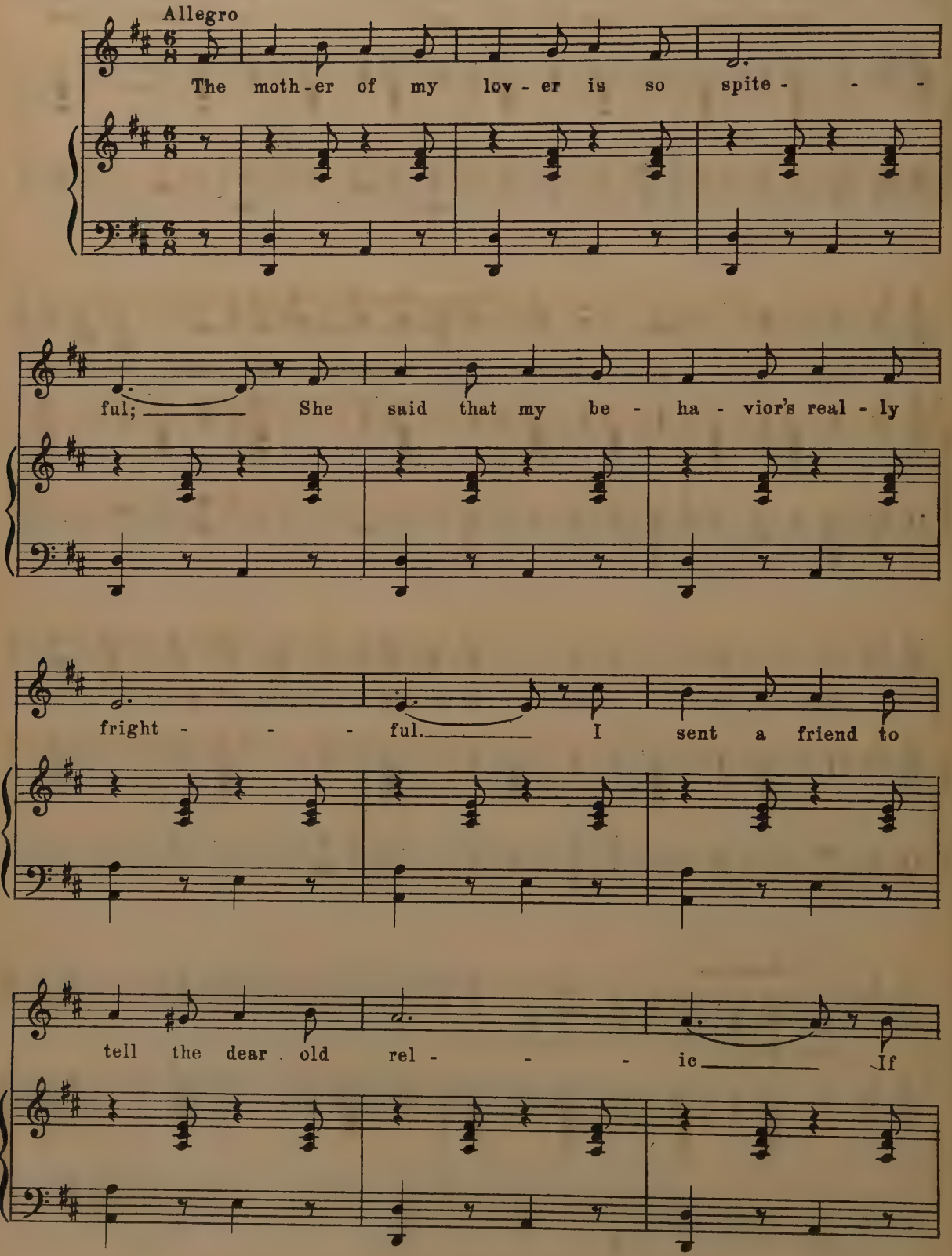
Just at the stroke of midnight
Joyous commotion we hear;
There go the scarriolanti, le rà!
There go the scarriolanti, le rè!
Just as the bells of midnight
Peal through the darkness above,
There are the scarriolanti, le rà!
Going forth gaily to love!

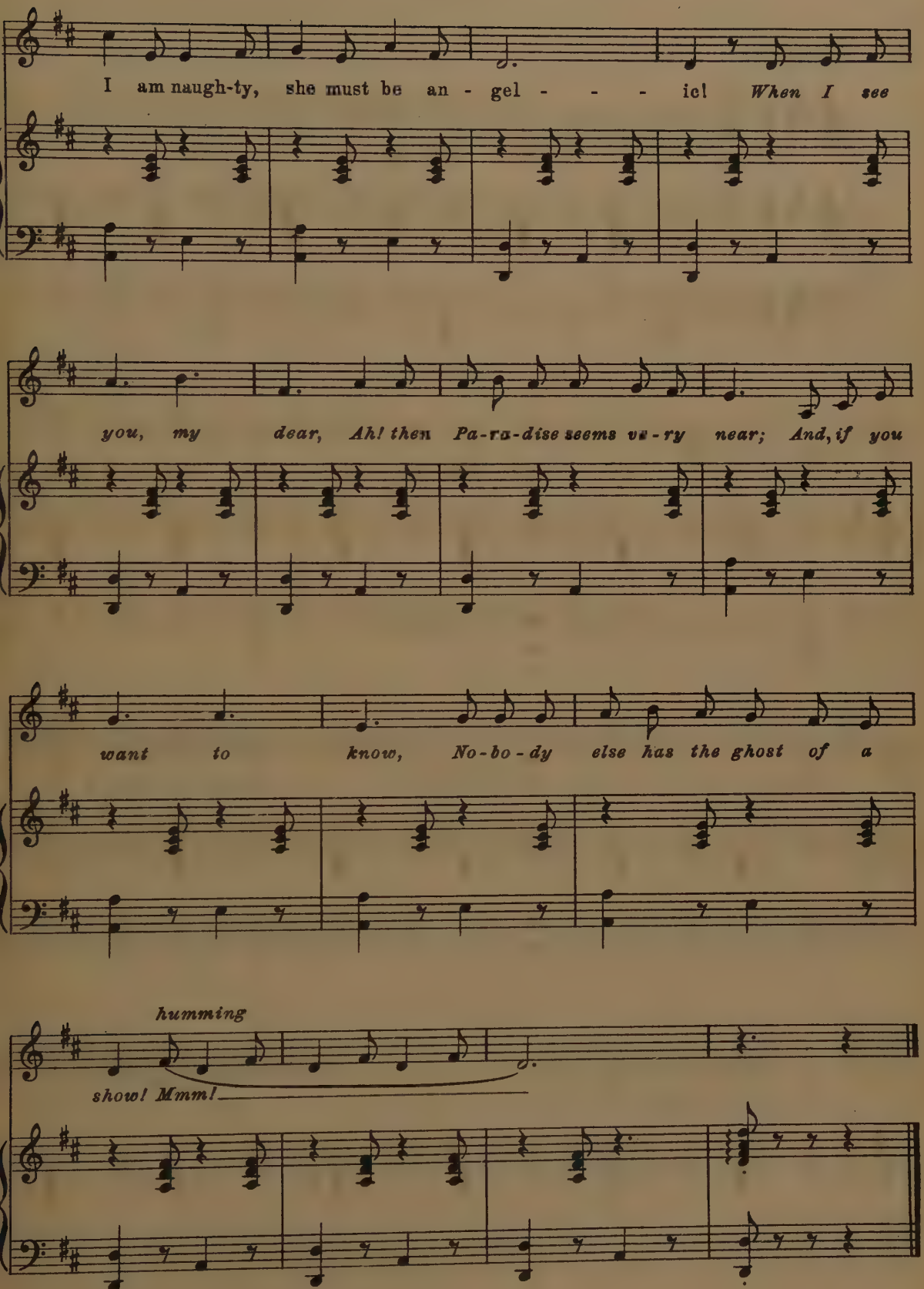
Just at the flush of daybreak
Rumble of noises we hear;
There go the scarriolanti, le rà!
There go the scarriolanti, le rè!
Just at the flush of daybreak,
Rolling their barrows along,
There are the scarriolanti, le rà!
Going to work with a song!

English version by
ANGELA MORGAN

SPITE

English version by
Anna Mathewson


Allegro
The moth-er of my lov-er is so spite- - -
ful; She said that my be-ha-vior's real-ly
fright- - - ful. I sent a friend to
tell the dear old rel- - - ic If


I am naugh-ty, she must be an - gel - - - ic! When I see
you, my dear, Ah! then Pa-ra-dise seems ve-ry near; And, if you
want to know, No-bo-dy else has the ghost of a
humming
show! Mmm!

Dispetto

La mamma del mio ben l'ha nom Oliva,
La m'ha mandato a dir ch'a son cativa;
E me gh'o mandè a dir pr'una persona
Ch' s'a son cativa me, lè, la srà bona!

Quando ti vedo te
L'Paradiso mi par di vede';
E se lo vuoi sape,
Non c'è nessuno che piaccia a me.

La mamma del mio ben m'ha manda' a dire
Ch'in d'la padela mi farà rostire,
E me gh' o mandè a dir, se 'n lo sapesse,
Ch'in d'la padela si rostisse il pesse.

Spite

The mother of my lover is so spiteful;
She said that my behavior's really frightful.
I sent a friend to tell the dear old relic
If I am naughty, she must be angelic!

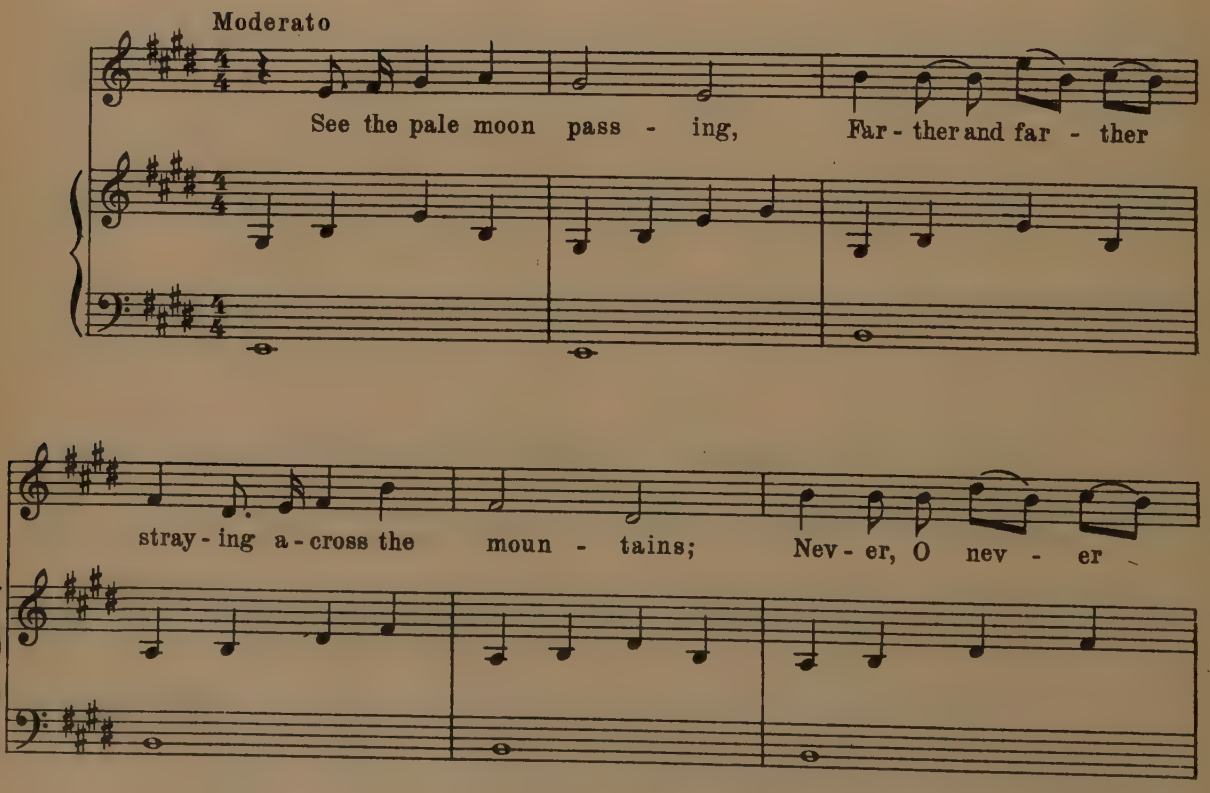
When I see you, my dear,
Ah! then Paradise seems very near;
And, if you want to know,
Nobody else has the ghost of a show!

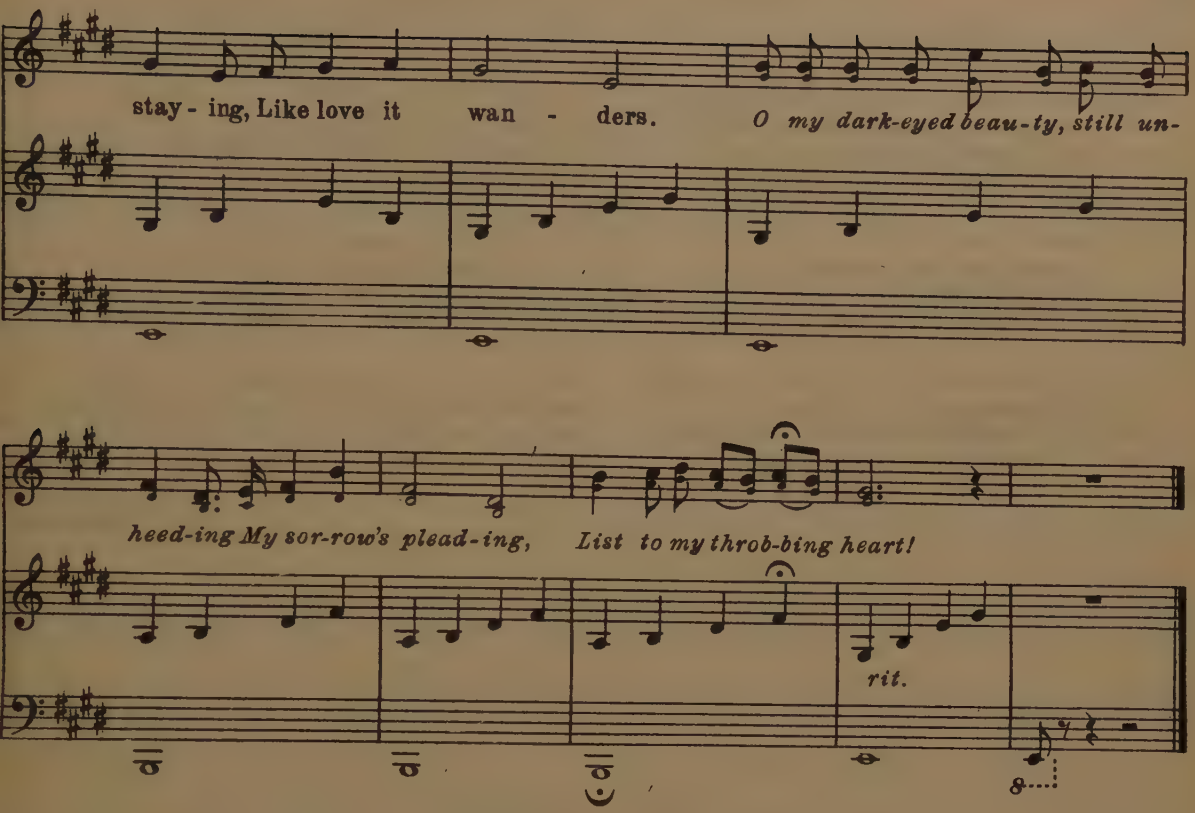
The mother of my lover now is boasting
That she will give to me a red-hot roasting.
I sent to say that, spite of all her wishes,
She'd better keep her frying-pan for fishes.

English version by
ANNA MATHEWSON

SEE THE MOON

English version by
Margaret Widdemer





Guarda la Luna

Guarda la luna
Come la cammina!
La passa i monti
E non si ferma mai.
L'è come il core!

Bella morettina, tu non senti
I miei lamenti,
Come mi batte il cor!

O giovinotti,
Non state a prender moglie,
Che a primavera
Andrem con Garibaldi,
O giovinotti!

Bella morettina, tu non senti
I miei lamenti,
Come mi batte il cor!

See the Moon

See the pale moon passing,
Farther and farther straying
Across the mountains;
Never, O never staying,
Like love it wanders.

O my dark-eyed beauty, still unheeding
My sorrow's pleading,
List to my throbbing heart!

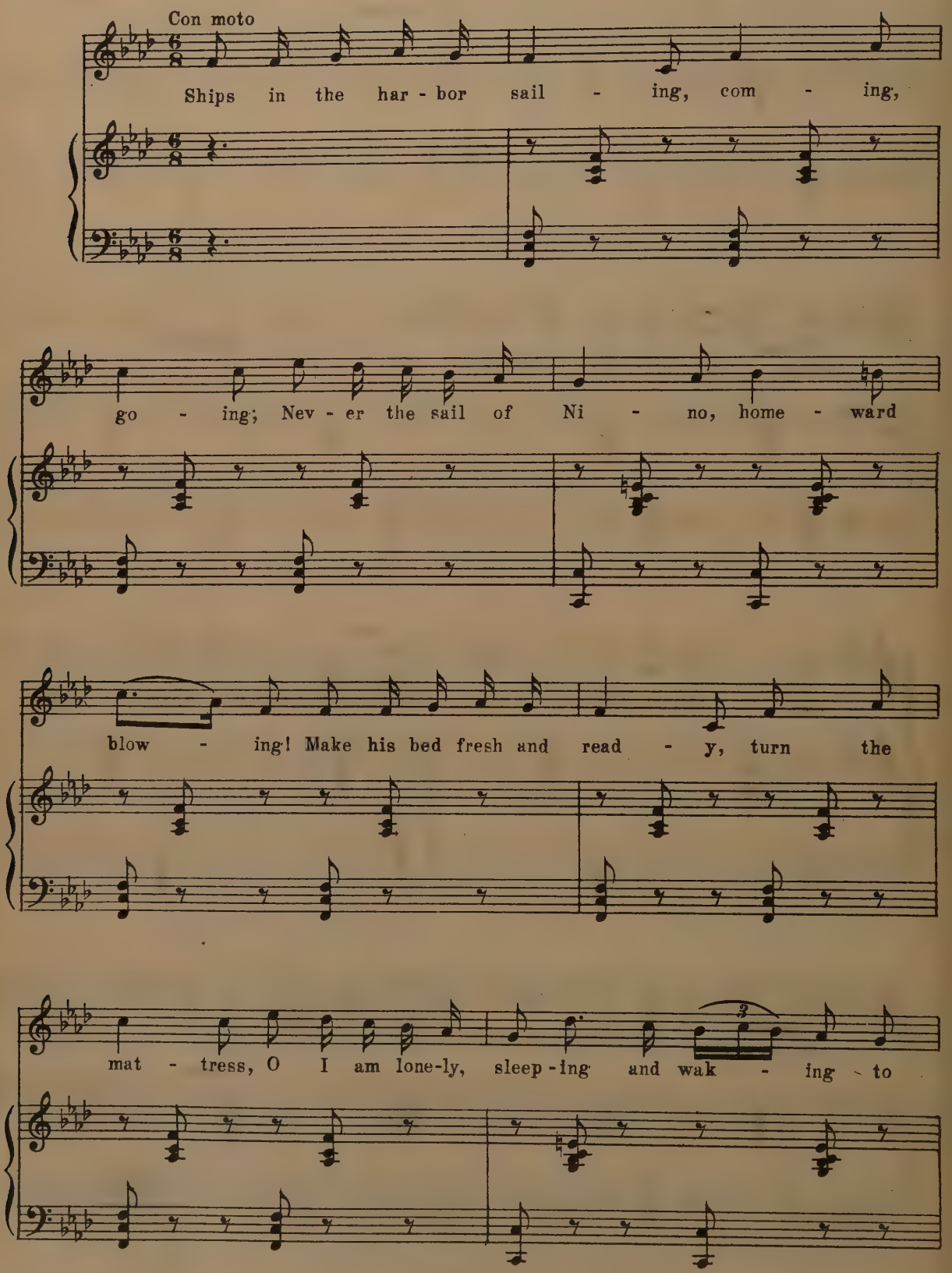
O young lovers waiting,
With your sweethearts staying,
For us no mating!
For at the spring's returning
We march to battle.

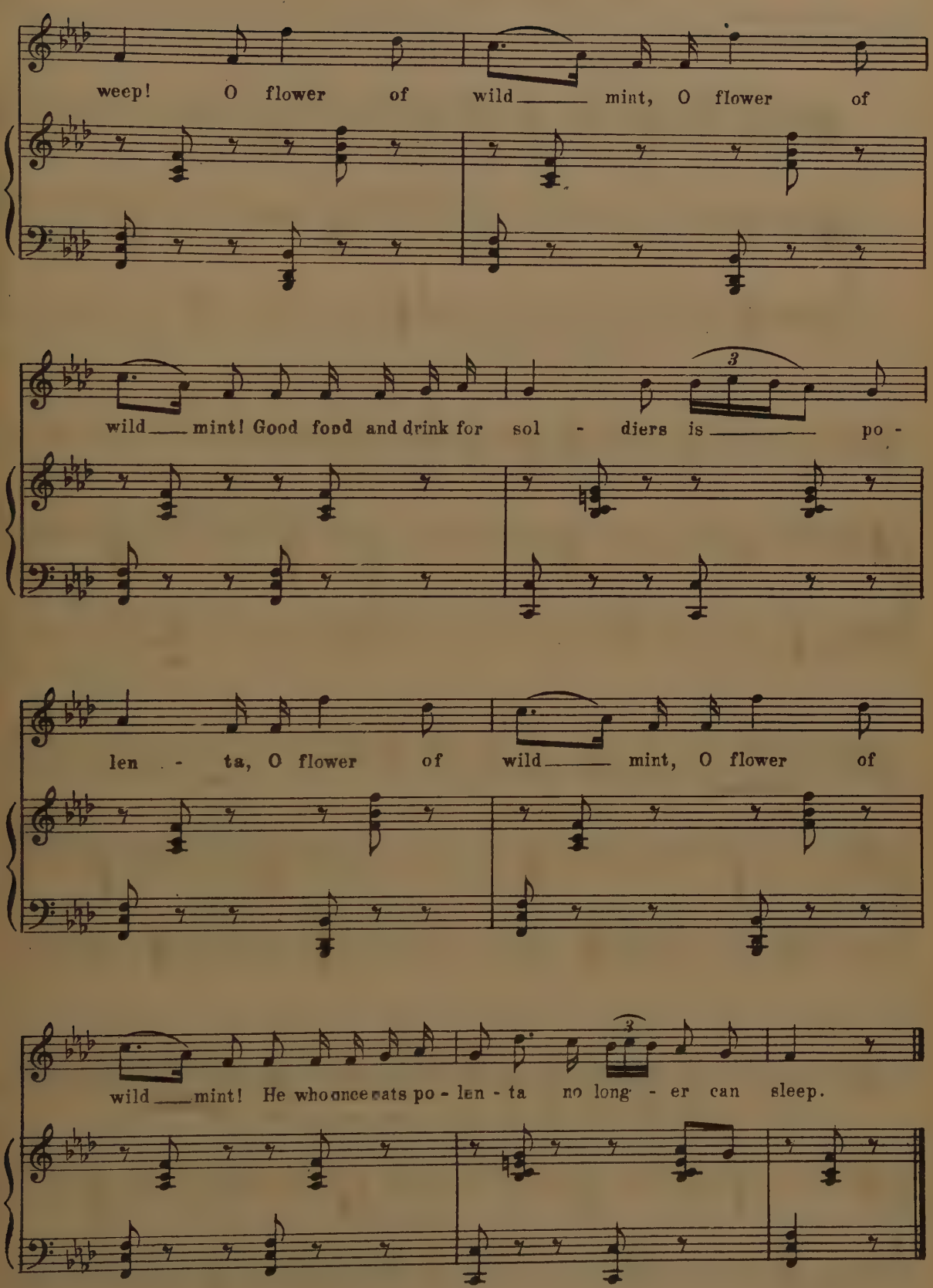
O my dark-eyed beauty, still unheeding
My sorrow's pleading,
List to my throbbing heart!

English version by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

I SEE THE SHIPS

English version by
Clara Platt Meadowcraft


Con moto
Ships in the har - bor sail - ing, com - ing,
go - ing; Nev - er the sail of Ni - no, home - ward
blow - ing! Make his bed fresh and read - y, turn the
mat - tress, O I am lone-ly, sleep - ing and wak - ing to


weep! O flower of wild mint, O flower of
wild mint! Good food and drink for sol - diers is po -
len - ta, O flower of wild mint, O flower of
wild mint! He who once eats po - len - ta no long - er can sleep.

Vedo li bastimenti

Vedo li bastimenti anda' e venire,
Quello de Nino mio nun viene mai!
Volta le materasse e le lenzola,
Ah, che a dormire sola non voglio più sta'!

Fiorin di menta, fiorin di menta,
Latte de li soldati è la polenta,
Fiorin di menta, fiorin di menta,
E chi mangia polenta, dormire non può.

I See the Ships

Ships in the harbor sailing, coming, going;
Never the sail of Nino, homeward blowing!
Make his bed fresh and ready, turn the mattress.
O I am lonely, sleeping and waking to weep!

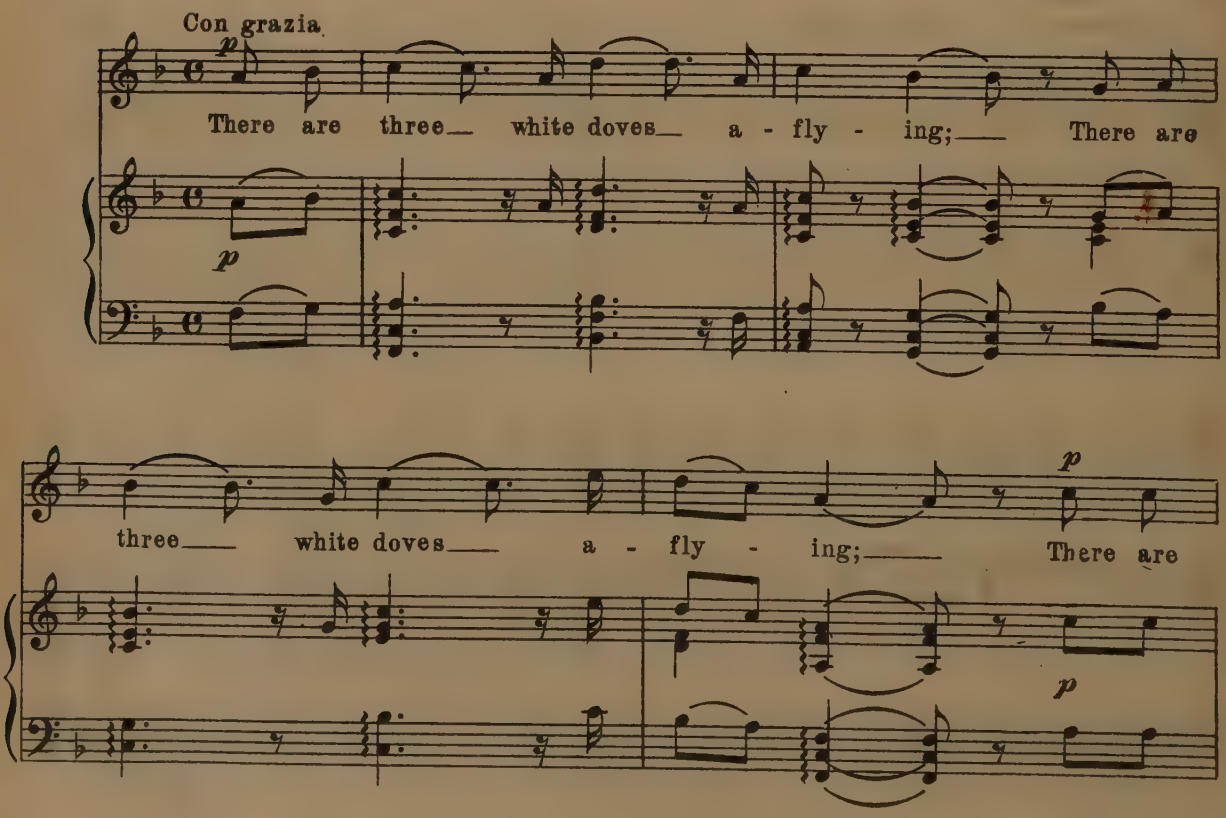
O flower of wild mint, O flower of wild mint!
Good food and drink for soldiers is polenta.
O flower of wild mint, O flower of wild mint!
He who once eats polenta no longer can sleep.

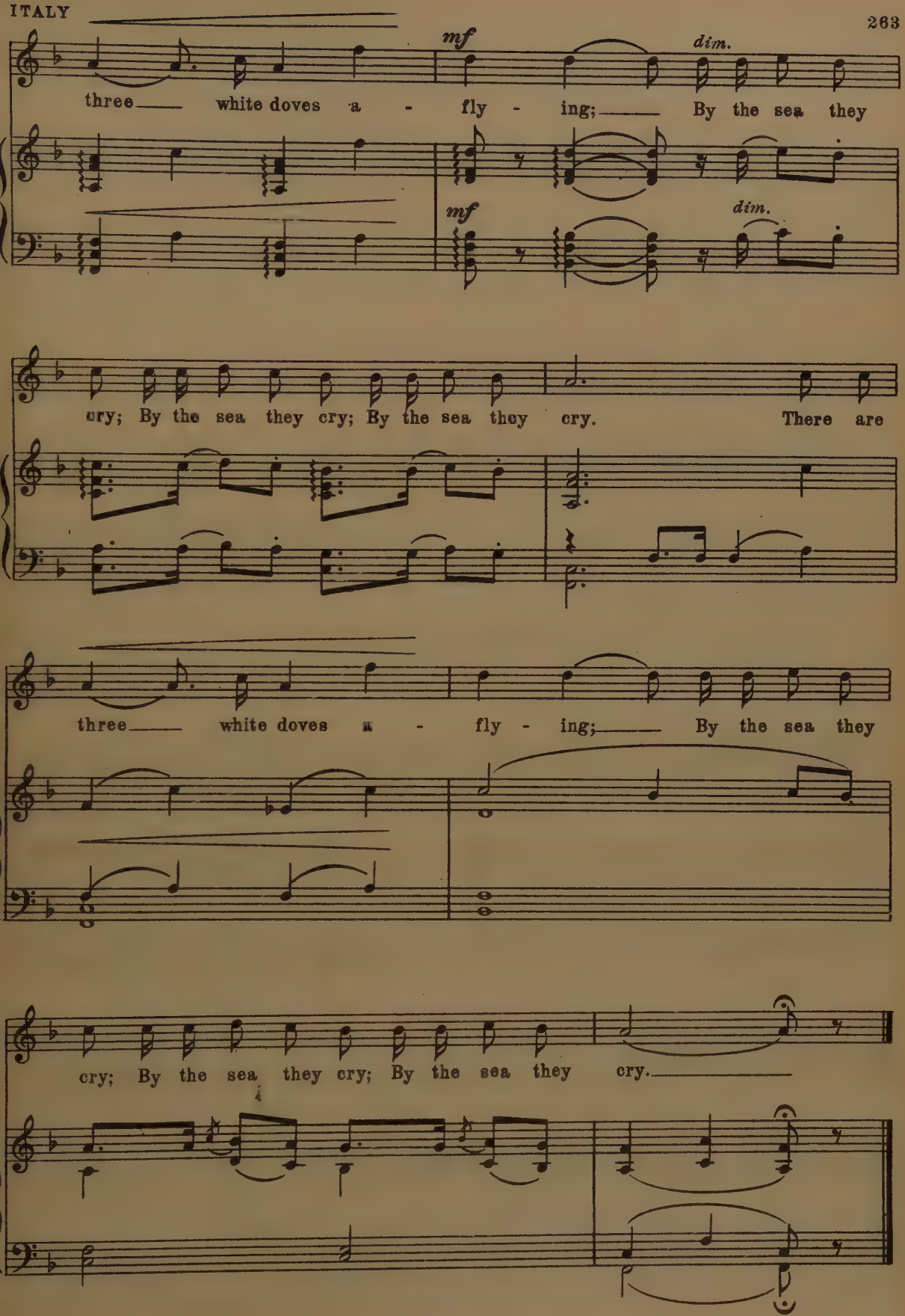
English version by
CLARA PLATT MEADOWCROFT

THE THREE DOVES

English version by M.W.

Arranged by Leone Sinigaglia




mf
dim.
three white doves a - fly - ing; By the sea they
mf
dim.
cry; By the sea they cry; By the sea they cry. There are
three white doves a - fly - ing; By the sea they
cry; By the sea they cry; By the sea they cry.

Le tre Colombe

S'a sun tre culumbe bianche,]3
S'la riva dël mar.]3

E lur van bagnesse j'ale,]3
Süresse al sul.]3

The Three Doves

There are three white doves a-flying;]3
By the sea they cry.]3

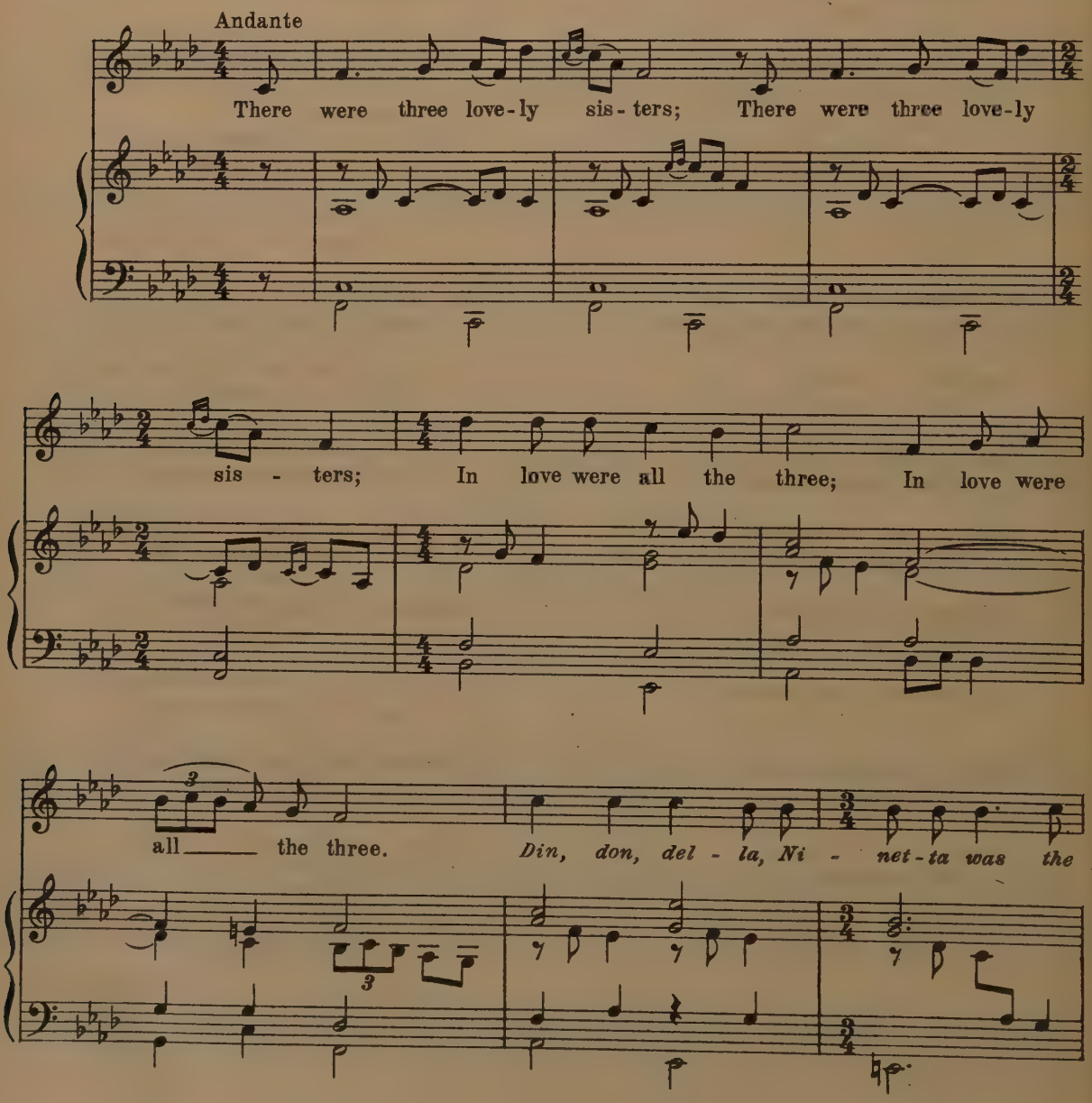
In the waves they dip their soft wings,]3
Then soar to the sky!]3

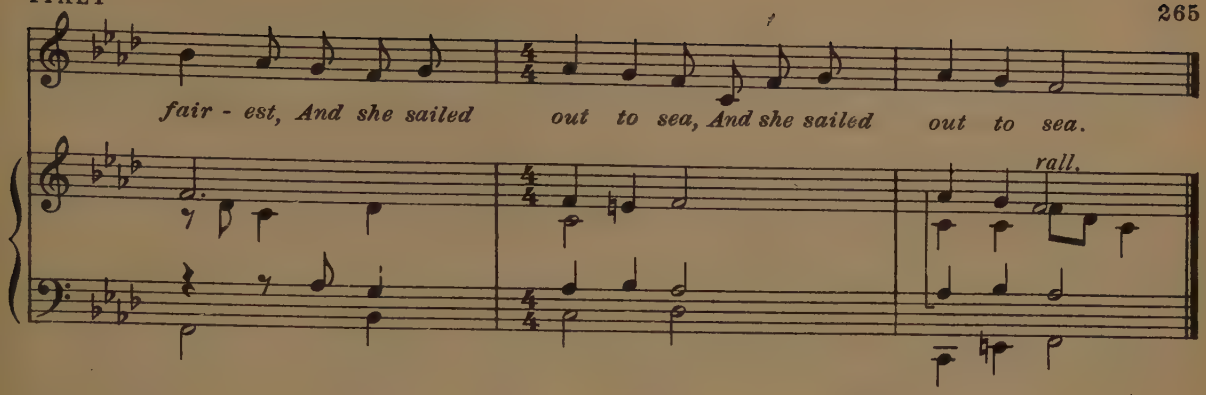
English version by
M. W.

O FISHERMAN ON THE WAVES

English version by
F. J.

Arranged by
A. Traversi


Andante
There were three love-ly sis-ters; There were three love-ly
sis - ters; In love were all the three; In love were
all the three. Din, don, del - la, Ni - net-ta was the



O pescator dell'onda

E c'eran tre sorelle
E tutte tre d'amor.

Din, don, della,
Ninetta, la più bella,
Se mise a navigar.]2

E un giorno nel vogare
L'anello le cascò.

O pescator dell'onda,
Vieni a pescar più in qua!

Che cosa mi darete
Quando l'avrò pescà?

Cento zecchini d'oro
E 'na borsa ricama'.

Non voglio nè zecchini
Nè borsa ricama'.

Solo un bacin d'amore,
Se tu me la vuoi da'.

Nel mentre si baciavano
Arriva il suo papà.

Ninetta, non sta bene
Di lasciarsi bacia'!

Quand' ero piccolina
Mi comandavi tu.

Adesso son grandina,
Non mi comandi più!

O Fisherman on the Waves

There were three lovely sisters;
In love were all the three.

Din, don, della,
Ninetta was the fairest,
And she sailed out to sea.]2

One day while she was sailing
She dropped her ring of gold.

She cried aloud, "O fisher,
Come fish my ring for me."

"O maid, what will you give me
When I have fished your ring?"

"I'll give a hundred gold coins
In an embroidered purse."

"I spurn your coins of bright gold,
Also your broidered purse.

"My dear, I ask you only
Give to me one sweet kiss!"

But while they still were kissing,
Came her papa and saw.

"Ninetta dear, how dare you?
It is not nice to kiss."

"Papa, when I was but a child
I always did obey;

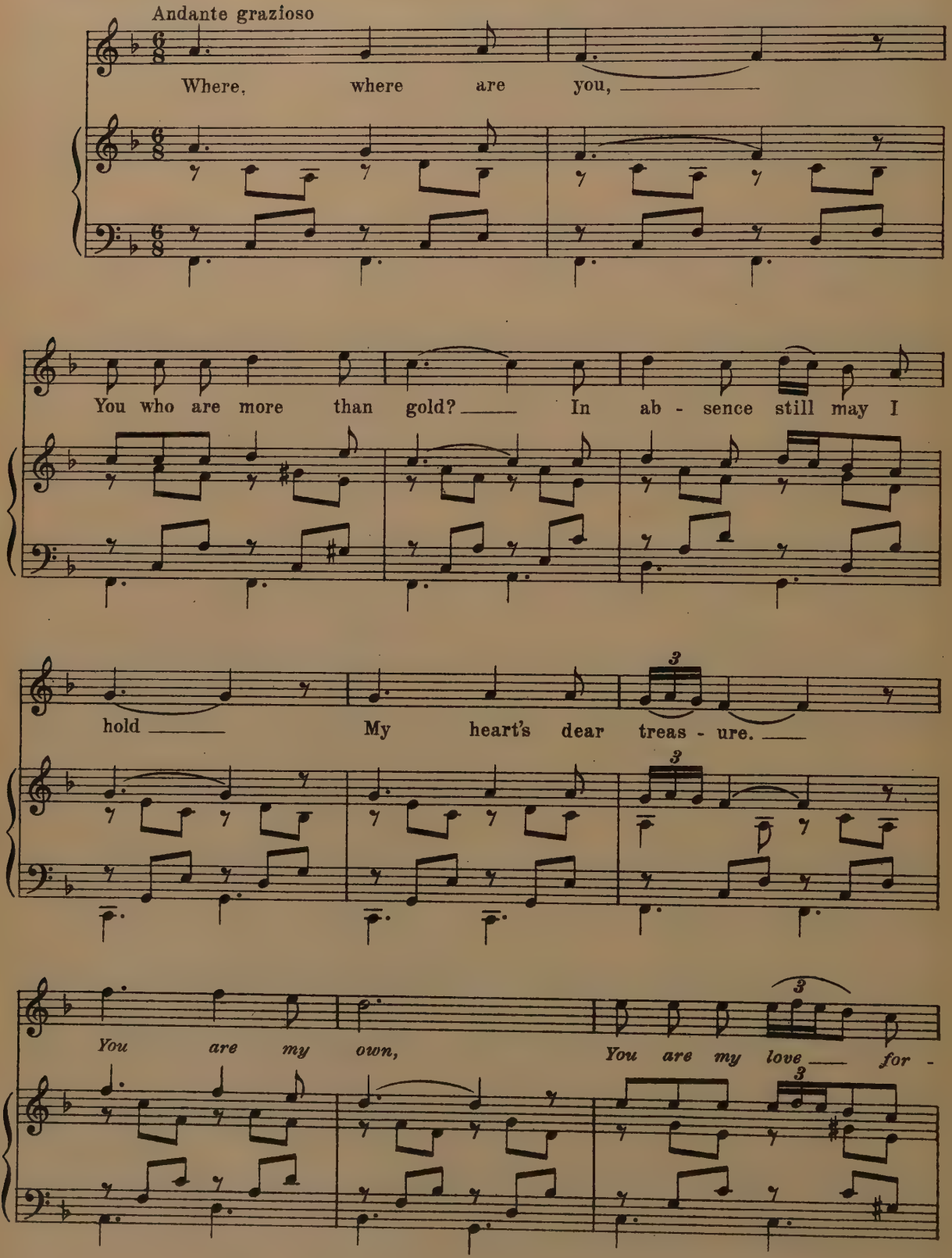
"But now, you see, I'm grown up;
You can command no more."

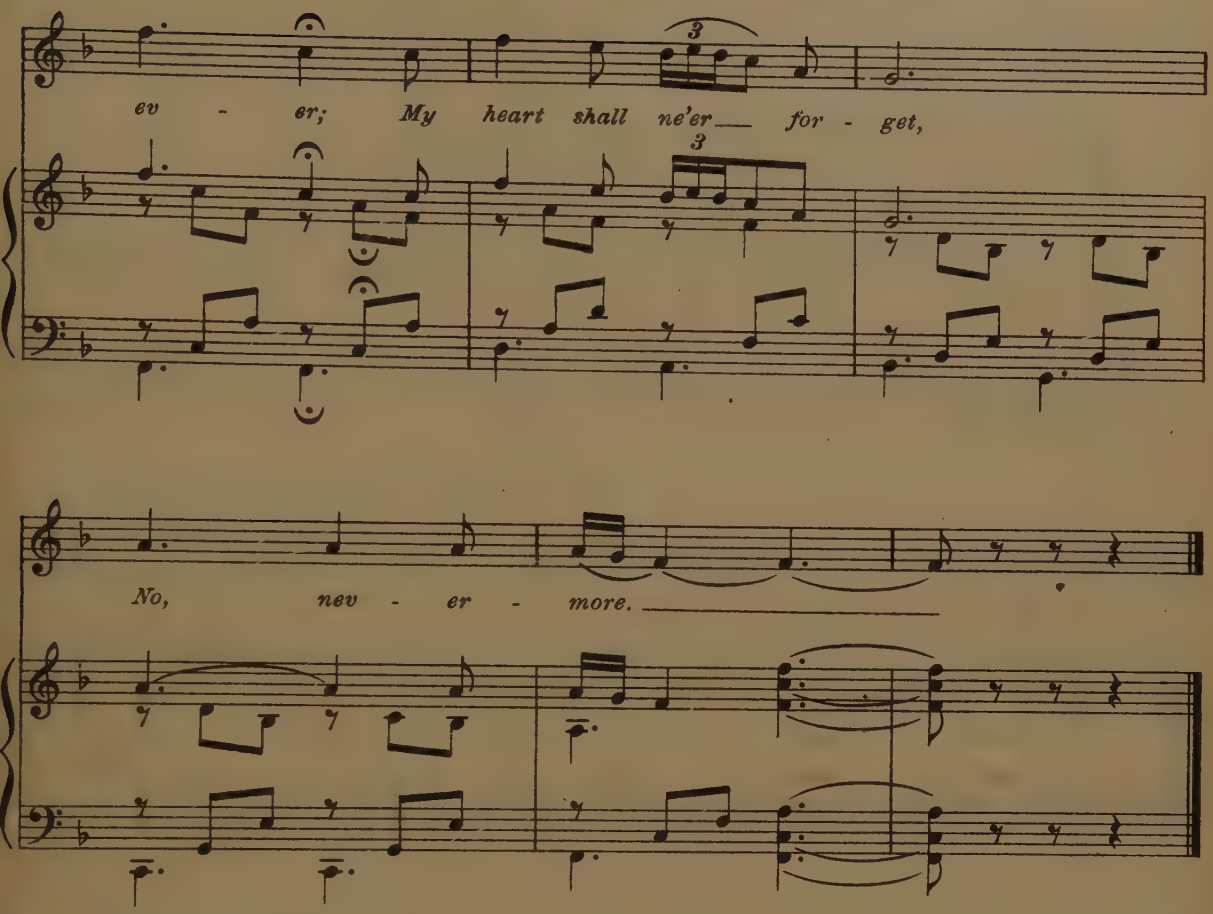
English version by
F. J.

YOU ARE ALL MY TREASURE

English version by
Angela Morgan

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Andante grazioso
Where, where are you,
You who are more than gold? In ab - sence still may I
hold My heart's dear treas - ure.
You are my own, You are my love for -



T' ses tüta mia furtüna

Duva che 't' ses, O bela vita d'or?
Luntan da i oeui, i t'ai sempe 'n d'al coeur.

T' ses tüta mia, t' ses tüta mia furtüna,
T' desmentierai mai pi, mai pi, mai pi!

La roeusa russa a fa 'l bastun spinus,
La dona bela a fa l'omo gelus.

You Are All My Treasure

Where, where are you,
You who are more than gold?
In absence still may I hold
My heart's dear treasure.

You are my own,
You are my love forever;
My heart shall ne'er forget,
No, nevermore.

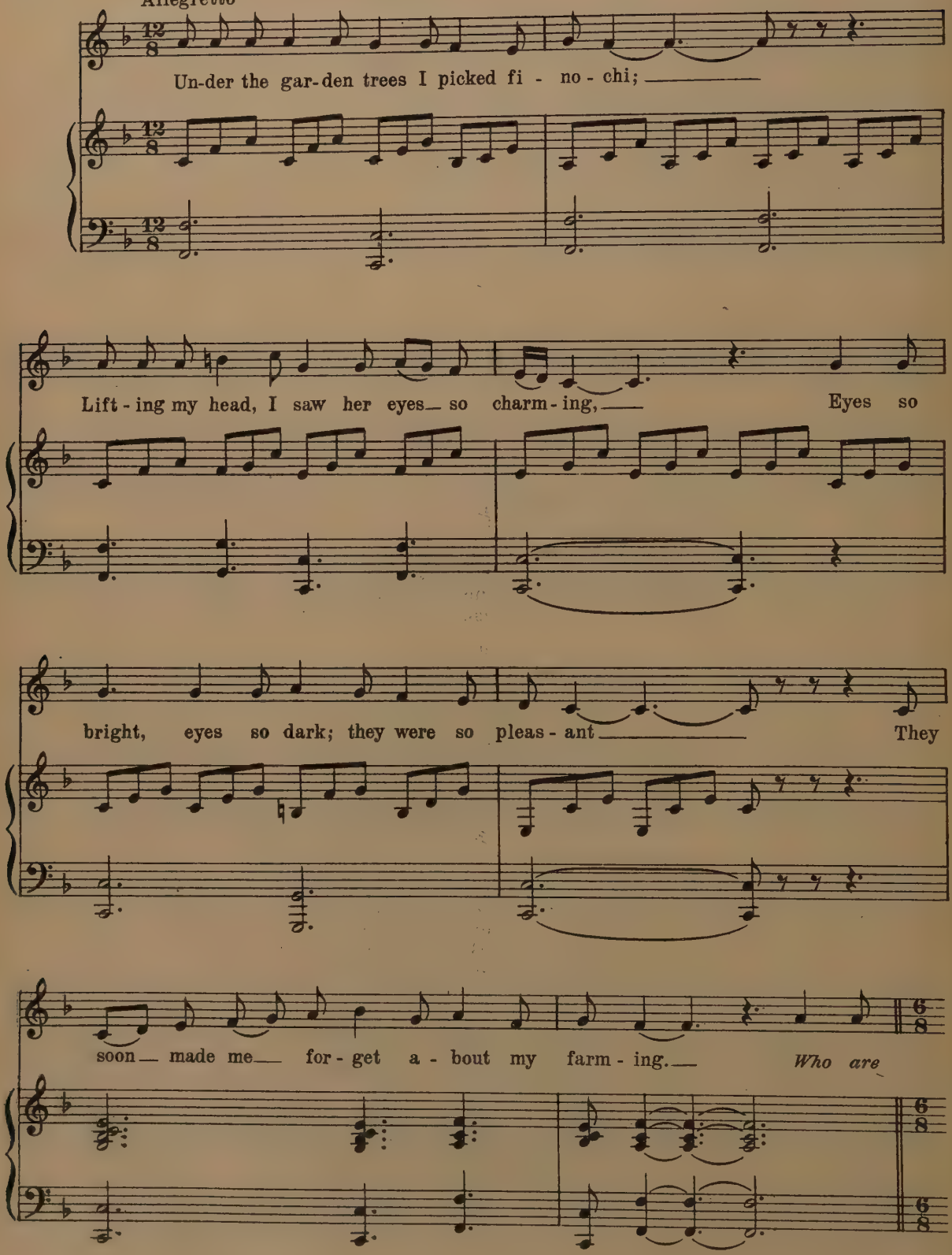
Fair, fair the rose,
Whose lover lives forlorn.
O sharp is jealousy's thorn!
No pain may measure.

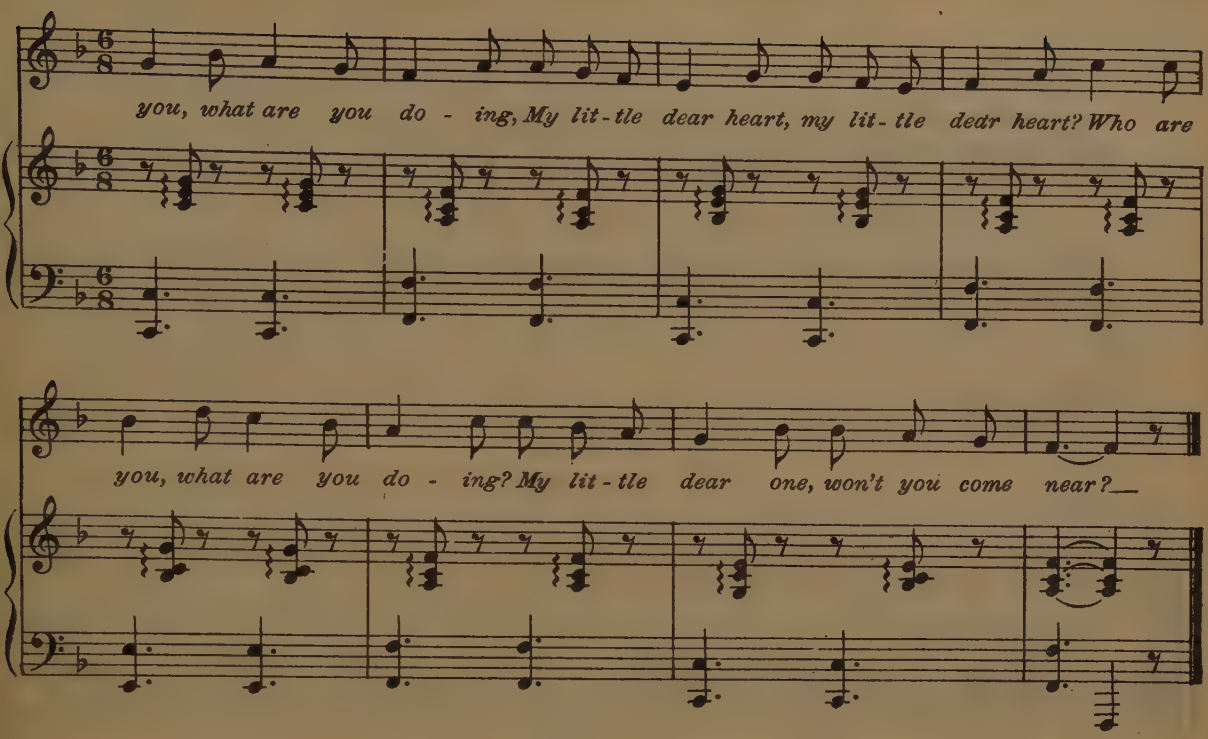
English version by
ANGELA MORGAN

UNDER THE GARDEN TREES I PICKED FINOCHI

English version by
Anna Catherine Markham

Allegretto


Un-der the gar-den trees I picked fi - no - chi;
Lift - ing my head, I saw her eyes so charm - ing, Eyes so
bright, eyes so dark; they were so pleas - ant They
soon made me for - get a - bout my farm - ing. Who are


you, what are you do - ing, My lit - tle dear heart, my lit - tle dear heart? Who are
you, what are you do - ing? My lit - tle dear one, won't you come near?

Villotta

Stevo in de l'orto a rancurar fenoci',
Alzo la testa e vedo do bei oci;
Do bei oci che tanto me piaseva,
Che dei fenoci me desmentegheva.

Dove veto, cossa feto,
Cocola mia, cocola mia?
Dove veto, cossa feto,
Cocola mia, tirite in qua.

Se el maridar el fusse per un ano,
Quanta mai zente se maridaria!
E quando l'ano el fusse ben fornìo,
Tegner la dote, e dar la puta indrìo!

Under the Garden Trees I Picked Finochi *

Under the garden trees I picked finochi;
Lifting my head, I saw her eyes so charming,
Eyes so bright, eyes so dark; they were so pleasant
They soon made me forget about my farming.

Who are you, what are you doing,
My little dear heart, my little dear heart?
Who are you, what are you doing?
My little dear one, won't you come near?

If folks could marry just one little year, love,
Many young men would gaily come a-chancing;
Take her dot; send her safely back to Papa,
And at the end of the year be off a-dancing.

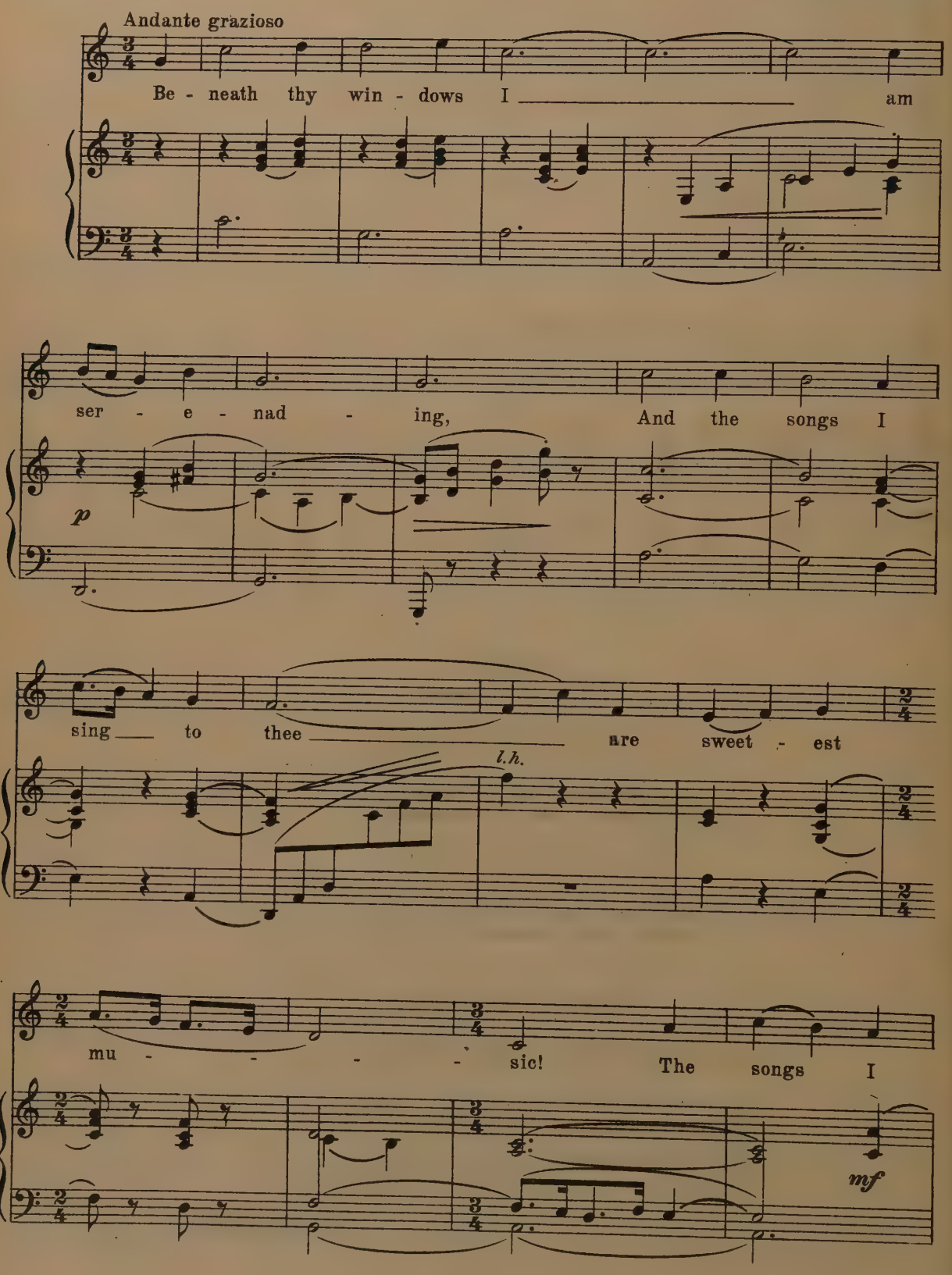
English version by
ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

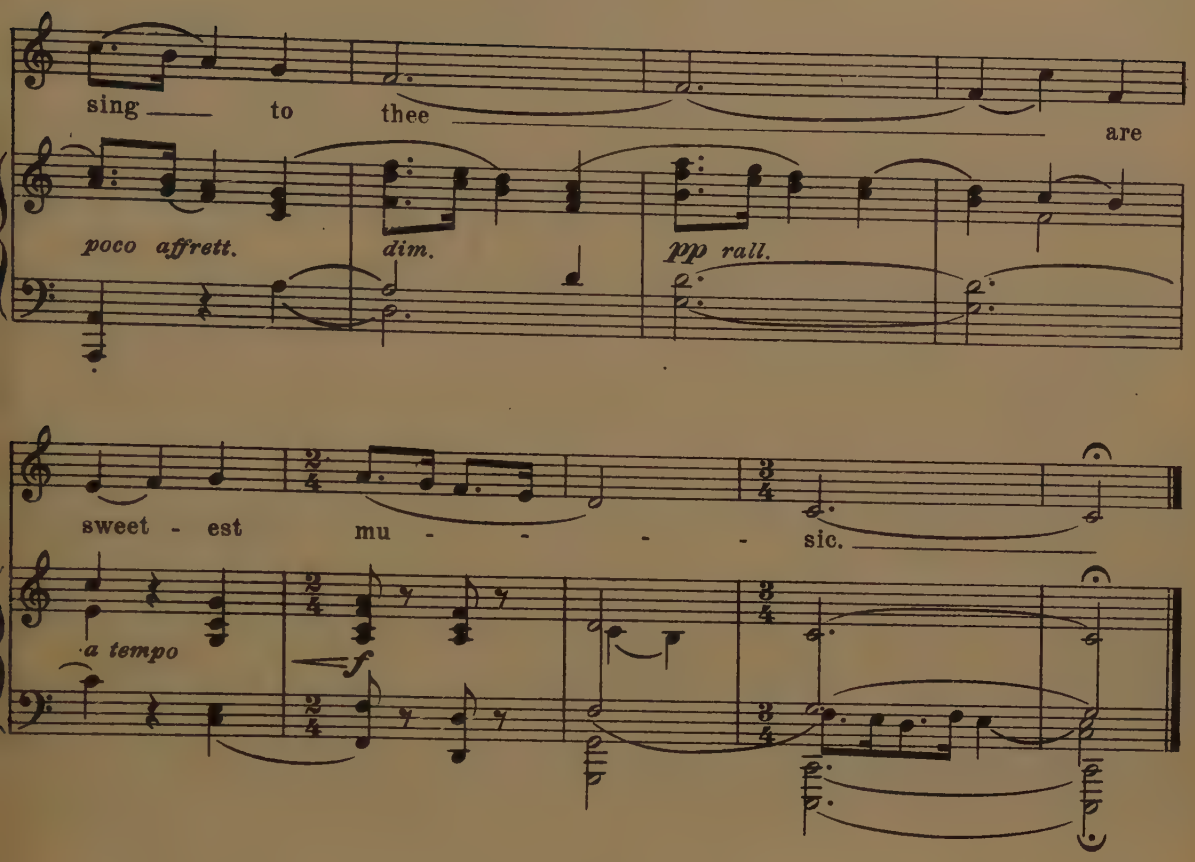
* Fennel.

BENEATH THY WINDOWS

English version by
William Griffith

Arranged by
Alberto Favara





Ipiddinisca
Sutta li to' finestri

Sutta li to' finestri sonu e cantu,
E sempri iu cantu canzuni 'ccillenti.

Sti to' labruzza filici e fistanti
Cchiù beddi di lu suli risplennenti.

Aviti la vuccuzza d'un damanti,
Di petri priziusi li to' denti.

'Nu' aviti gilusia si n'amu tanti
Ch'a tia sula pritennu veramenti.

Beneath Thy Windows

Beneath thy windows I am serenading,
And the songs I sing to thee are sweetest music.

Dear one, thy lovely lips are very joyous;
They're more beauteous and resplendent than the sunshine.

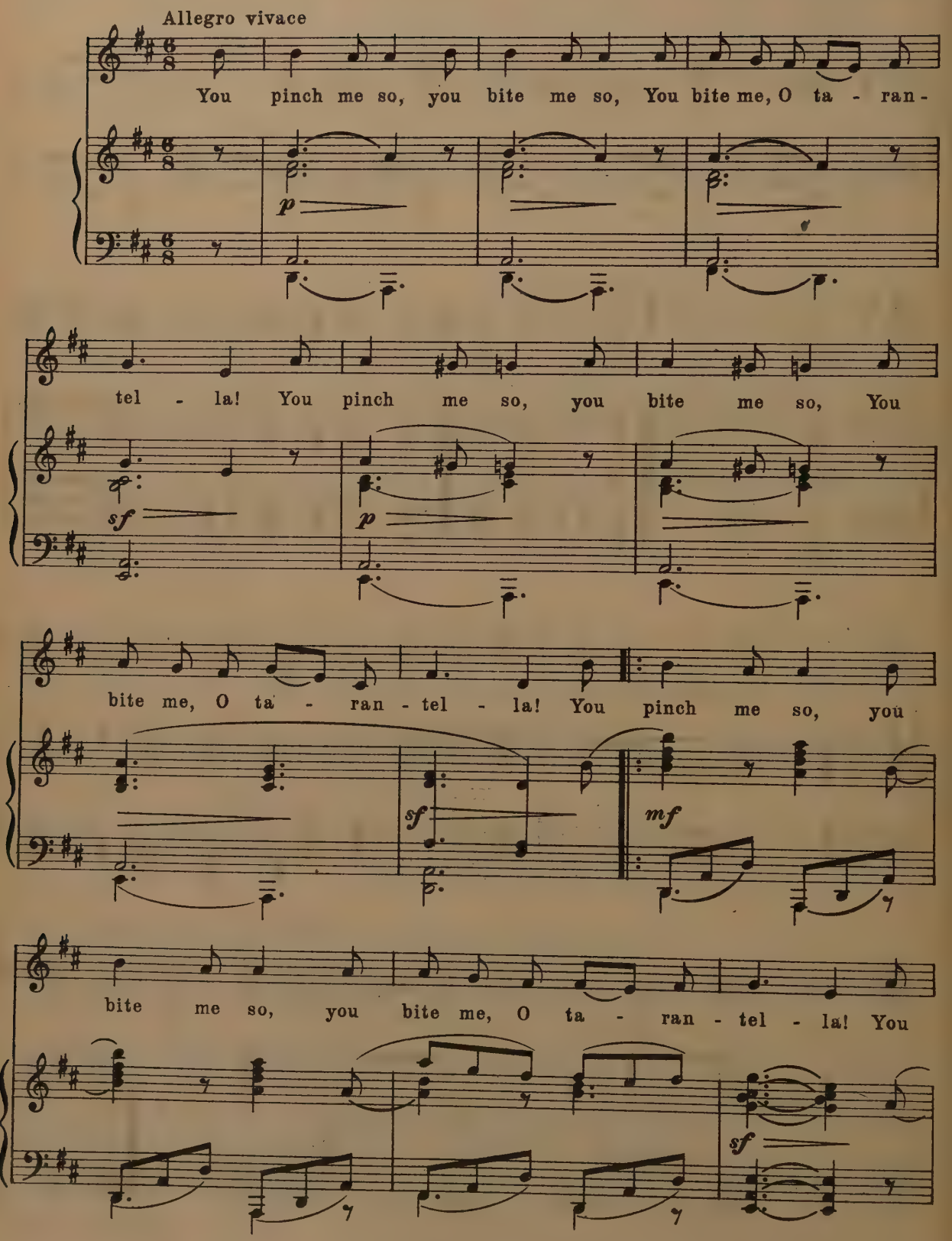
O be not jealous of my love for others,
For I dream of thee alone to ask in marriage.

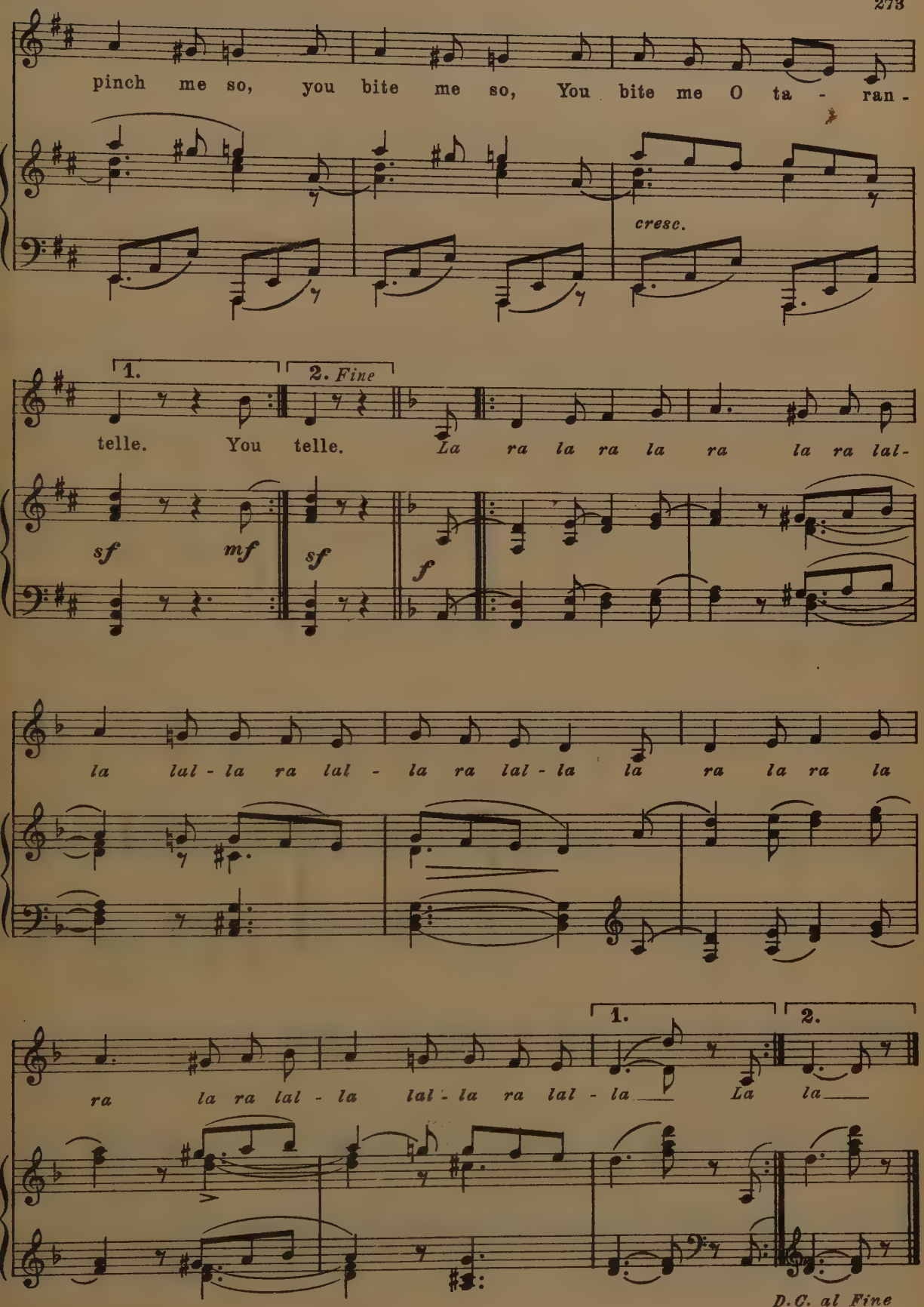
English version by
WILLIAM GRIFFITH

TARANTELLA

English version by
B. H.

Arranged by
Alberto Favara


Allegro vivace
You pinch me so, you bite me so, You bite me, O ta - ran -
tel - la! You pinch me so, you bite me so, You
bite me, O ta - ran - tel - la! You pinch me so, you
bite me so, you bite me, O ta - ran - tel - la! You
p
sf
p
sf
mf
sf


pinch me so, you bite me so, You bite me O ta - ran -
cresc.
1.
2. Fine
telle. You telle. La ra la ra la ra la ra lal-
sf mf sf f
la lal - la ra lal - la ra lal - la la ra la ra la
1.
2.
ra la ra lal - la lal - la ra lal - la La la
D.C. al Fine

Tarantella

Mi pizzica, mi muzzica,
Mi muzzica 'a tarantella,] 3
Mi pizzica, mi muzzica,
Mi muzzica 'a tarantè!

Larà, larà, larà, ecc.

Tarantella

You pinch me so, you bite me so,
You bite me, O tarantella!] 3
You pinch me so, you bite me so,
You bite me, O tarantelle!

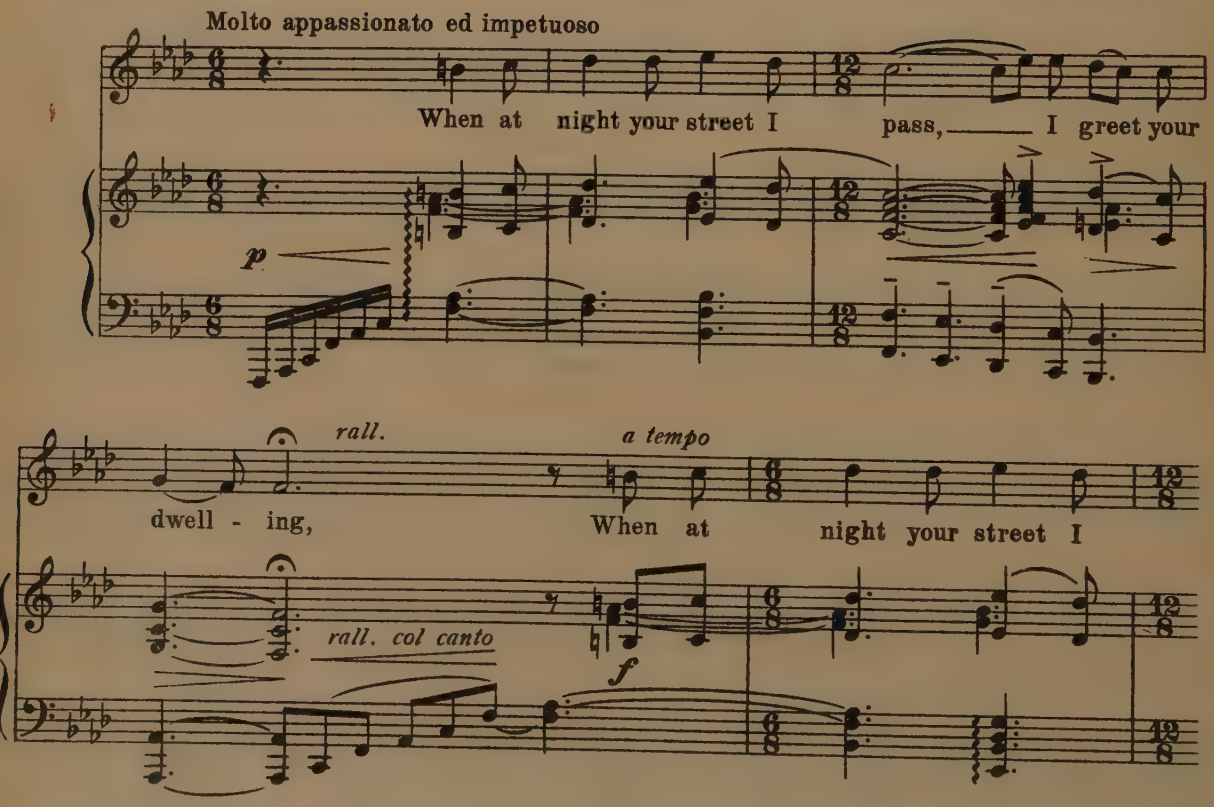
Larà, larà, larà, etc.

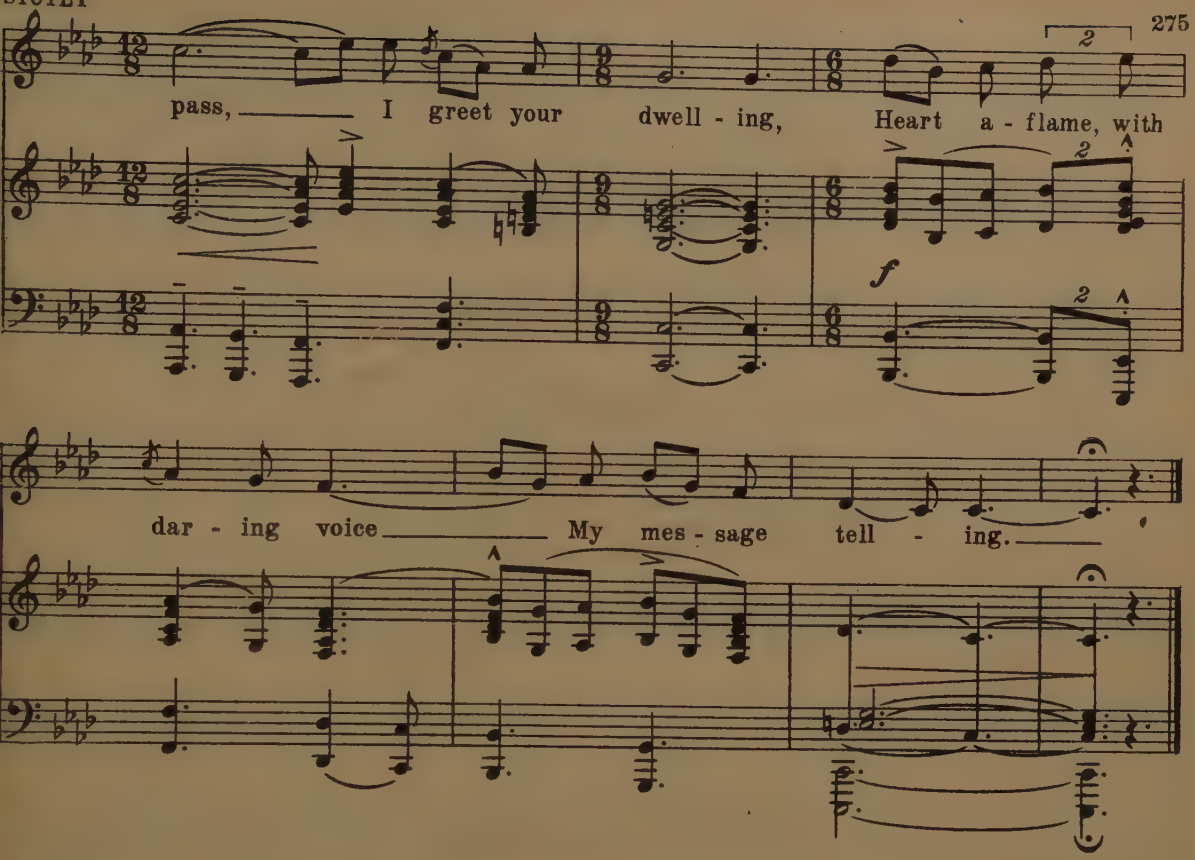
English version by
B. H.

LOVE'S GREETING

English version by
Frederick H. Martens

Arranged by
Alberto Favara





Salitana

E passu di notti e ti salutu strata,]2
E cu' 'na vampa a lu cori e vuci ardita.

E puru salutu a tia finestra amata]2
E chi dintra c'è 'na rosa culurita.

Rosa chi di li rosi ammuntunata,]2
Rosa ha 'tinuto 'mpedi la me' vita.

Love's Greeting

When at night your street I pass] 2
I greet your dwelling,
Heart aflame, with daring voice
My message telling.

And I greet as well the window,] 2
Wherein showing,
Now my rose, my red, red rose
Of love, is glowing.

Rose of budding roses, love] 2
You might be giving;
'Tis the reason why my life
Seems worth the living.

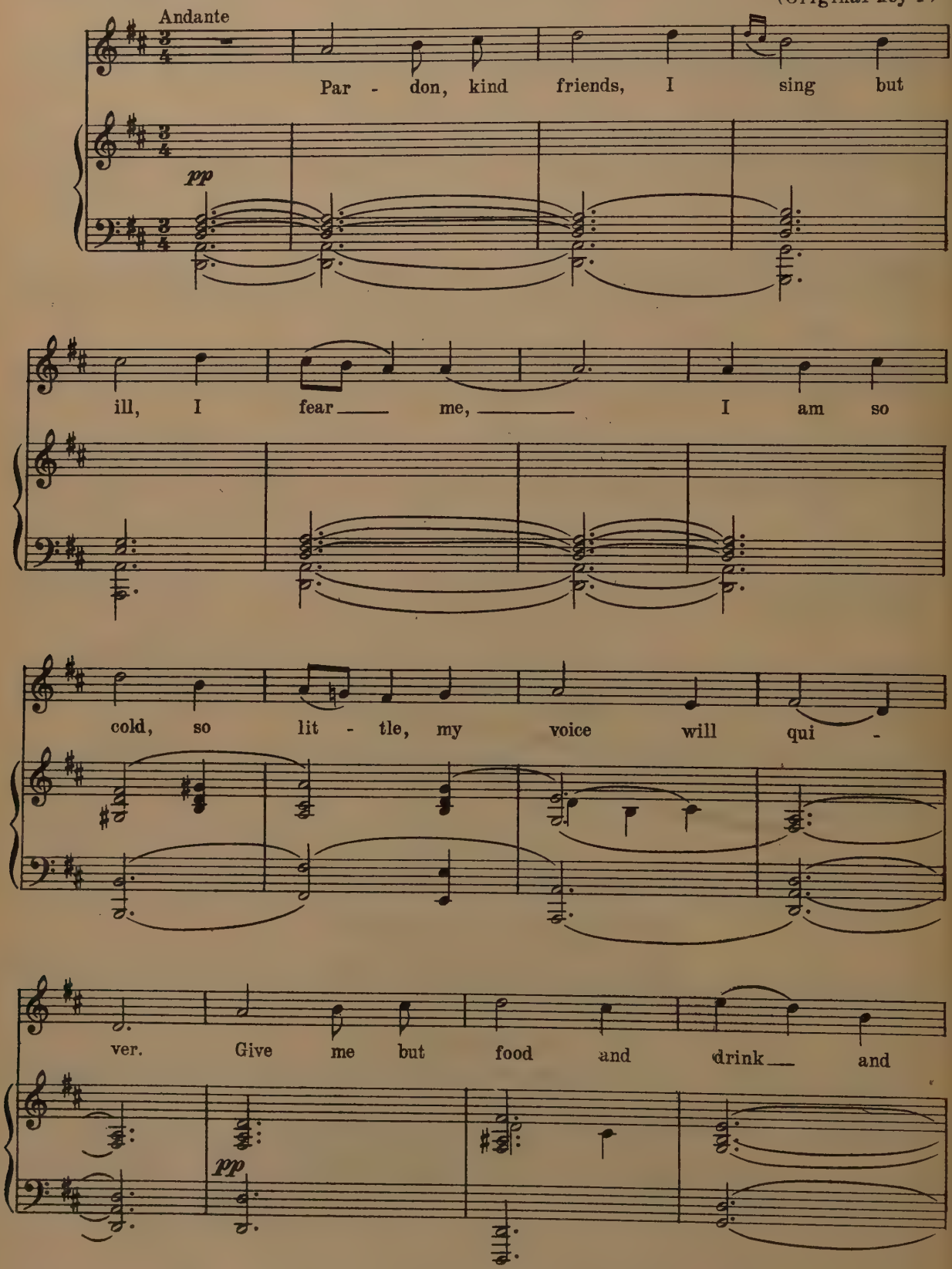
English version by
FREDERICK H. MARTENS

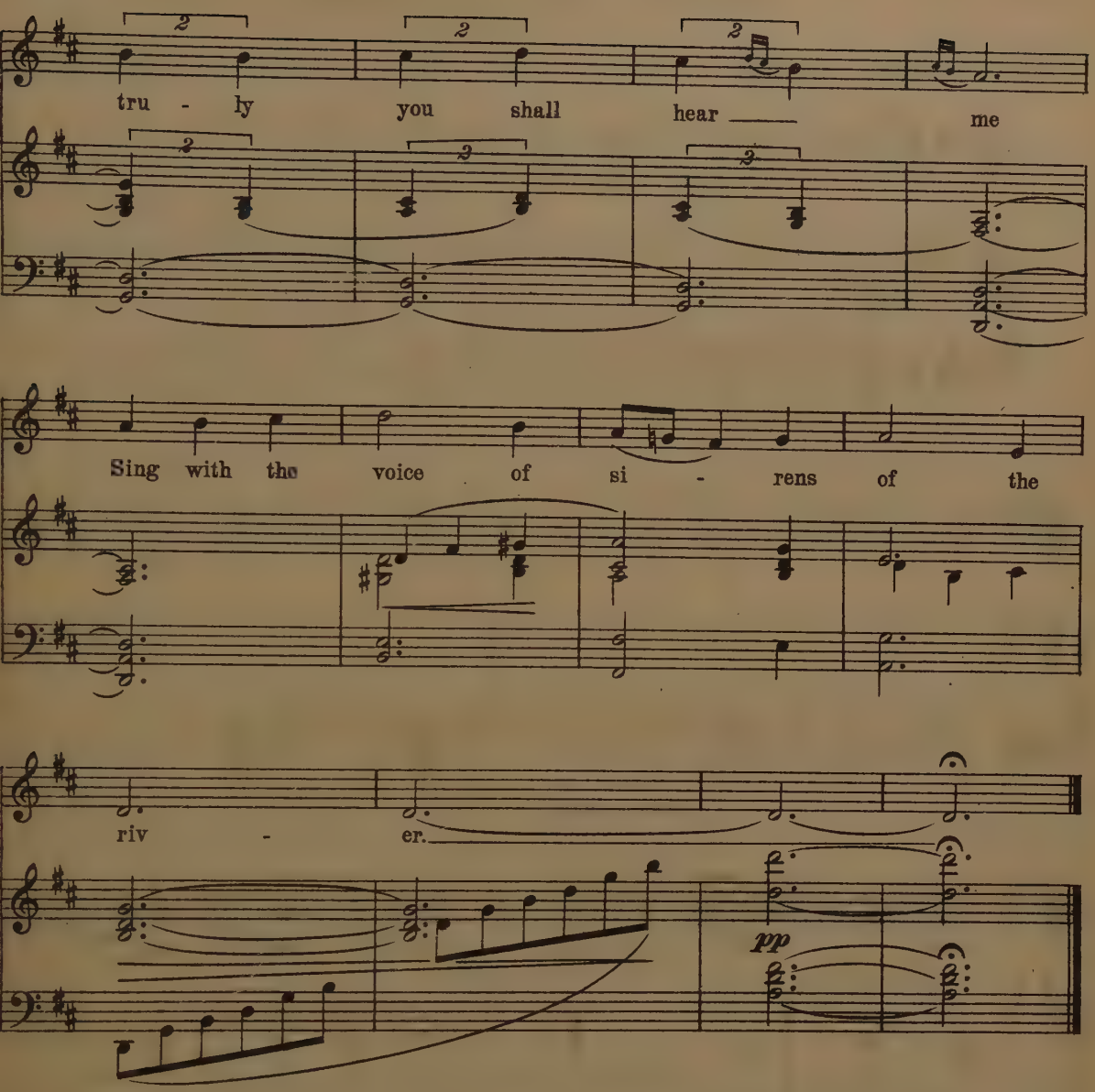
SONG OF THE WASHWOMAN

(Near Palermo)

Paraphrase by
Margaret Widdemer

Arranged by
Alberto Favara
(Original key F)


Andante
Par - don, kind friends, I sing but
pp
ill, I fear me, I am so
cold, so lit - tle, my voice will qui -
ver. Give me but food and drink and
pp



Modo delle lavandaie

Scusati, amici, si nun cantu bonu;
Su' picciridda e la vuci mi trema.
Si mi rati a manciari e vinu bonu,
Chi iu vi cantu cu vuci sirena.

Song of the Washwoman

(Near Palermo)

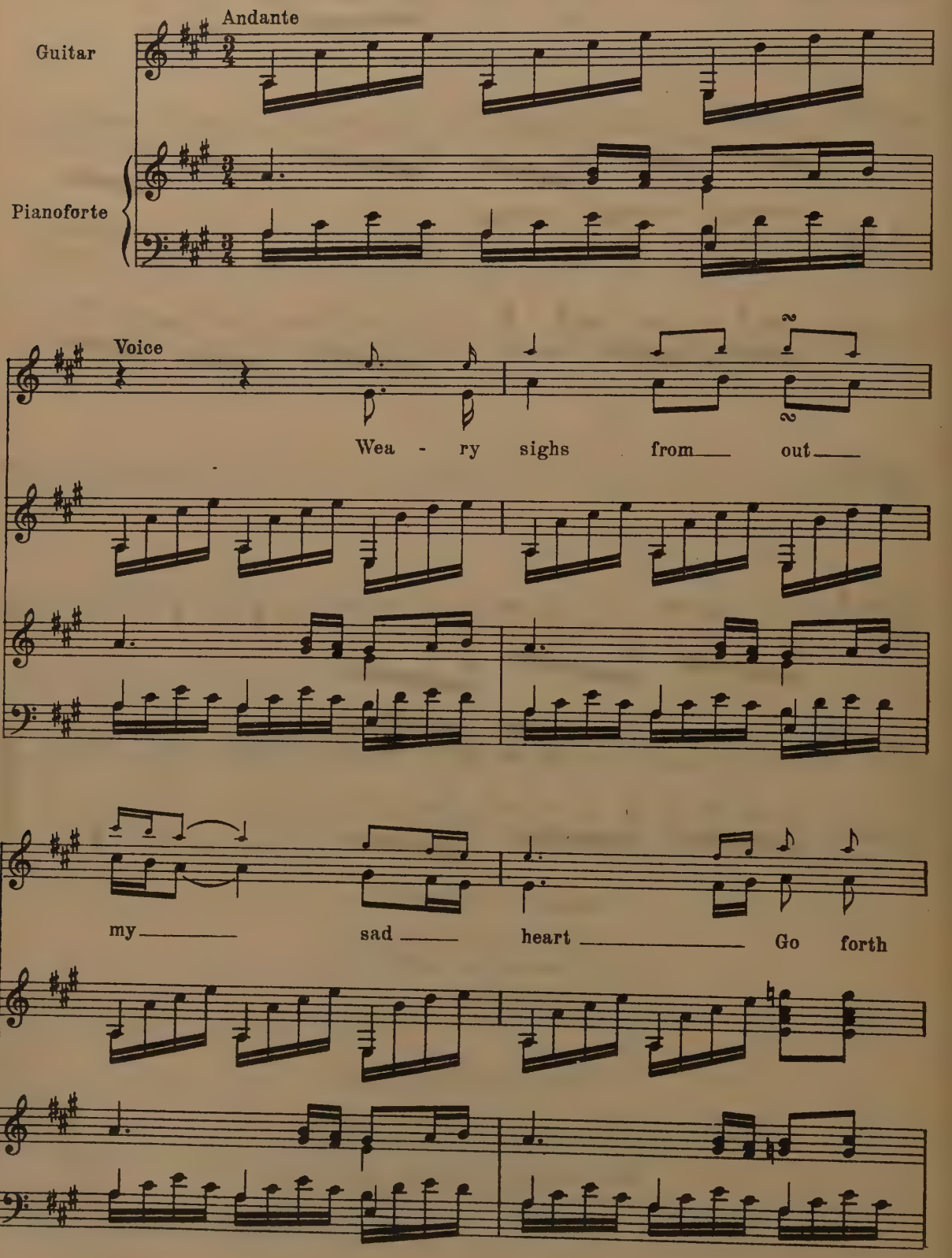
Pardon, kind friends, I sing but ill, I fear me;
I am so cold, so little, my voice will quiver.
Give me but food and drink and truly you shall hear me
Sing with the voice of sirens of the river.

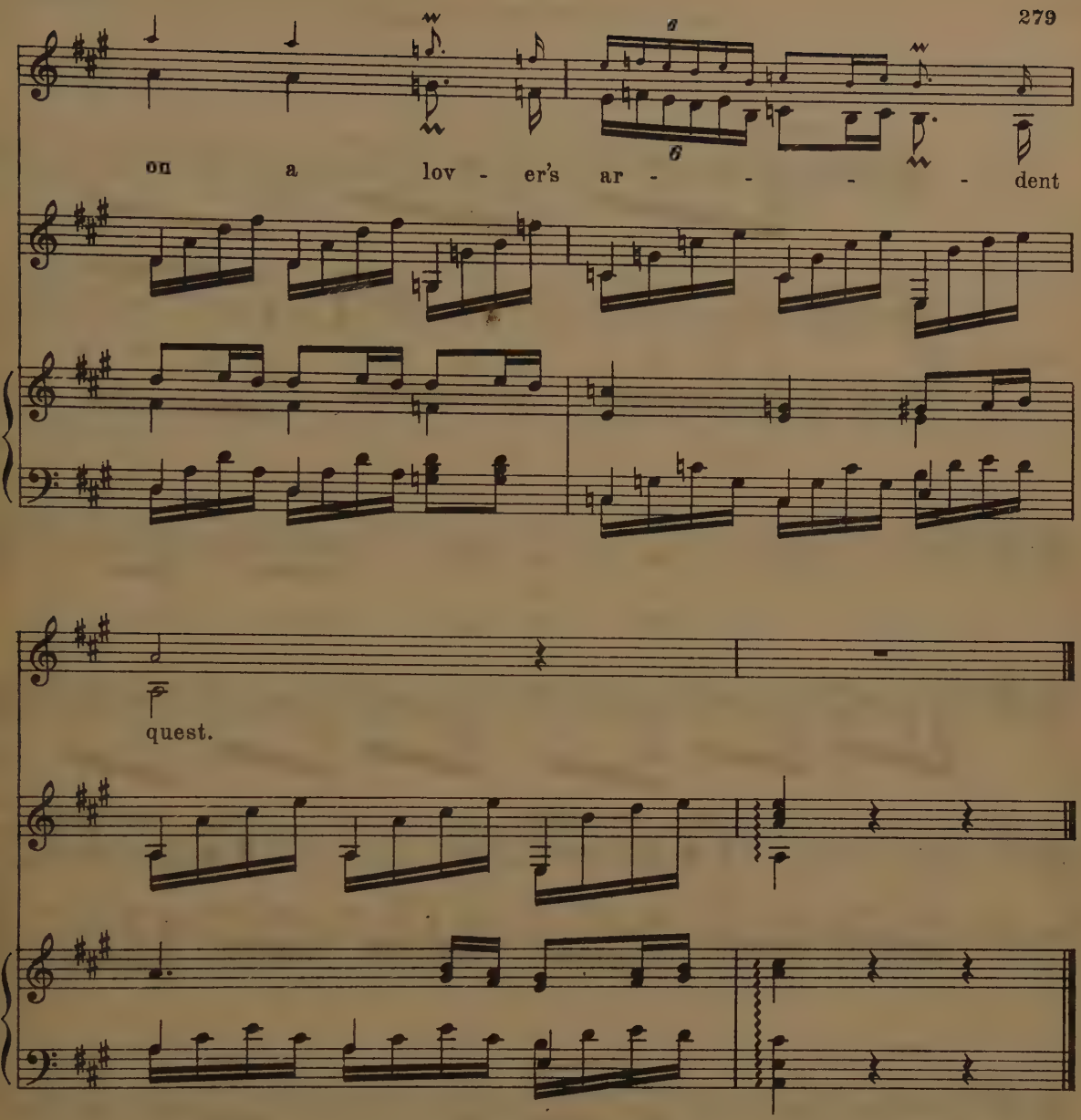
Paraphrase by
MARGARET WIDDEMER

SIGHS FROM MY HEART

English version by
R. G.

Arranged by
Gavino Gabriel





Suspiri Di Lu Me Core

Suspiri di lu me cori
In cambiu meu andéti.

E fideli visiteti
L'unic' oggjettu d'amóri.

Sighs From My Heart

Weary sighs from out my sad heart
Go forth on a lover's ardent quest.

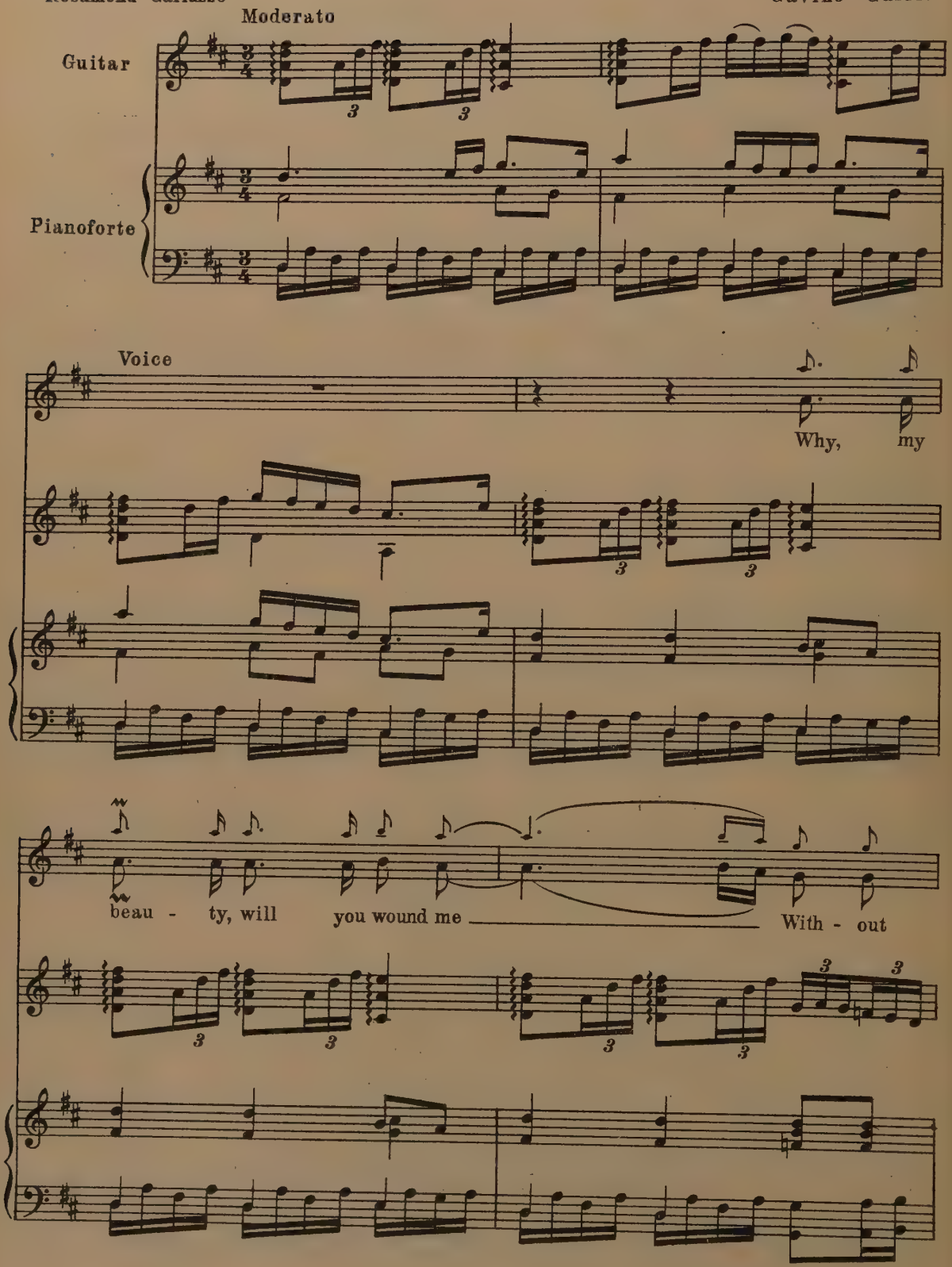
Bear the sighs from out my sad heart
To the one whom, of all, I love best.

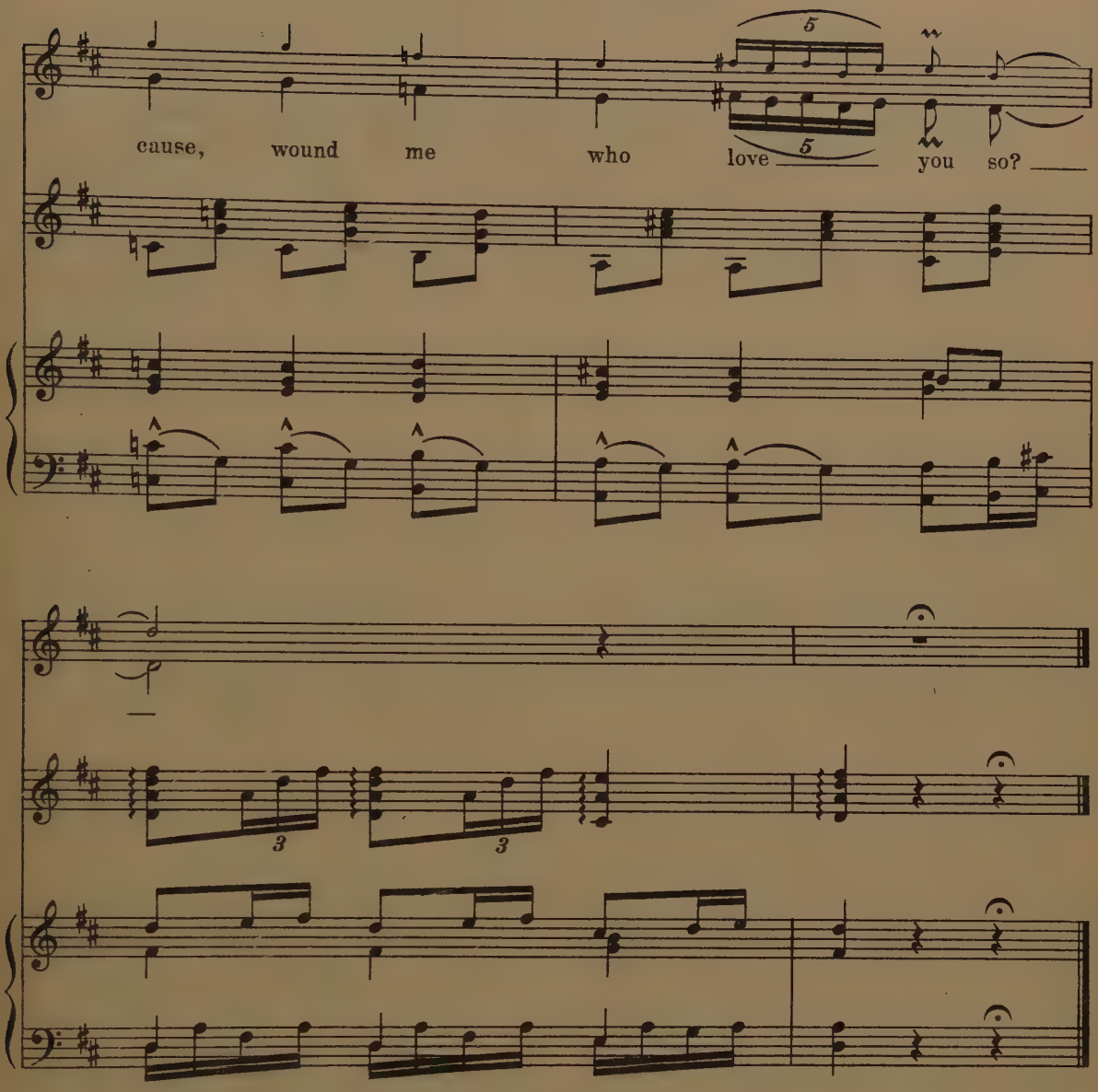
English version by
R. G.

WHY WOUND ME?

English version by
Rosamond Gariazzo

Arranged by
Gavino Gabriel





Cantu Di Janna

Bedda, palchi tanti peni
Senze muttiu mi dai?

Sarà forsi palchi m' hai
Siguru 'lli to cateni?

Why Wound Me?

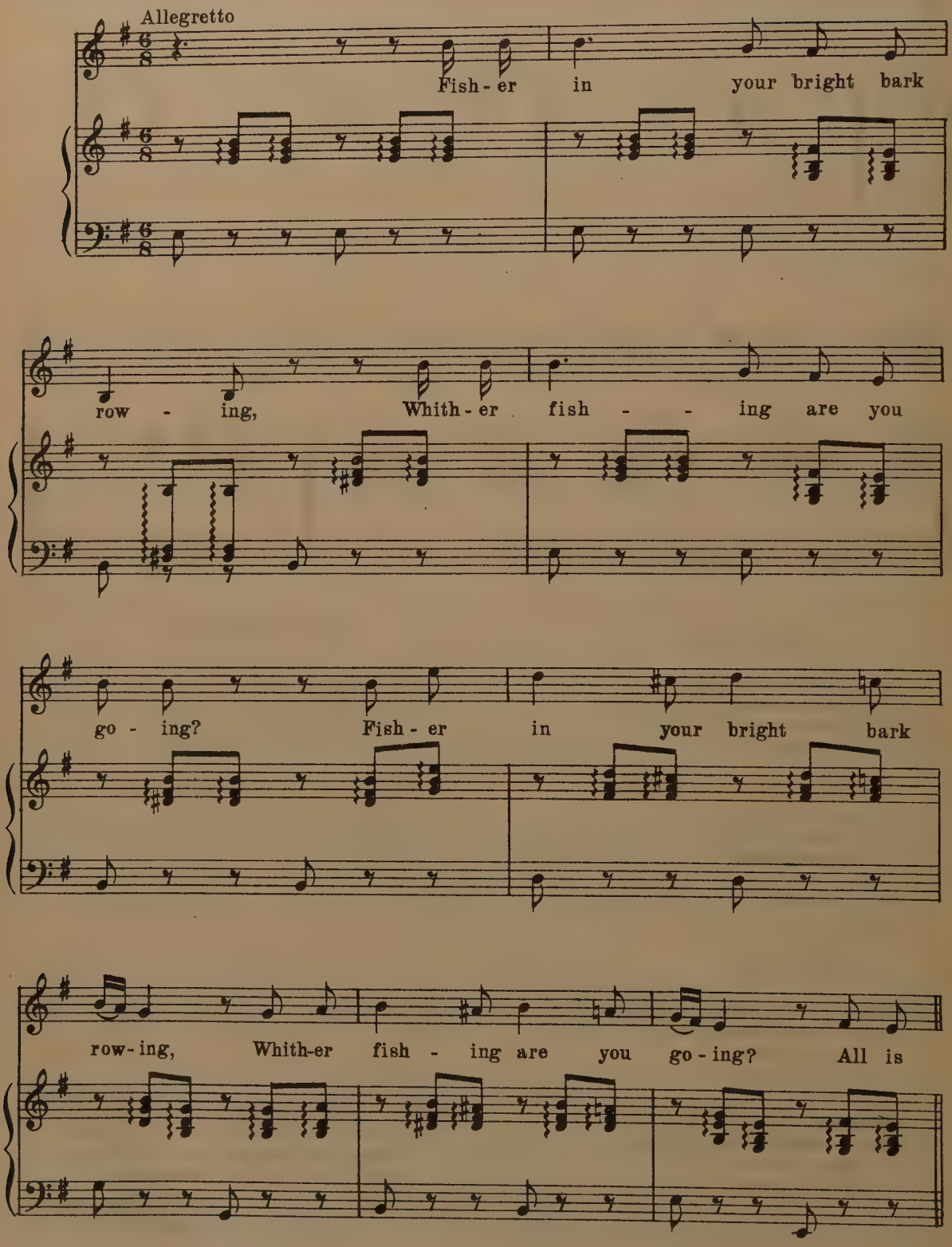
Why, my beauty, will you wound me
Without cause, wound me who love you so?

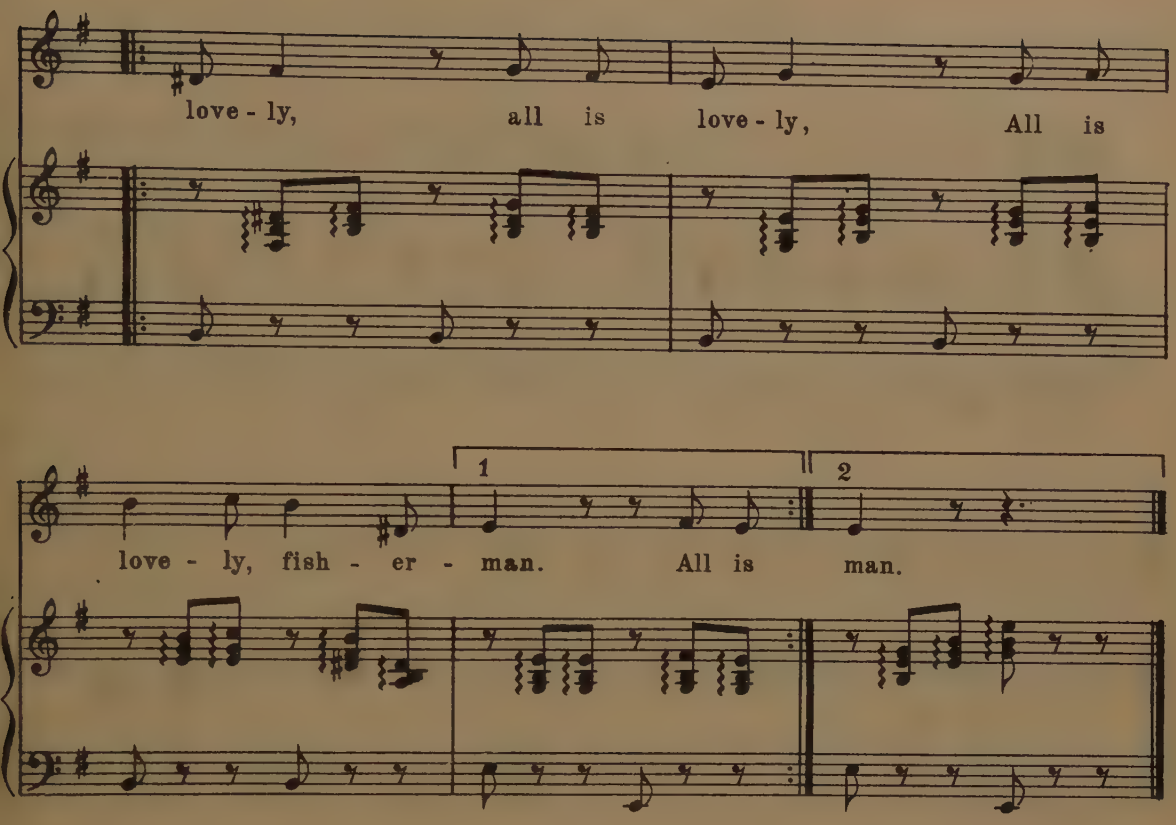
Is it, maybe, that you know
How fast your chains, your chains have bound me?

English version by
ROSAMOND GARIAZZO

THE FISHERMAN

English version by
Anne Higginson Spicer


Allegretto
Fish - er in your bright bark
row - ing, Whith - er fish - - ing are you
go - ing? Fish - er in your bright bark
row - ing, Whith-er fish - ing are you go - ing? All is



O Pescador

Pescador da barca bella,
Onde vaes pescar com ella?]2
Que é tão bella,]3
Oh pescador!

Não vês que a ultima estrella
No ceu nublado se véla?]2
Colhe a vela,]3
Oh pescador!

Não se enrede a rede n'ella
Que perdido é remo e vela,]2
Só de vêl-a,]3
Oh pescador!

Deita o lanço com cautella
Que a sereia canta bella,]2
Mas cautella,]3
Oh pescador!

Pescador da barca bella,
Inda é tempo, foge d'ella,]2
Foge d'ella,]3
Oh pescador!

The Fisherman

Fisher in your bright bark rowing,
Whither fishing are you going?]2
All is lovely, all is lovely,
All is lovely, fisherman.

See you not that last star hiding
In a cloud, as you are riding?]2
Take your sail in, take your sail in,
Take your sail in, fisherman.

If your net you are entangling,
Sail and oar soon will be dangling.]2
O be wary, O be wary,
O be wary, fisherman.

Danger lurks for him who listens
Where the singing mermaid glistens;]2
Gaze not on her, gaze not on her,
Gaze not on her, fisherman.

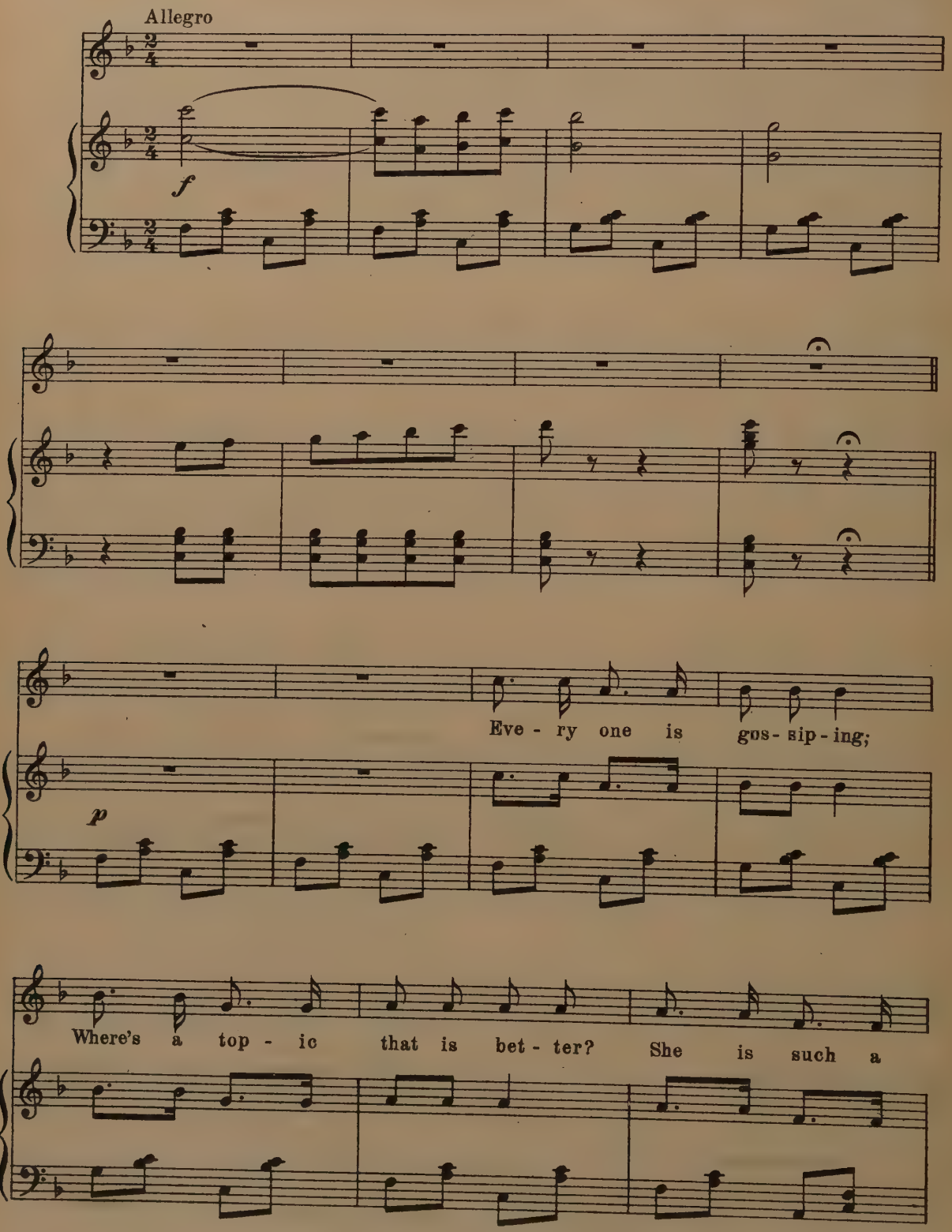
Fisher in your bright bark rowing,
Turn your prow, you'd best be going;]2
Flee from danger, flee from danger,
Flee from danger, fisherman.

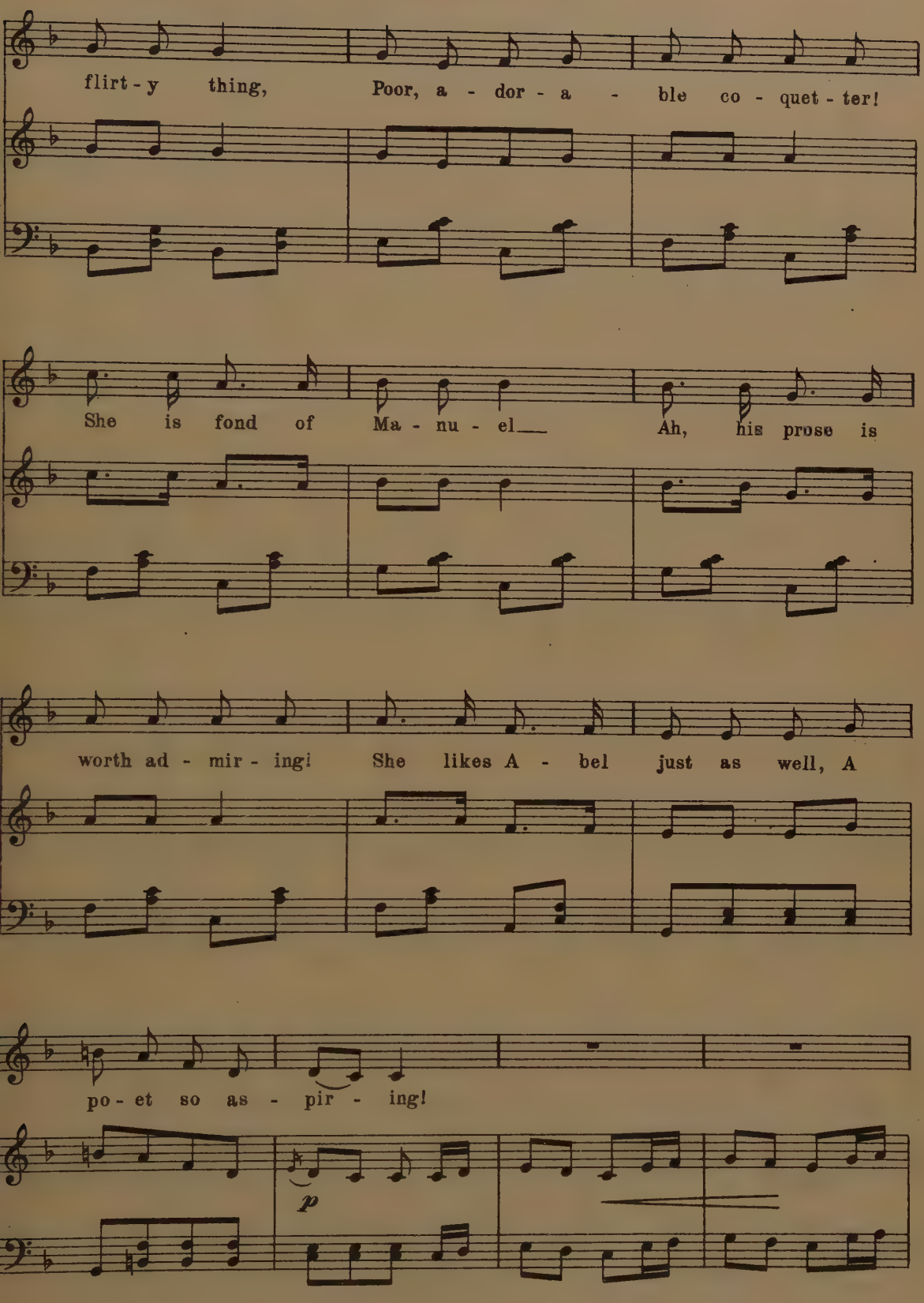
English version by
ANNE HIGGINSON SPICER

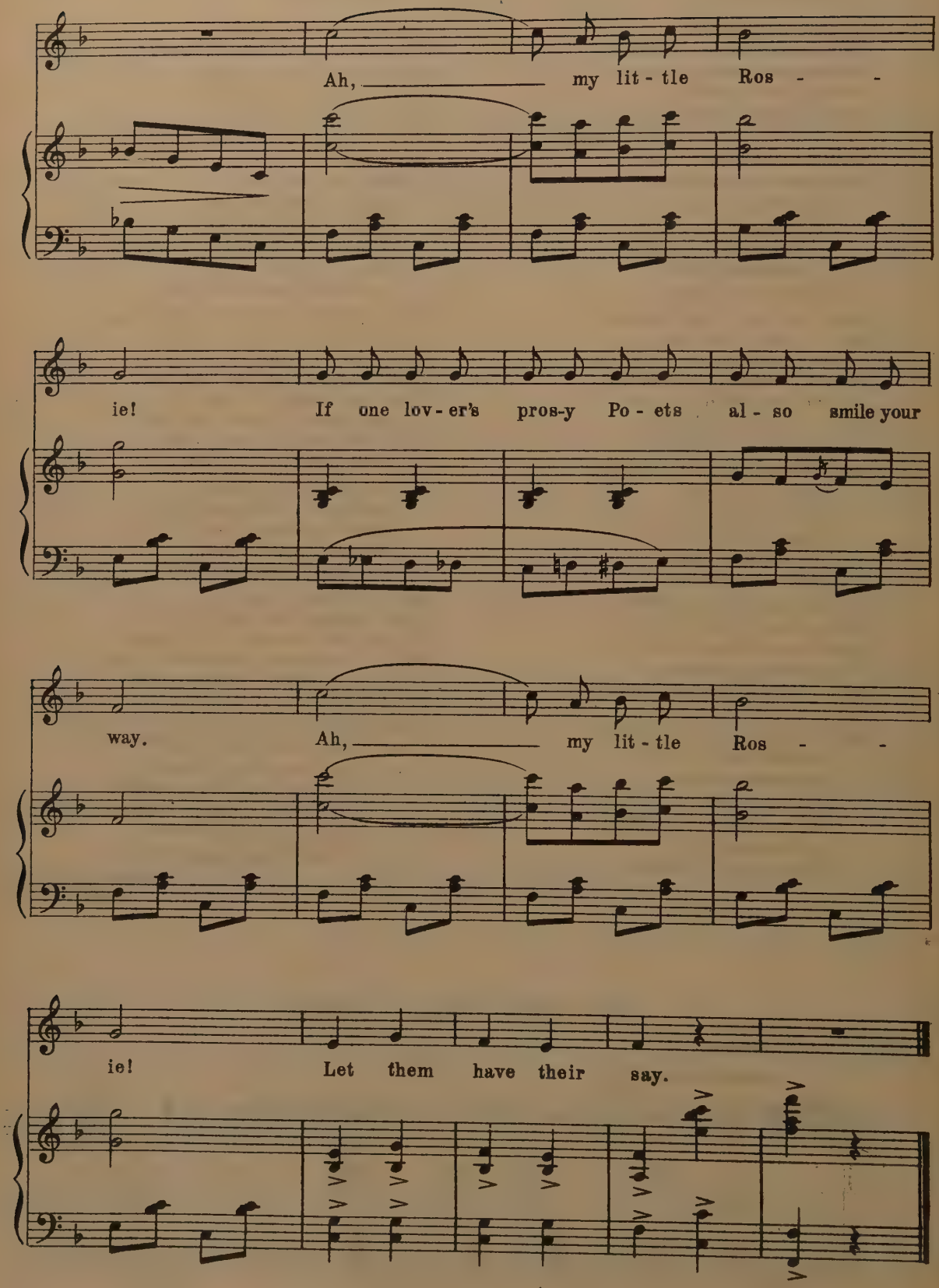
MISS ROSIE

English version by
Clement Wood

Arranged by
H. Thomas




flirt - y thing, Poor, a - dor - a - ble co - quet - ter!
She is fond of Ma - nu - el___ Ah, his prose is
worth ad - mir - ing! She likes A - bel just as well, A
po - et so as - pir - ing!
p


Ah, my lit - tle Ros - -
ie! If one lov - er's pros-y Po - ets al - so smile your
way. Ah, my lit - tle Ros - -
ie! Let them have their say.

Menina Rosa

Vejo tudo a embirrar
Co'a visinha ali da esquina;
Por, star sempre a namorar
Coitada, pobre menina!
Que ella gosta do Manuel
Que escreve em prosa elegante,
E que dá corda ao Abel
Que é poeta e aspirante.

Ai! menina Rosa!
Se gosta da prosa,
Da poesia ha de gostar.
Ai! menina Rosa!
Deixe-os lá falar!

Dizem que usa taes decotes,
Que se póde constipar,
Que na rua anda aos pinotes,
Que está sempre a suspirar,
Qua não tem juizo algum,
Que é maluca doidivanas,
Que nunca namora um,
Mais d'uma ou duas semanas.

Ai! menina Rosa!
Como é vaporosa,
Nunca póde socegar.
Ai! menina Rosa!
Deixe-os lá falar.

Só bem tarde com certeza,
Terá que se arrepender,
Quando perdida a beleza,
Já ninguem a conhecer,
Então, meu Deus, que saudade,
Que tristeza dia a dia
Mas emquanto ha mocidade,
Vá gozando essa alegria.

Ai! menina Rosa!
Quando pezarosa,
Outros tempos recordar,
Ai! menina Rosa!
Muito ha de chorar.

Miss Rosie

Everyone is gossiping;
Where's a topic that is better?
She is such a flirty thing,
Poor, adorable coquetter!
She is fond of Manuel—
Ah, his prose is worth admiring!
She likes Abel just as well,
A poet, so aspiring!

Ah, my little Rosie!
If one lover's prosy,
Poets also smile your way,
Ah, my little Rosie!
Let them have their say.

They say that her gown's so low,
Of a cold she must be dying;
That she wanders to and fro,
While forever softly sighing;
That her foolish fancies run
Just as mad as April weather;
That she's never true to one
For two weeks altogether.

Ah, my little Rosie!
Now she's chill, now cozy!
Never constant, never still.
Ah, my little Rosie!
Let them talk their fill.

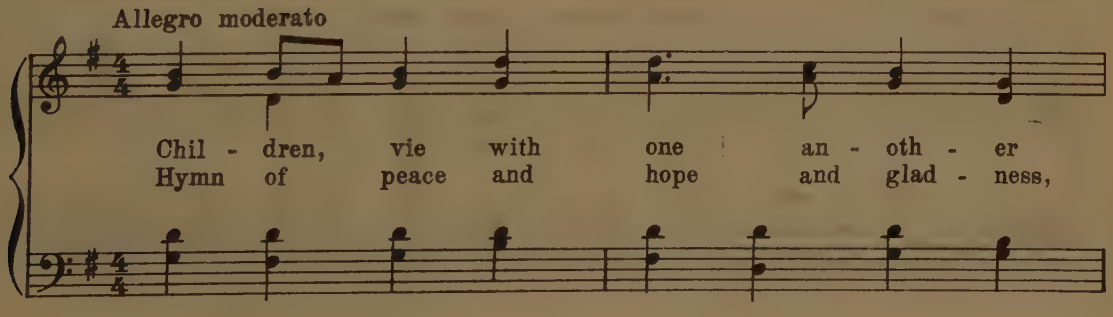
But, my lady, later on
Chill regrets will overflow you.
When your beauty all is gone,
And no one will even know you.
Then, alas, what longings rend,
Days and days of utter sadness!
Now, while youth is yours to spend,
You'll buy your fill of gladness!

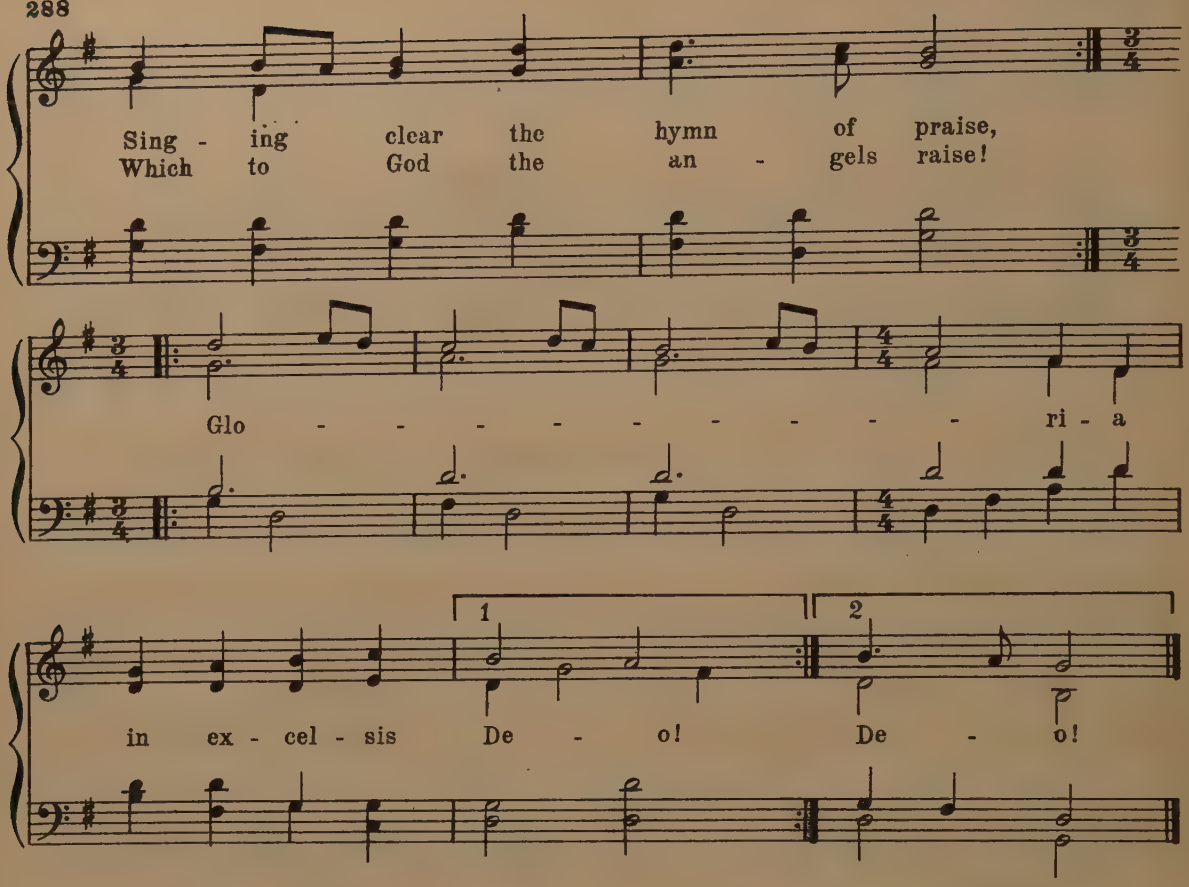
Ah, my little Rosie!
When your life is prosy,
Think of golden hours gone by.
Ah, my little Rosie!
You'll have cause to cry.

English version by
CLEMENT WOOD

TO THE CHILD JESUS

English version by
Alice Stone Blackwell





Ao menino Jesus

Eià meninos á porfia
Cantae o hymnos de louvor;
Hymno de paz e d'alegria
Que os anjos cantam ao Senhor.

Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

Foi n'esta noite venturosa
Em que nasceu o Salvador,
Que os anjos com voz amorosa
Deram no Céo este clamor.

Eia, sigamos os pastores
Vamós com elles a Belem,
Com elles cantemos alegres
O Salvador qui hoje nos vem.

Mas, óh que vejo! . . . Que pobreza!
Oh! Deus dos Céos, aonde estaes?
Em pobres palhas e nudeza!
Anjos dizei-me a quem cantaes.

Ah! sim, Deus soís, oh! Pae dos pobres
Eu já reconheço os signaes
Qu'um anjo deu aos pastores;
Anjos sei já porque cantaes.

Vinde pois, oh, vinde meninos,
O rei nascido é vosso pae!
Já que sois pobres orphãosinhos,
P'ra vós nasceu: vinde cantae!

To the Child Jesus

Children, vie with one another
Singing clear the hymn of praise,
Hymn of peace and hope and gladness,
Which to God the angels raise!

Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Gloria in excelsis Deo!

On that glorious night of old time
When the Savior came to earth,
Then it was the joyous angels
Sang to hail the sacred birth.

Let us follow now the shepherds,
And to Bethlehem take our way;
Let us seek with joy the Savior
Who has come to us today.

But how poor the scene before me!
Where art thou, O heavenly king?
Ragged, in a manger! Angels,
Is this he to whom you sing?

Yes, thou art the Lord of heaven,
Father of the poor and sad;
I perceive the sign the angel
Gave the shepherds, proud and glad.

Children, come! He is your father,
Monarch born this joyful morn;
Poor and hapless little orphans,
'Tis for you that he was born.

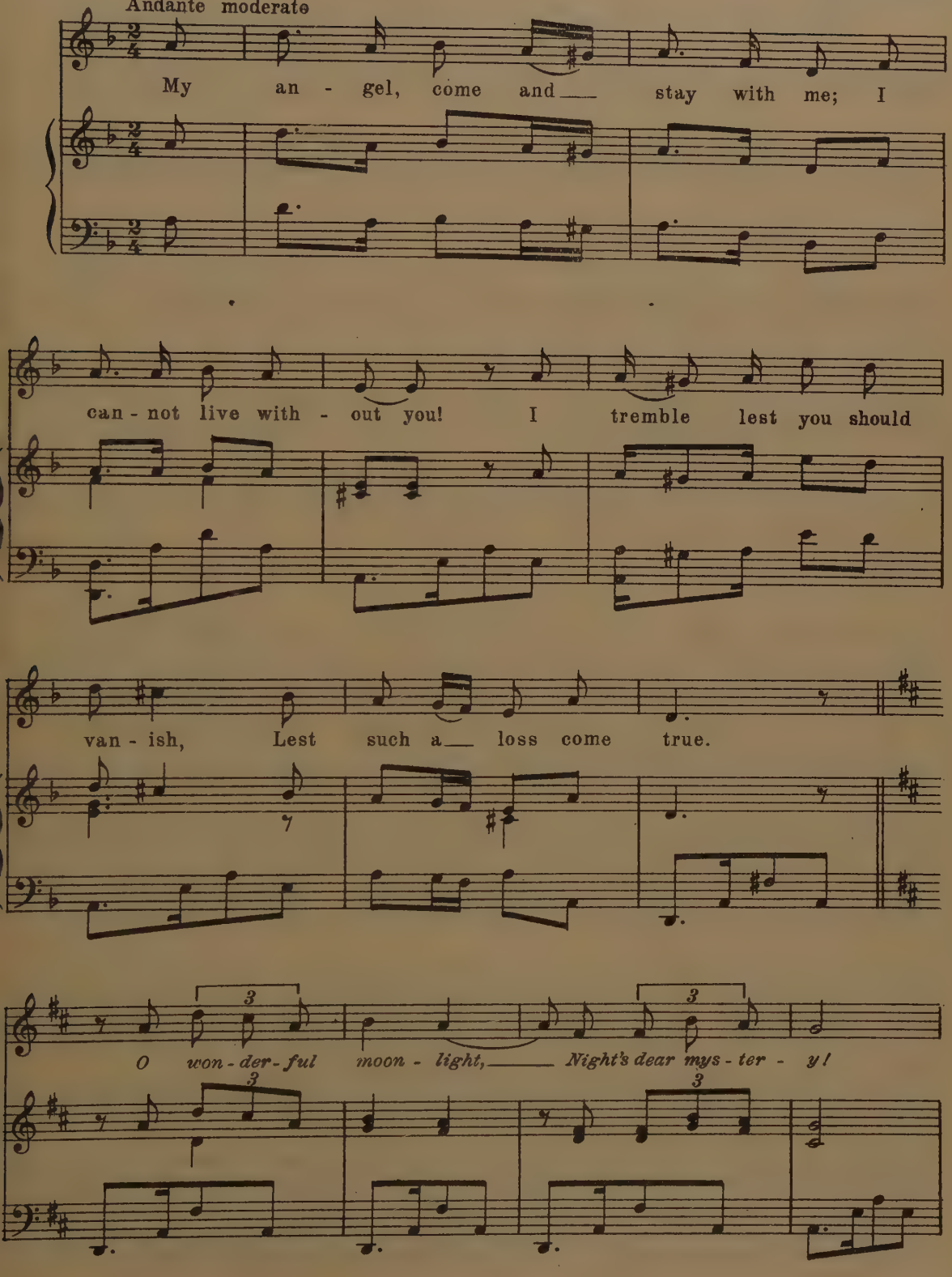
English version by
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

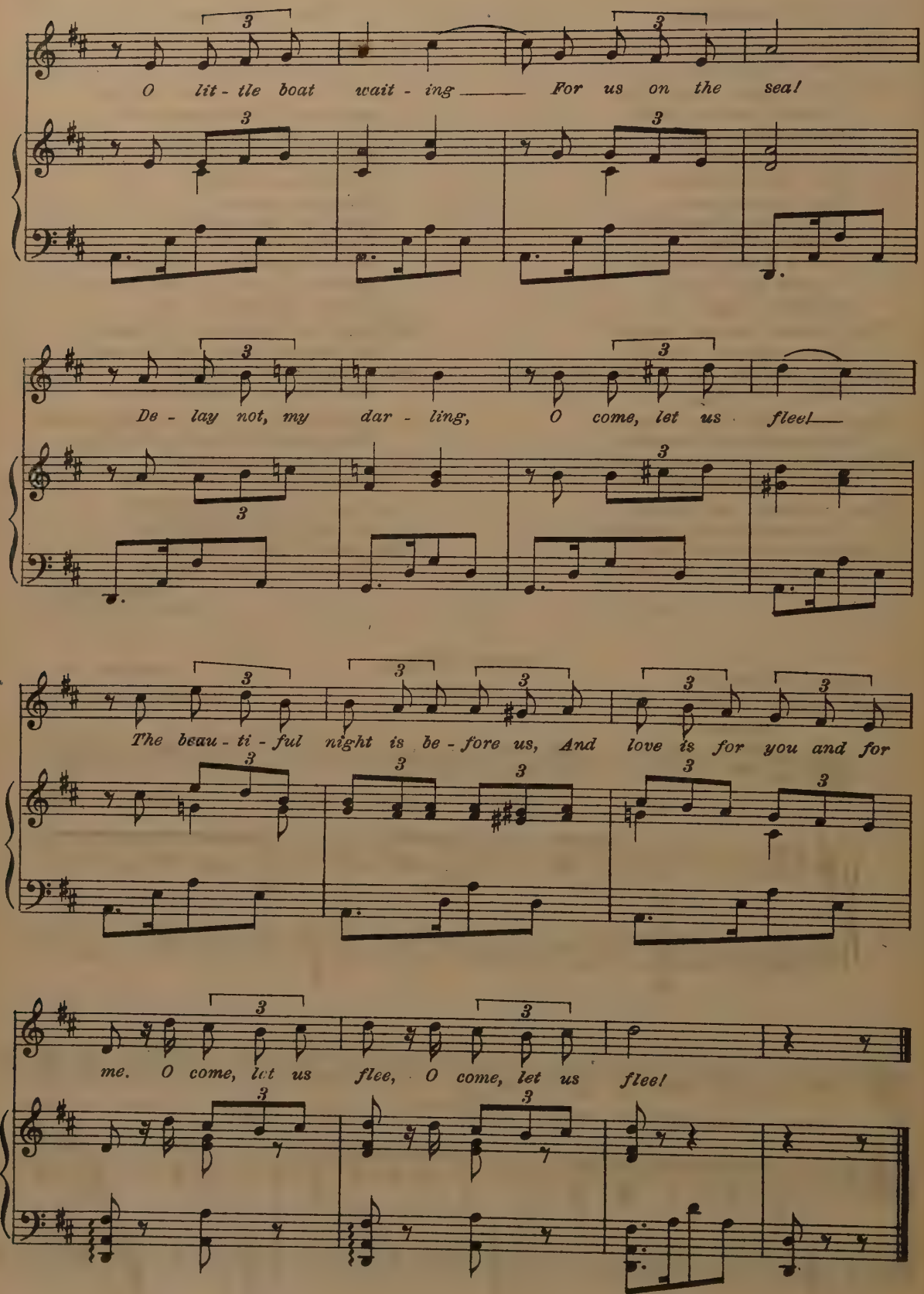
THE LITTLE BOAT

English version by
Grace Hazard Conkling

Arranged by
H. N. Redman

Andante moderate


My an - gel, come and stay with me; I
can - not live with - out you! I tremble lest you should
van - ish, Lest such a loss come true.
O won - der - ful moon - light, Night's dear mys - ter - y!


O lit - tle boat wait - ing For us on the sea!
De - lay not, my dar - ling, O come, let us flee!
The beau - ti - ful night is be - fore us, And love is for you and for
me. O come, let us flee, O come, let us flee!

A Barquinha

Vem, meu anjo, que eu não posso
Viver n'este ermo sem ti!
Vem, meu anjo, senão vôas,
Cuidarei que te perdi.

Que noite serena!
Que lindo luar!
Que linda barquinha
Que vejo no mar!
Vem, vem, oh meu anjo,
Fujamos d'aqui,
Que a noite está bella]2
O amor nos sorri!
Fujamos d'aqui.]2

Tu já sabes quantas maguas
Uma saudade contém . . .
Ah! são muitas . . . sinto-as todas.
Vem, meu anjo, corre . . . vem!

Tens no alvôr da madrugada
As canções do rouxinol
Que festeja os frouxos raios,
Que lhe dá benigno sol.

Tens, a noite, este silencio
De saudade e de tristeza,
Quando a alma vela tanto,
E adormece a natureza.

The Little Boat

My angel, come and stay with me;
I cannot live without you!
I tremble lest you should vanish,
Lest such a loss come true.

O wonderful moonlight,
Night's dear mystery!
O little boat waiting
For us on the sea!
Delay not, my darling,
O come, let us flee!
The beautiful night is before us,
And love is for you, and for me.
O come, let us flee!]2

You know the sorrows of a heart;
My longing holds each sorrow,
Now come to me, beloved,
That they may fade and go!

You know the dawn-roused nightingale
That greets the sun returning;
Now come to me, my angel,
And help my heart to sing.

You know the evening silences
So sad, for longing's sake;
When only nature slumbers
The spirit is wide awake.

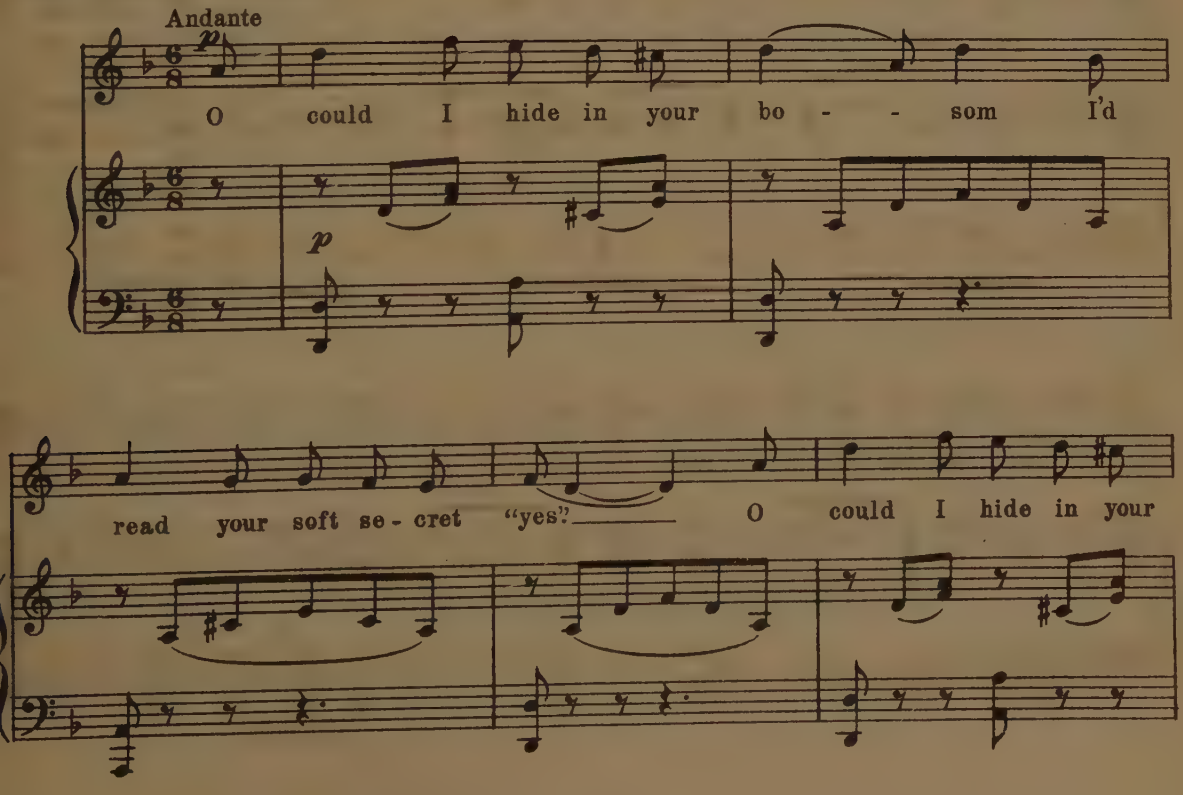
English version by
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

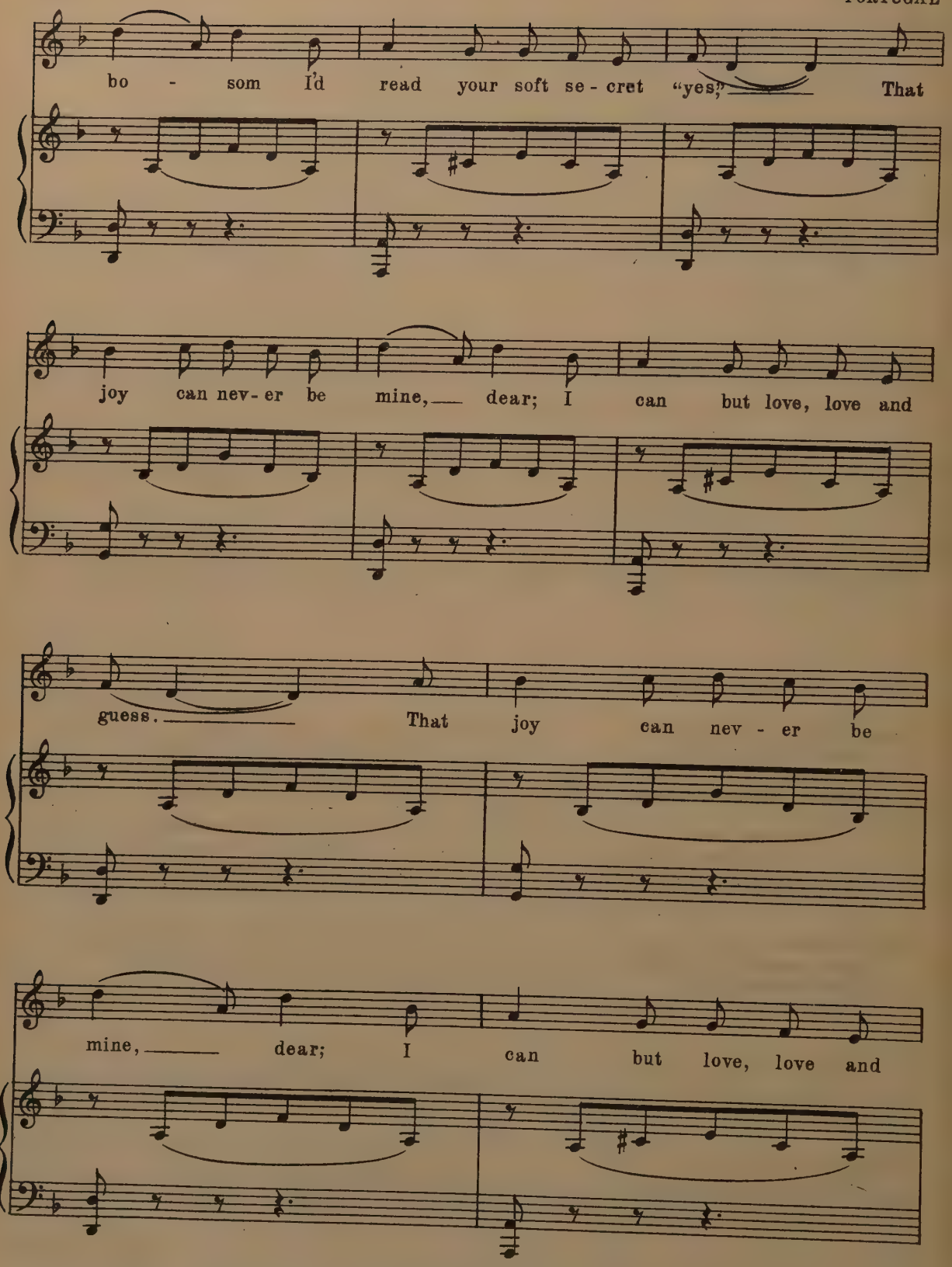
THE VIRA

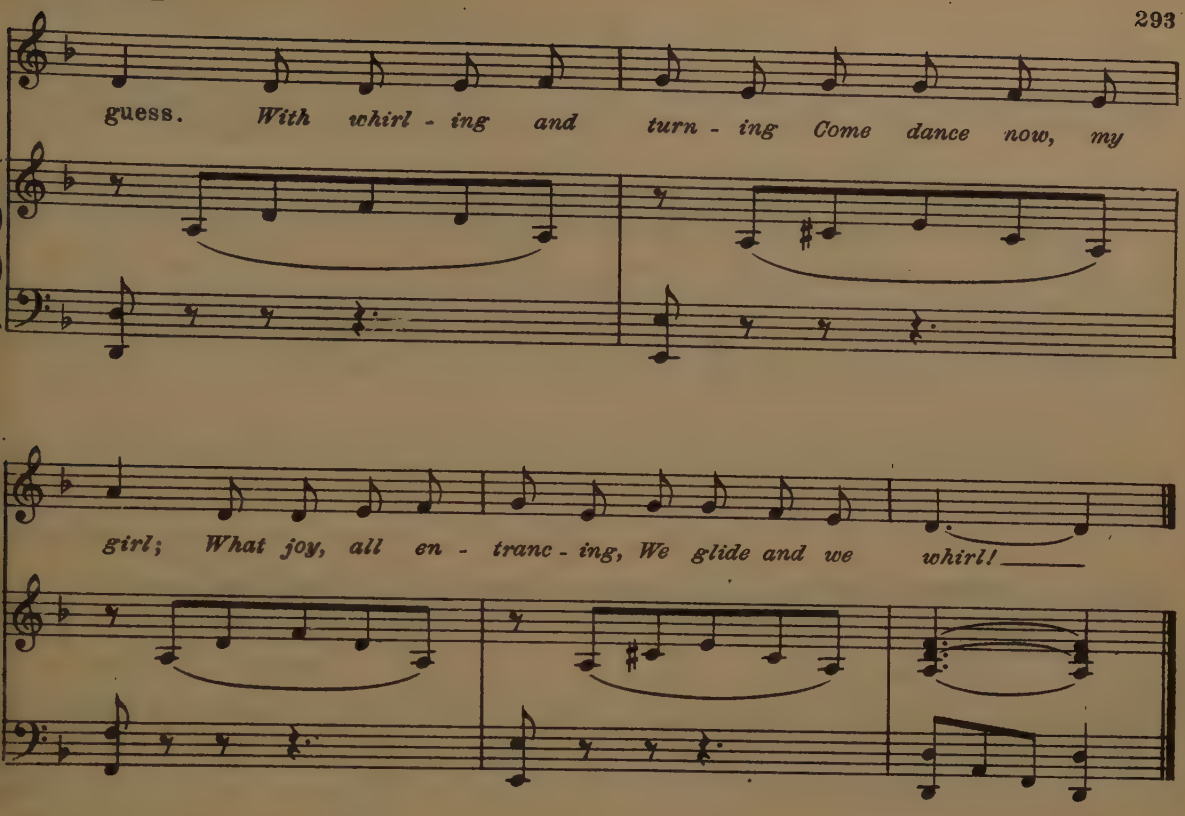
(Dance)

English version by
Anna Catherine Markham

Arranged by
Manuel A. de S. Maciel




bo - som I'd read your soft se - cret "yes;" That
joy can nev - er be mine, dear; I can but love, love and
guess. That joy can nev - er be
mine, dear; I can but love, love and



Vira do Minho

Se eu entrara no teu peito,] 2
Sabia o teu interior,
Mas eu como la não entro,] 2
Não sei se me tens amor.

Ora vira, vira,
Torna-te a virar,
Voltinhas commigo
São boas de dar.

Quem pintou o amor cego,] 2
Não soube bem pintar,
O amor nasce da vista,] 2
Quem não vê, não pode amar.

O beijo que tu me déste,] 2
Sem tua mãe o saber,
Toma-o lá já o não quero,] 2
Que já lh'o foram dizer.

Meninas, vamos ao vira,] 2
Vira, torna-te a virar,
Vem tu cá para meus braços,] 2
Mil beijinhos te quero dar.

The Vira

O could I hide in your bosom] 2
I'd read your soft secret "yes."
That joy can never be mine, dear;] 2
I can but love, love and guess.

With whirling and turning
Come dance now, my girl;
What joy, all entrancing,
We glide and we whirl!

They say that love's eyes are blinded;] 2
But they know not love's true light.
Who sees not, does not know loving;] 2
Love springs from out love's deep sight.

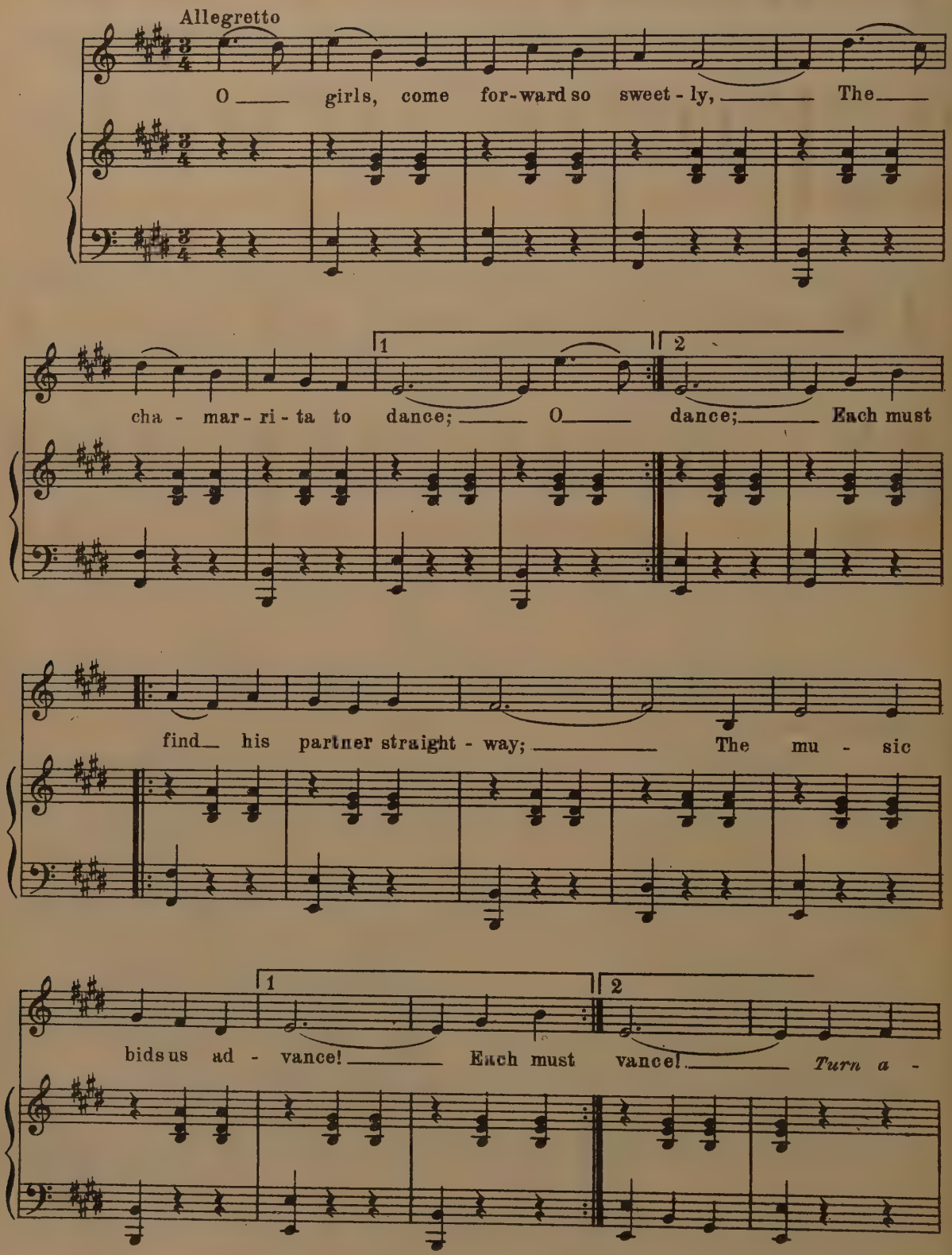
The secret kiss that you gave, dear,] 2
(Your mother glancing away)
Quick, take it back! I don't want it now] 2
For someone's told her, they say.

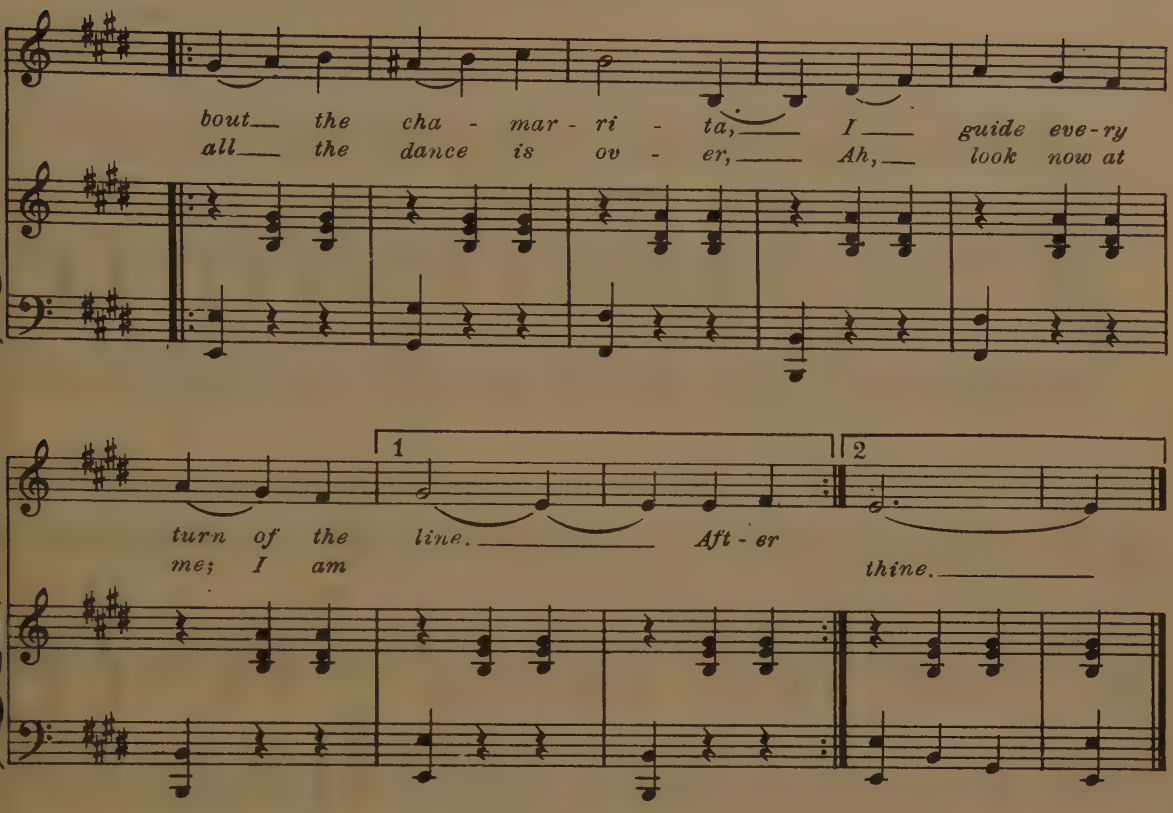
O come, girls, let's dance the vira;] 2
All gaily spin, madly whirl.
My arms would fold you, my dear one,] 2
I fling sweet kisses, my girl.

English version by
ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

English version by
Clement Wood

Arranged by
Manuel A. de S. Maciel


Allegretto
O ___ girls, come for-ward so sweet - ly, ___ The ___
cha - mar - ri - ta to dance; ___ O ___ dance; ___ Each must
find ___ his partner straight - way; ___ The mu - sic
bids us ad - vance! ___ Each must vance! ___ Turn a -



Chamarrita

Meninas, vamos á dança,
A dança da chamarrita;
Tire cada uma seu par,
Um par que seja catita!

Vira volta a chamarrita,
Quem manda voltar sou eu;
Depois da volta estar dada
Olha para mim que sou teu!

Menina, vamos á praia,
Vamos á praia pescar;
Eu serei o canicinho,
Vos o peixinho do mar!

Adeus! que me vou embora,
Adeus! que me quero ir;
Adeus! que da tua porta,
Me custa a despedir!

The Chamarrita

O girls, come forward so sweetly,
The chamarrita to dance;
Each must find his partner straightway;
The music bids us advance!

Turn about the chamarrita,
I guide every turn of the line.
After all the dance is over,
Ah look now at me; I am thine.

O girls, come down to the water;
Ah there the fishing is free.
You will find that I am the rod,
And you the fish in the sea.

Adieu, I now have to leave you;
Adieu, I long to go too.
As I stand alone at your door,
It hurts to bid you adieu.

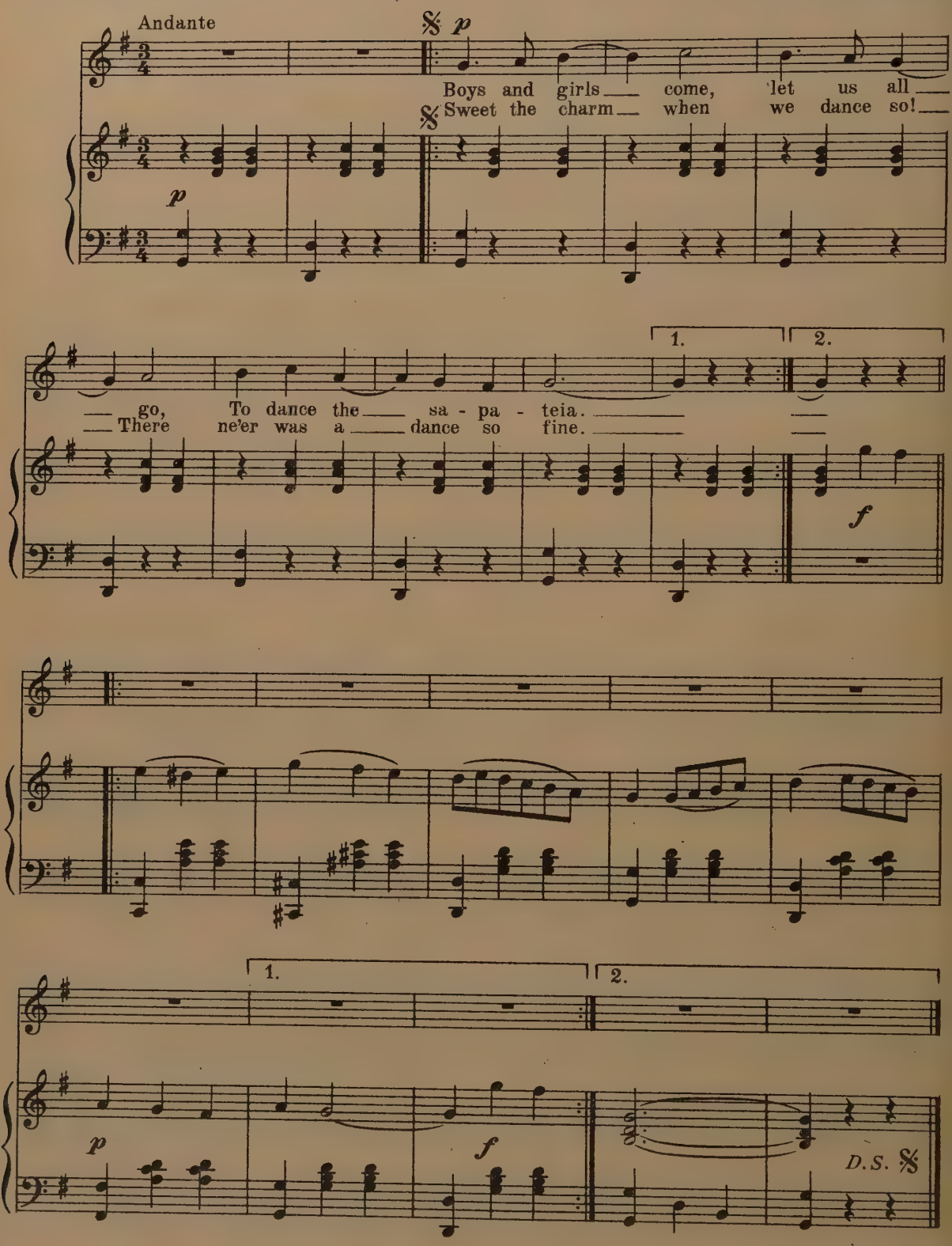
English version by
CLEMENT WOOD

THE BOOTMAKER

(Dance)

English version by
Anna Catherine Markham

Arranged by
Manuel A. de S. Maciel



Sapateia

Rapazes e raparigas,
Vamos á sapateia;
E'sta dança, bem dançada,
Nunca ha-de ser feia!

Tira o sapato, menina,
Tira o sapato e meia;
E depois bate com o pé
Dançando a sapateia!

Já nos vae faltando a luz,
Deita azeite na candeia;
A's escuras não se dança,
A móda da sapateia!

Vou me embora para cása,
São horas de ir p'ra ceia;
Muito me custa a deixar,
A dança da sapateia!

The Bootmaker

Boys and girls come, let us all go,
To dance the Sapeteia,
Sweet the charm when we dance so!
There ne'er was a dance so fine.

Come my girl, off shoe and stocking,
Barefoot stamp on the floor;
Dancing gaily, heels a-knocking,
Dancing the Sapeteia.

Light is fading down the west, dear;
Get the oil for the lamp;
Banish darkness; light is best, dear,
Dancing the Sapeteia.

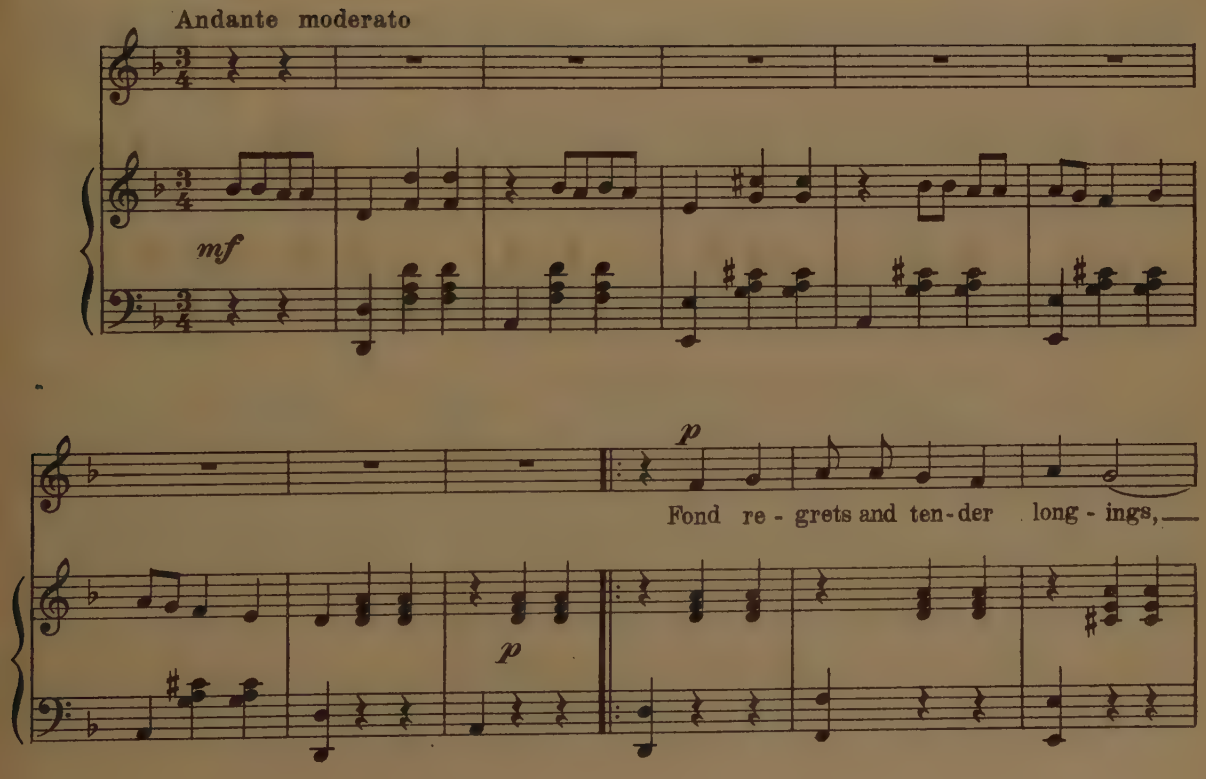
It is late, and I can't stay now;
It is time to go home;
Much it costs to go away now,
From the gay Sapeteia.

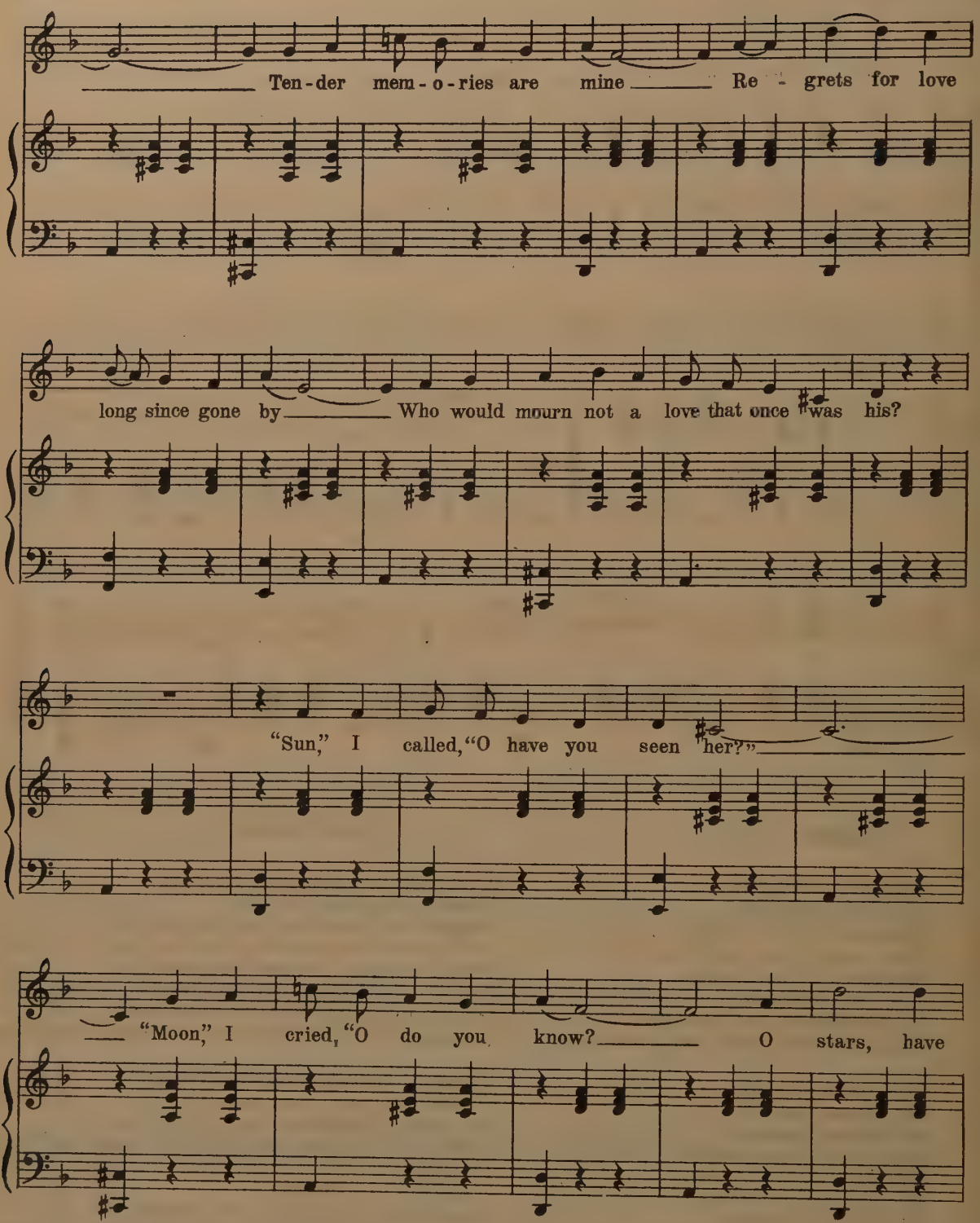
English version by
ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

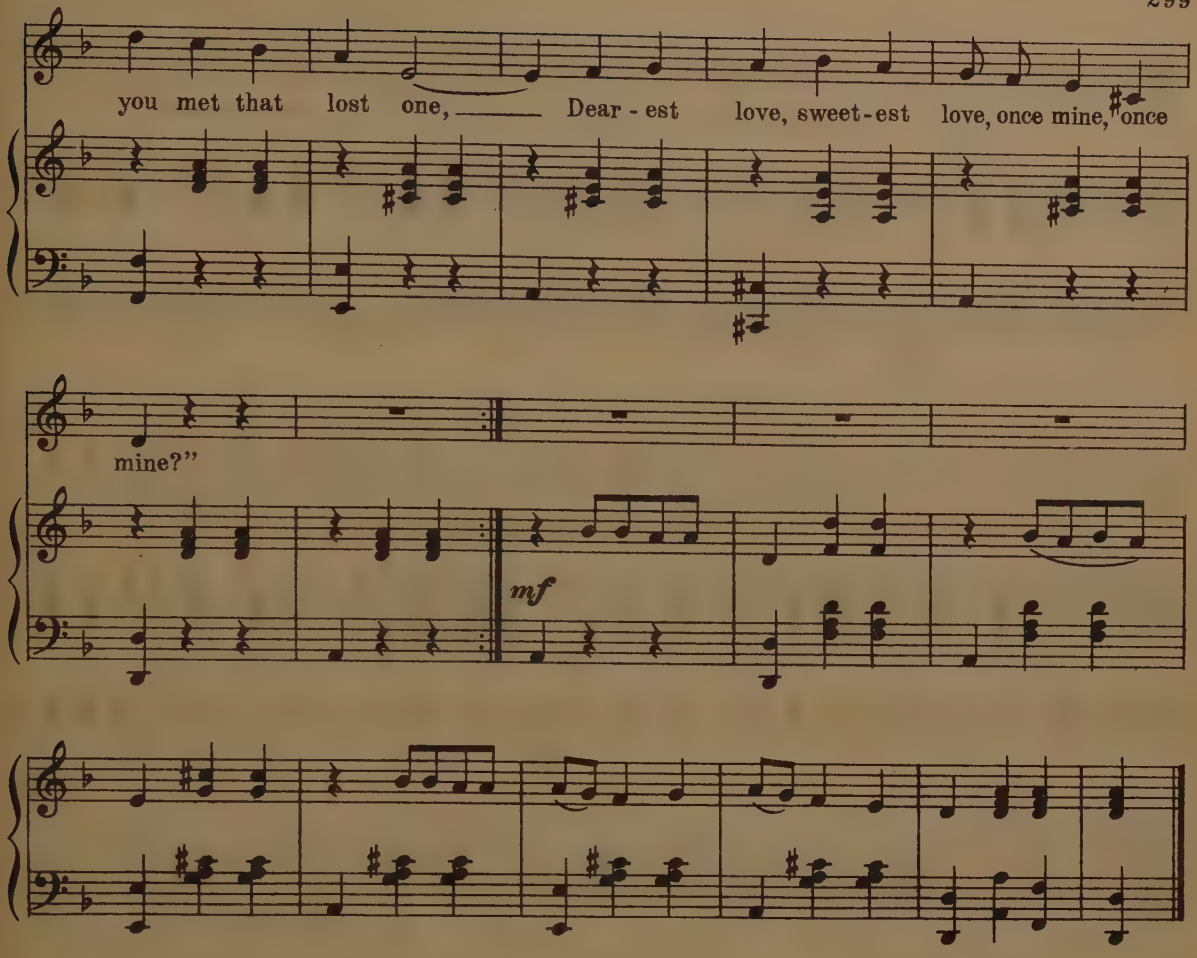
FOND REGRETS

English version by
Edwin Markham

Arranged by
Manuel A. de S. Maciel




Ten-der mem-o-ries are mine Re - grets for love
long since gone by Who would mourn not a love that once was his?
"Sun," I called, "O have you seen her?"
"Moon," I cried, "O do you know? O stars, have



Saudade

Saudades, saudades,
Saudades tenho eu,
Quem não terá saudades
D'um amôr, d'um amôr que já foi seu!
Perguntei ao sol se vin,
A' lua se conheceu,
A's estrellas se encontraram
Um amôr, um amôr que já foi meu!

Oh! tirana saudade,
Oh! tirana minha dôr,
Oh! tirana saudade,
Que leváste, que leváste o meu amôr!
Roubaste a côr ao crávo,
Ao martirio a duração,
Ao lirio a singeleza,
O socego, o socego ao coração!

Fond Regrets

Fond regrets and tender longings,
Tender memories are mine.
Regrets for love long since gone by—
Who would mourn not a love that once was his?
"Sun," I called, "O have you seen her?"
"Moon," I cried, "O do you know?
O stars, have you met that lost one,
Dearest love, sweetest love, once mine, once mine?"

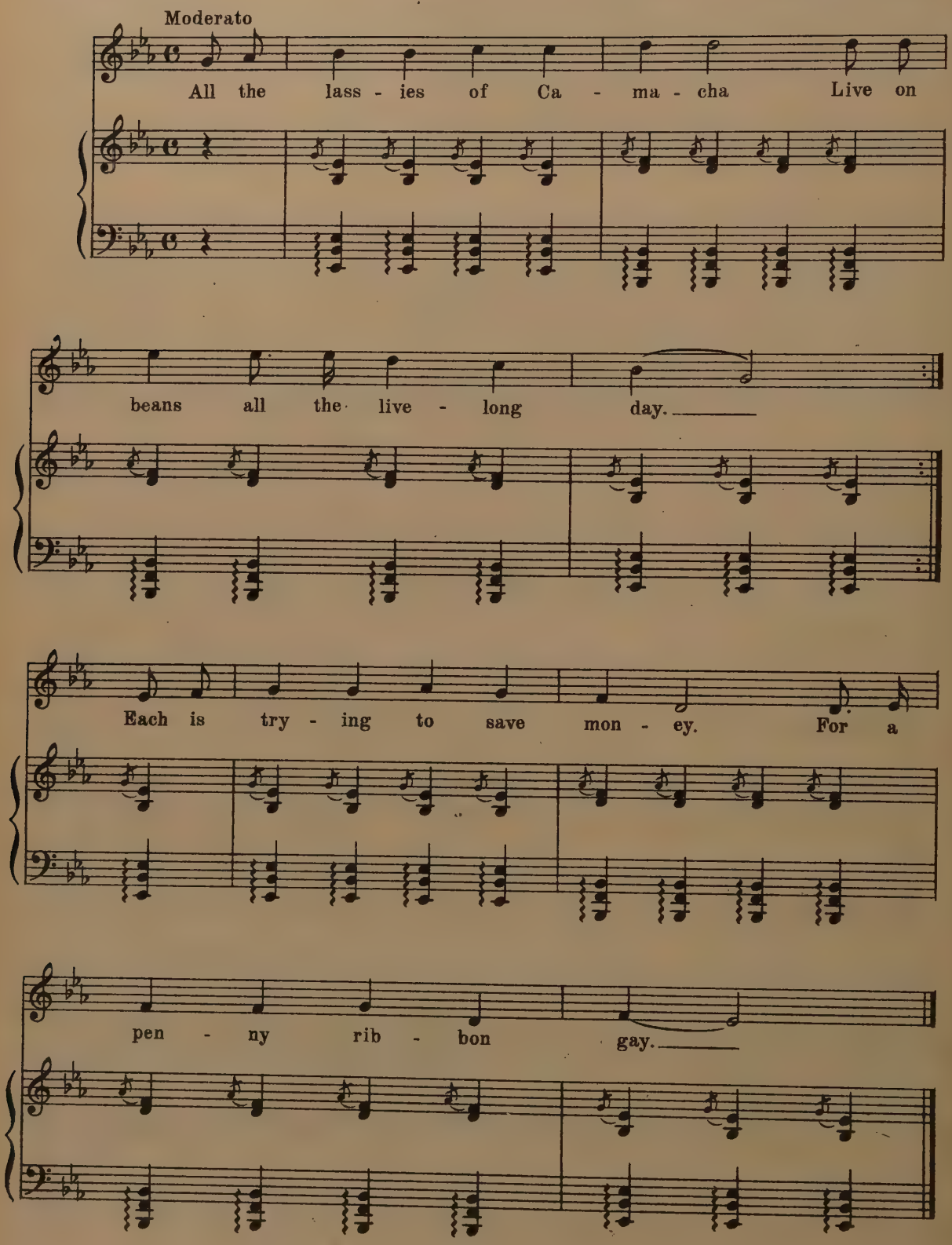
Tyrant dreaming, tyrant grieving,
Faithful memories are mine;
Ah, tyrant dreaming, tyrant grieving,
These you brought me, O love of long ago!
From the rose you took its color,
From the lily, purity;
The martyr you robbed of courage;
And my poor heart you robbed of peace, of peace.

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

THE LITTLE GIRLS OF CAMACHA

English version by
F. M.

Recorded by
William L. Jenkins



As Meninas de Camacha

As meninas de Camacha
Não comem senão feijão
Para guardar o dinheiro
Para fitinhas de tostão.

As meninas de Camacha
Quando não tem que fazer.
Vão á serra buscar lenha
Para na cidade vender.

The Little Girls of Camacha

All the lassies of Camacha
Live on beans all the live-long day.
Each is trying to save money
For a penny ribbon gay.

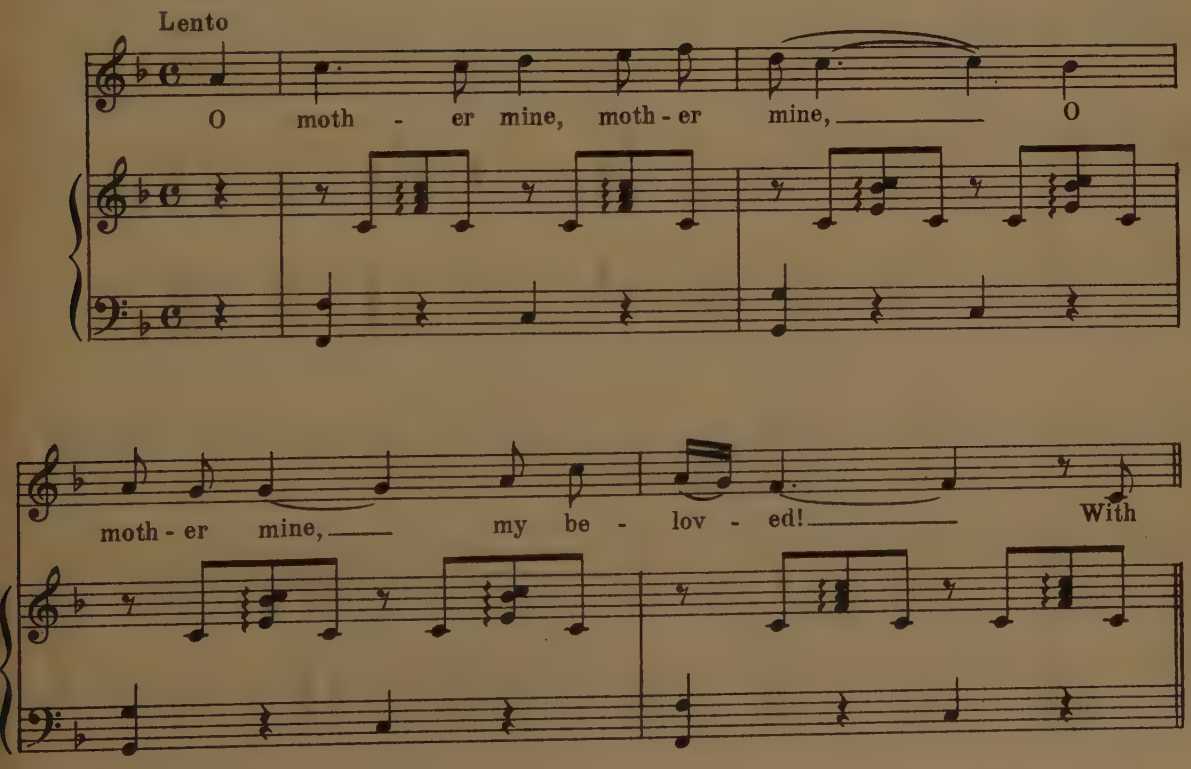
All the lassies of Camacha,
When they find nothing else to do,
Hunt the hills around for firewood,
In the city sell it too!

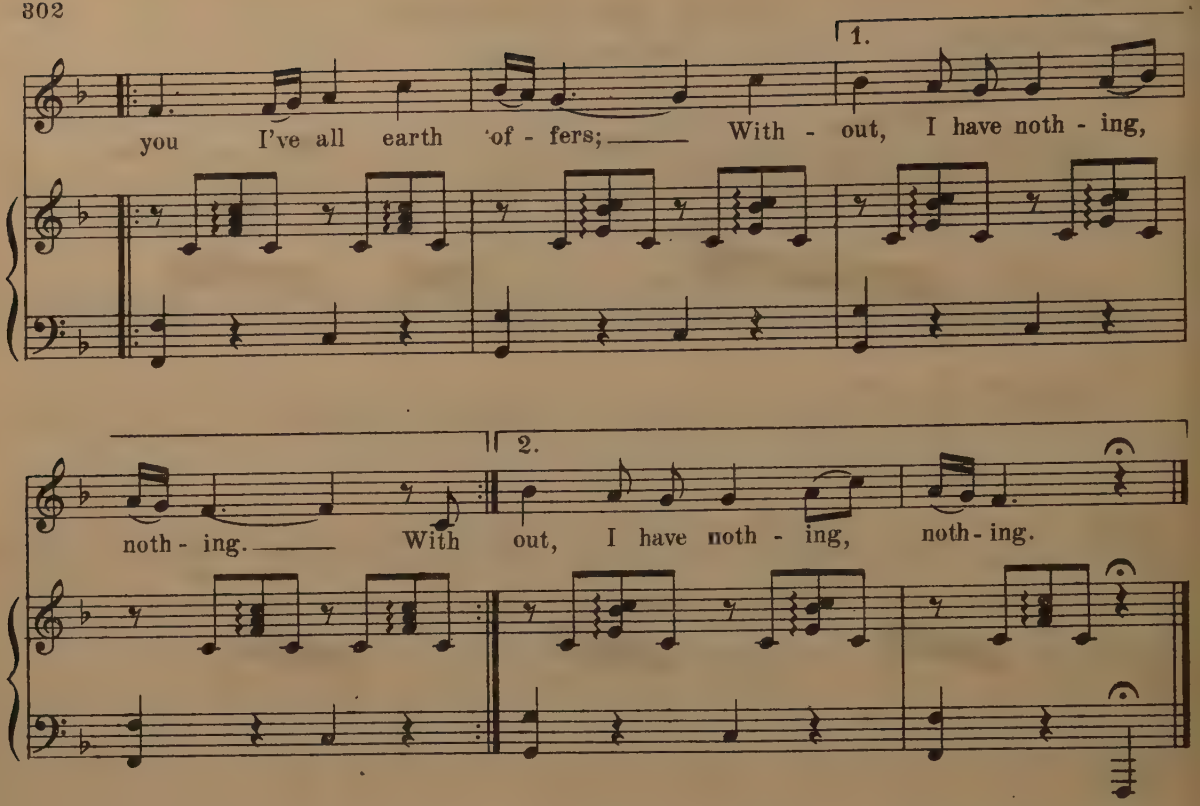
English version by
F. M.

O MOTHER MINE!

Paraphrase by
Clara Platt Meadowcraft

Recorded by
William L. Jenkins





Oh Minha Mãe

Oh, minha mãe, minha mãe,
Oh, minha mãe, minha amada!
Que tem a mãe tem tudo,
Quem a não tem, não tem nada.

O Mother Mine

O mother mine, mother mine,
O mother mine, my beloved!
With you I've all earth offers;
Without, I have nothing, nothing.

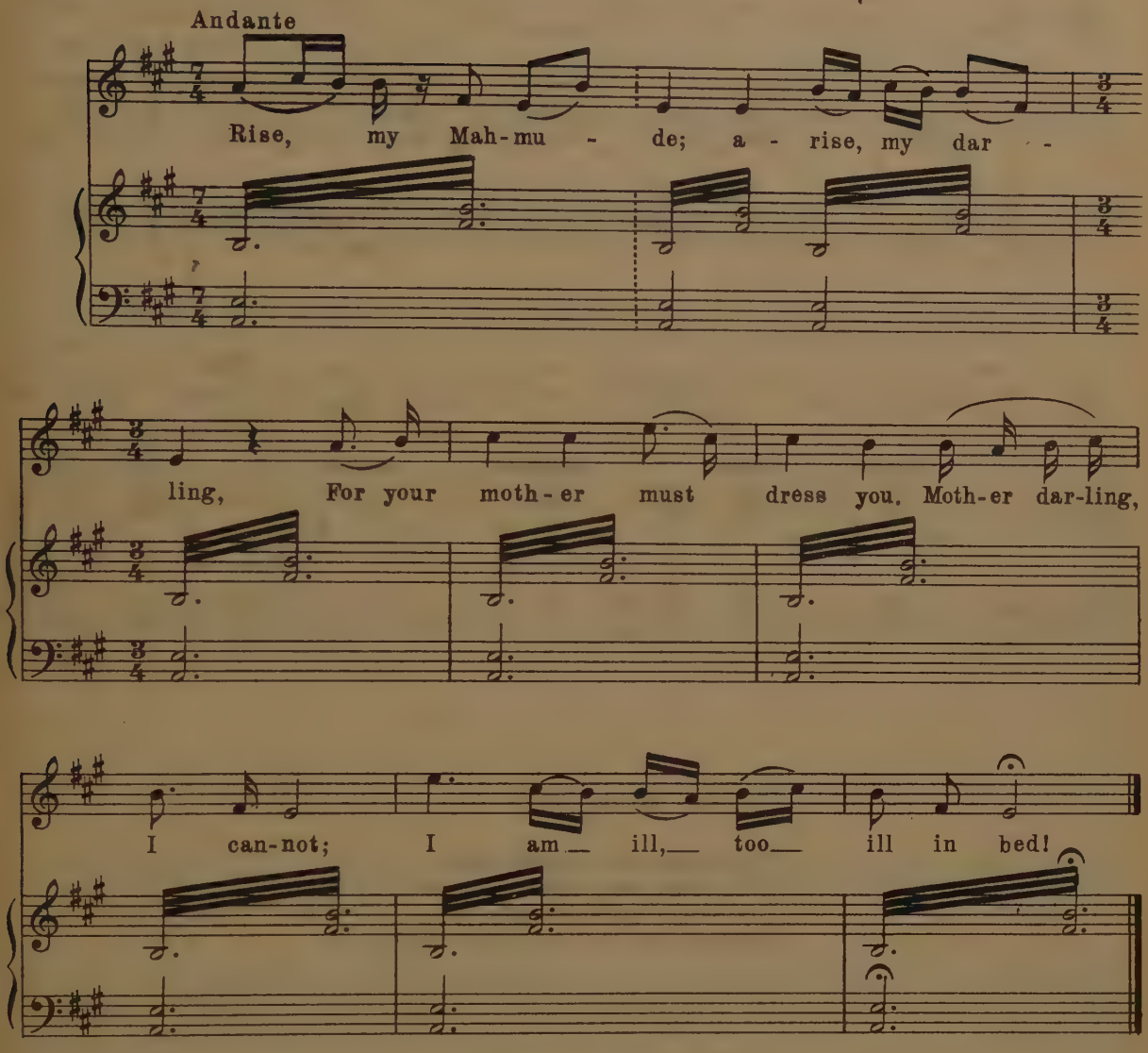
O mother mine, mother mine,
O mother mine, dearest mother!
Without you the world is empty;
Without you is only sorrow.

Paraphrase by
CLARA PLATT MEADOWCRAFT

RISE MY MAHMUDE

(Wedding Song)

Translation by
Paraskevi D. Kyrias



Ngreu Moj Mahmude

Ngreu moj Mahmude, ngreu te keqene,
Tem'te vere nenja moj, nenja moj festene.
Smunt moj neno smunt, smunt te keqene,
Se jam e semure moj, edhe e dergjure.

Ngreu moj Mahmude, ngreu te keqene,
Tem'te vere nenja moj, nenja moj takien.
Smunt moj neno smunt, smunt te keqene,
Se jam e semure moj, edhe e dergjure.

Ngreu moj Mahmude, ngreu te keqene,
Vine krushqit te te marin moj, ngreu te keqene.
Smunt moj neno smunt, smunt te keqene,
Po nis motren t'ime moj, ate te mesmene.

Rise, My Mahmude

Rise, my Mahmude; arise, my darling,
For your mother must dress you.
Mother darling, I cannot;
I am too ill, too ill in bed!

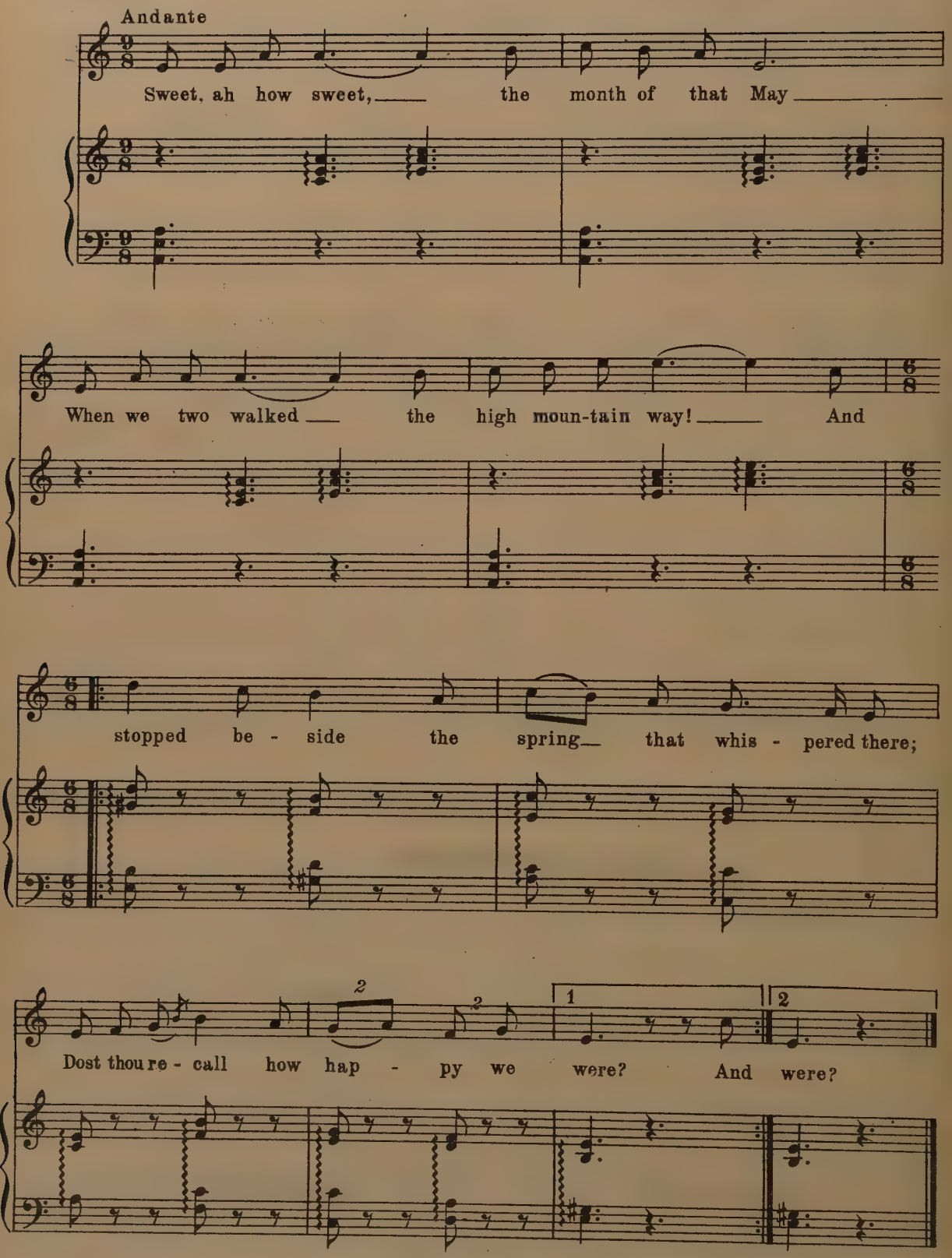
Rise, my Mahmude; arise, my darling,
The bridegroom now awaits you.
Mother darling, I cannot;
I am too ill, too ill in bed!

Rise, my Mahmude; arise, my darling,
Your friends now come to take you.
Mother darling, I cannot;
My younger sister give instead!

Translation by
PARASKEVI D. KYRIAS

THE MONTH OF MAY

English version by
Dorothy Scarborough


Andante
Sweet, ah how sweet, the month of that May
When we two walked the high moun-tain way! And
stopped be - side the spring that whis - pered there;
Dost thou re - call how hap - py we were? And were?
1
2

Muaj' I Majit

Sa i ëmbël ish muaj' i Majit!
Kur dilnimë rëzësë malit,
Pranë mburimit rinim qëndronim
A e mban ment sa bukur vronim?

Nën' ata lisa të lulëzuar
Losnin bilbilat duke kënduar
Të përqafasur rinim dëgjonim,
A e mban ment sa bukur vronim?

Të vdisnja there sa mirë qe,
Në kraun t'ende kur bënje be,
E duke puthur tinë me theshnjë
Q' jetën pa mua nuk e deshnje.

Të vinjë prapë muaj' i Majit,
Të dalimë rëzësë malit,
Pranë mburimit ne të qëndrojmë,
Dhe zemrat t'ona ne t'i bashkojme.

The Month of May

Sweet, ah how sweet, the month of that May
When we two walked the high mountain way,
And stopped beside the spring that whispered there!
Dost thou recall how happy we were?

Under the bloss'ming trees by the spring,
Hearing the birds soft whistle and sing,
We sat, close clasped, and dreamed a dream so fair;
Dost thou recall how happy we were?

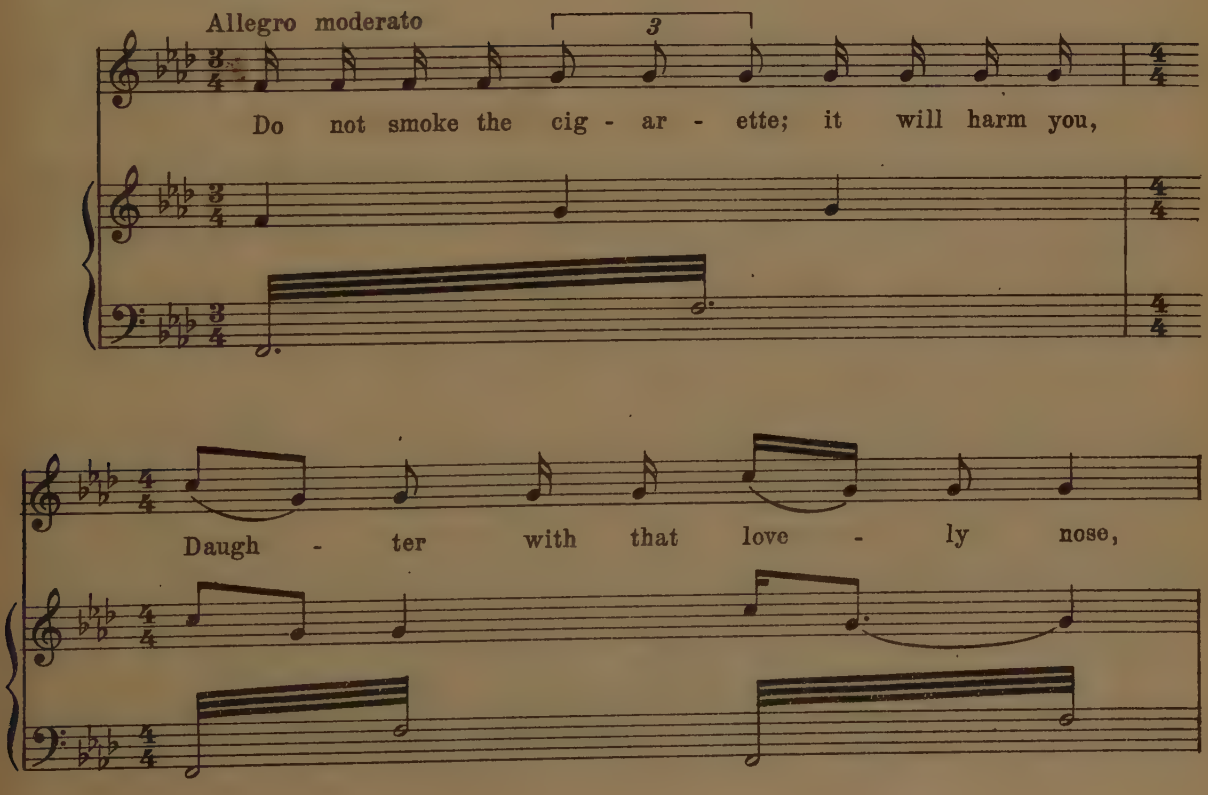
Sweet love, ah, would that I had died then,
Held in your arms, the while you vowed, when
Your burning kisses promise seemed to give
That without me you wished not to live!

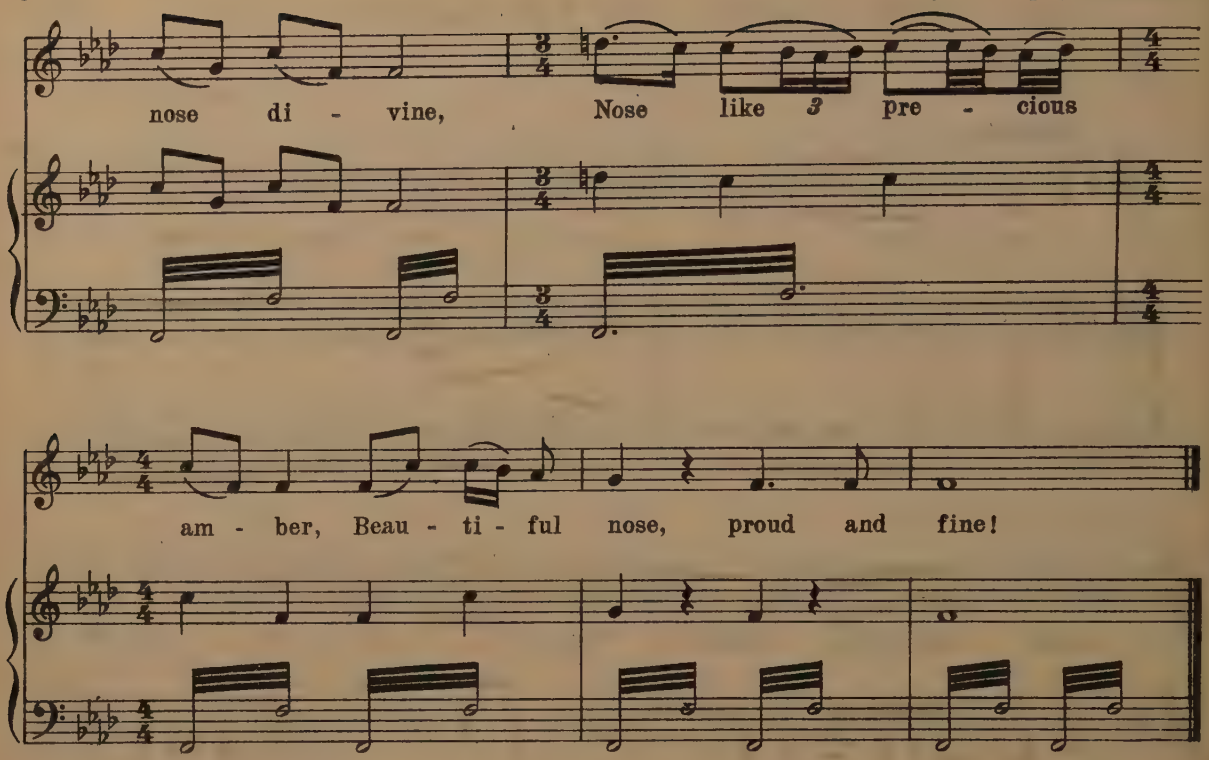
Will't come again, that sweet month of May?
Shall we ne'er walk the high mountain way?
Beside the spring, in woodland path apart,
Shall I not hold you close to my heart?

English version by
DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

BEAUTIFUL NOSE

English version by
Anna Catherine Markham





Und' E Bukur

Mos e pi duhane, se t'sjell zavale moj und'e bukure;
Sa moj e bukure;
Sa e bukur qehlibar.

Se me je e vogel pa t'sjell zarar moj und'e bukure;
Sa moj e bukure;
Sa e bukur qehlibar.

Se ty nene mezi te ka moj und'e bukure;
Sa moj e bukure;
Sa e bukur qehlibar.

Beautiful Nose

Do not smoke the cigarette; it will harm you,
Daughter with that lovely nose, nose divine,
Nose like precious amber,
Beautiful nose, proud and fine!

Smoke not, daughter; you are far too young, my dear,
Child of that lovely nose, nose sedate,
Nose like precious amber,
Beautiful nose, handsome, straight!

Apple you are of your own mother's eyes,
Child of that lovely nose, nose so fair,
Nose like precious amber,
Beautiful nose, charming, rare!

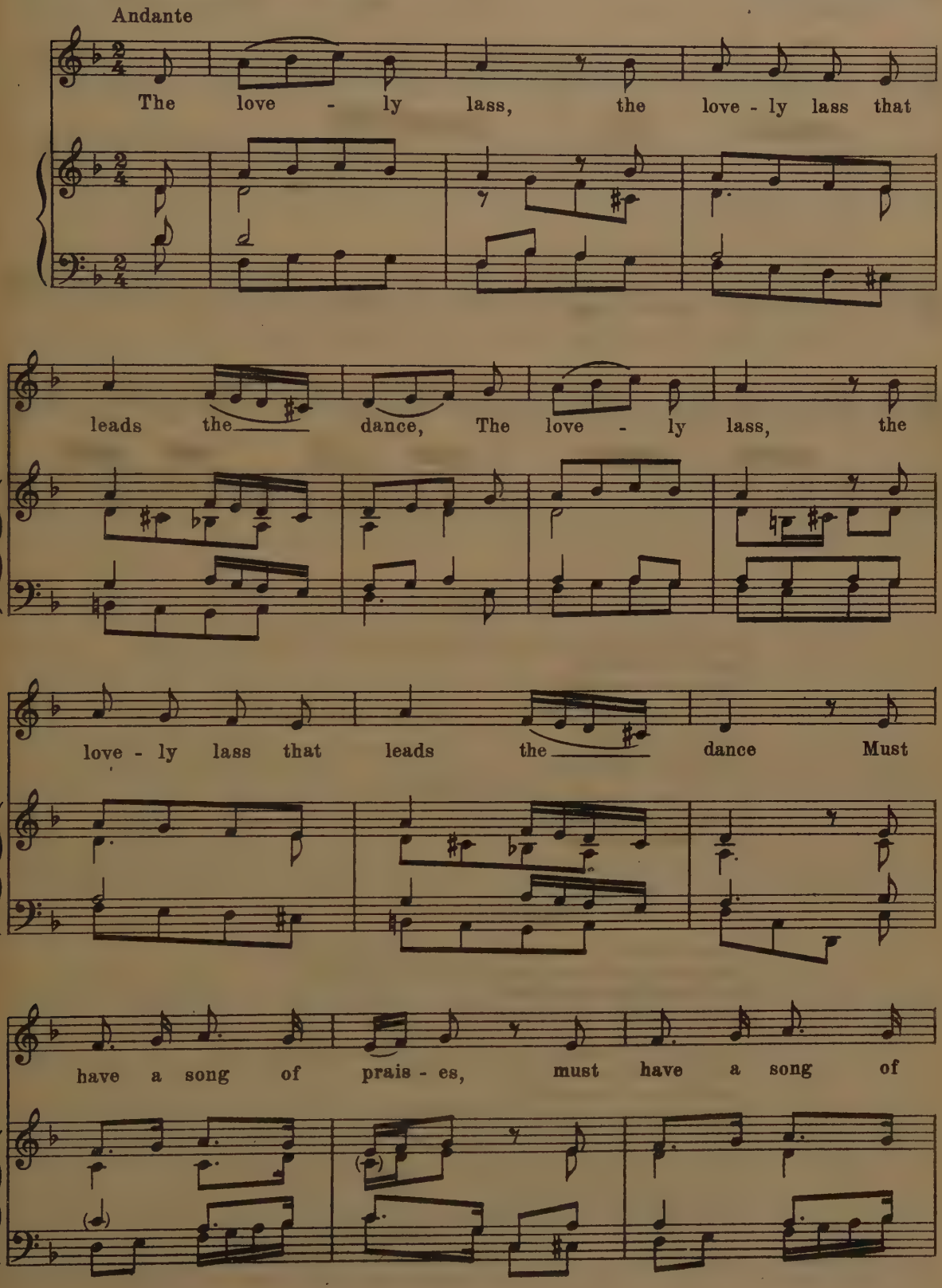
English version by
ANNA CATHERINE MARKHAM

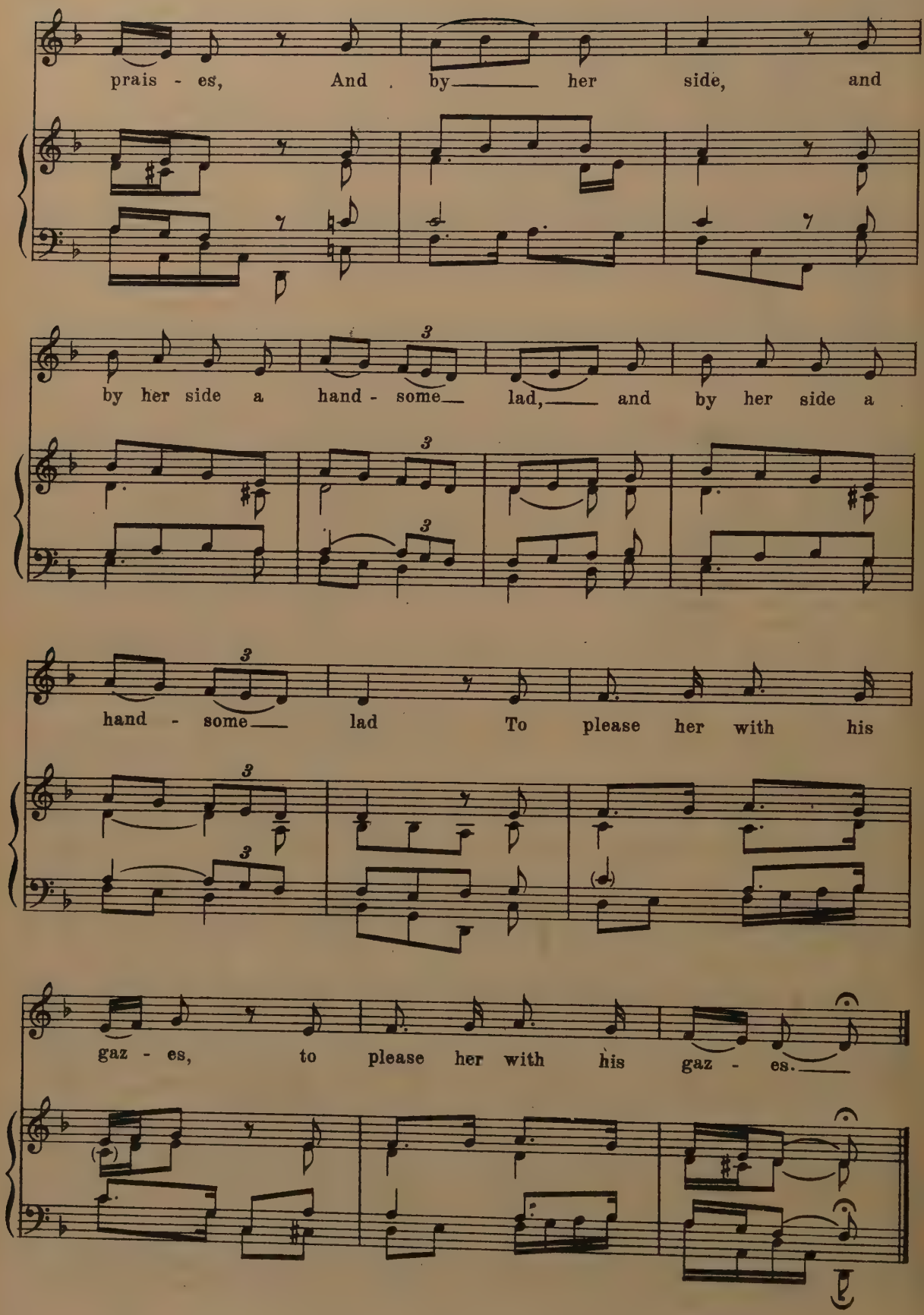
THE LUTE PLAYER AND THE DANCING LASS

Translation by
Aristides E. Phoutrides

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson

Andante


The love - ly lass, the love - ly lass that
leads the dance, The love - ly lass, the
love - ly lass that leads the dance Must
have a song of prais - es, must have a song of


prais - es, And by her side, and
by her side a hand - some lad, and by her side a
hand - some lad To please her with his
gaz - es, to please her with his gaz - es.

'Εσὺ ποῦ σέρνεις τὸν χορό.

'Εσὺ ποῦ σέρνεις τὸν χορὸ
σὲ πρέπει τραγουδάκι
σὲ πρέπει καὶ 'ς τὸ πλάγι σου
κ' ἕνα παλληκαράκι.

Τὸ σπάνω τὸ λαοῦτο
τὸ κάνω πέταυρα
νὰ ἤμουν παλληκάρι
ἴσως καὶ σ' ἔπερνα.

'Ως καὶ τὸ ἀηδόνι τὸ πουλὶ
καὶ 'κεῖνο πάθη ἔχει
πάγει νὰ κάτση 'στὸν κοντζὲ
καὶ τὸ τσιμπᾷ τ' ἀγκάθι.

Τί ἔμμορφα ταιριάξαμε
ὅλα ἕνα μπόϊ,
σὰν τὰ ζεμπούλια τὰ μαβιὰ
ποὖναι 'ς τὸ περιβόλι.

Τί ἔμμορφα χορεύεις
τί ἔμμορφα πηδᾷς
μὲ φαίνεται, πουλί μου,
'ς τὴ γῆ 'ποῦ δὲ πατᾷς.

Τί ἔμμορφα 'ταιριάξαμε
ὅλοι μας 'ς τὴν ἀράδα
σὰν τὸν 'Ελληνικὸ στρατὸ
ποῦ εἶναι 'ς τὴν 'Ελλάδα.

The Lute Player and the Dancing Lass

LUTE PLAYER:
*The lovely lass** that leads the dance
Must have a song of praises,
And by her side a handsome lad
To please her with his gazes.
The lute I play may split and break
To pieces in her honor;
I would I were a handsome lad;
I might, perhaps, have won her.
The nightingale may sing so sweet
And warble so unheeding;
But one sharp thorn can pierce it so
It may be faint with bleeding.

DANCING LASS:
Like comrades all we sing and dance
And treat you like a brother;
Like blossoms blue on this green grass,
One blossom by another.

LUTE PLAYER:
You dance and skip so light and lithe,
I cannot tire of sighing;
And like a bird you skim the earth
With shining wings a-flying.

DANCING LASS:
Like comrades all we sing and dance
And treat you like a brother;
Like soldiers true of Greece set free,
One soldier by another.

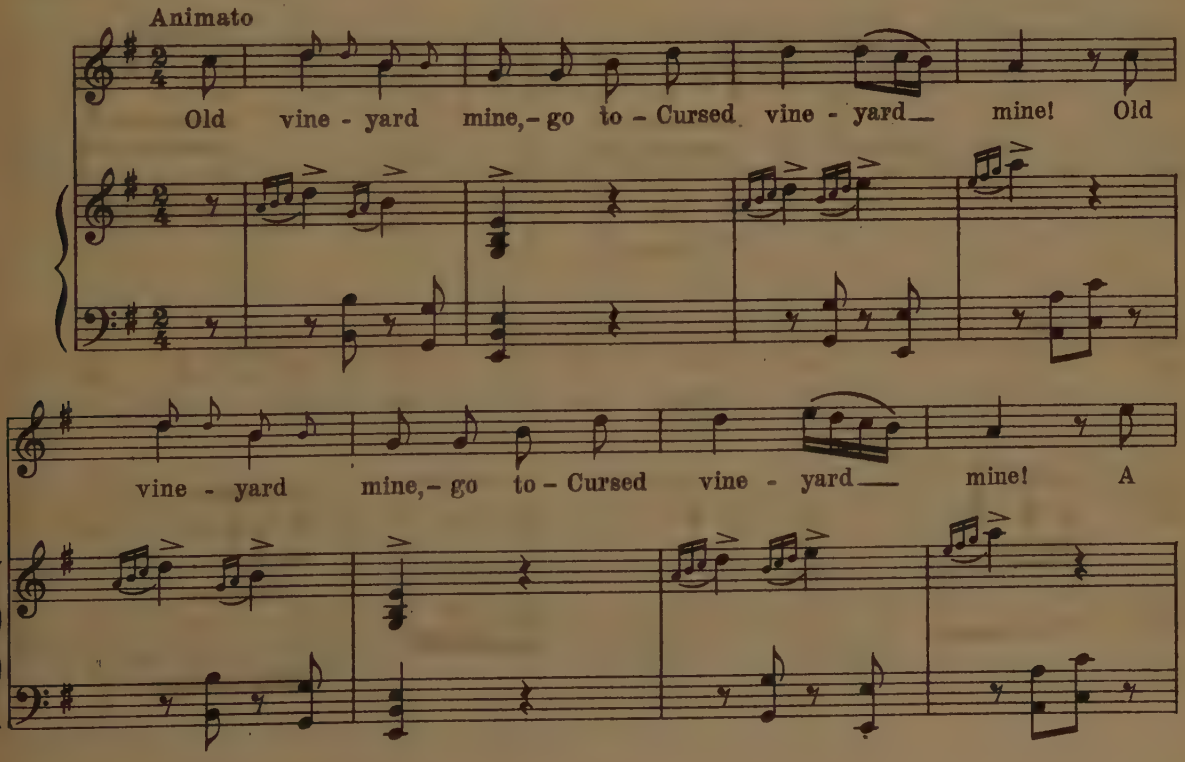
Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

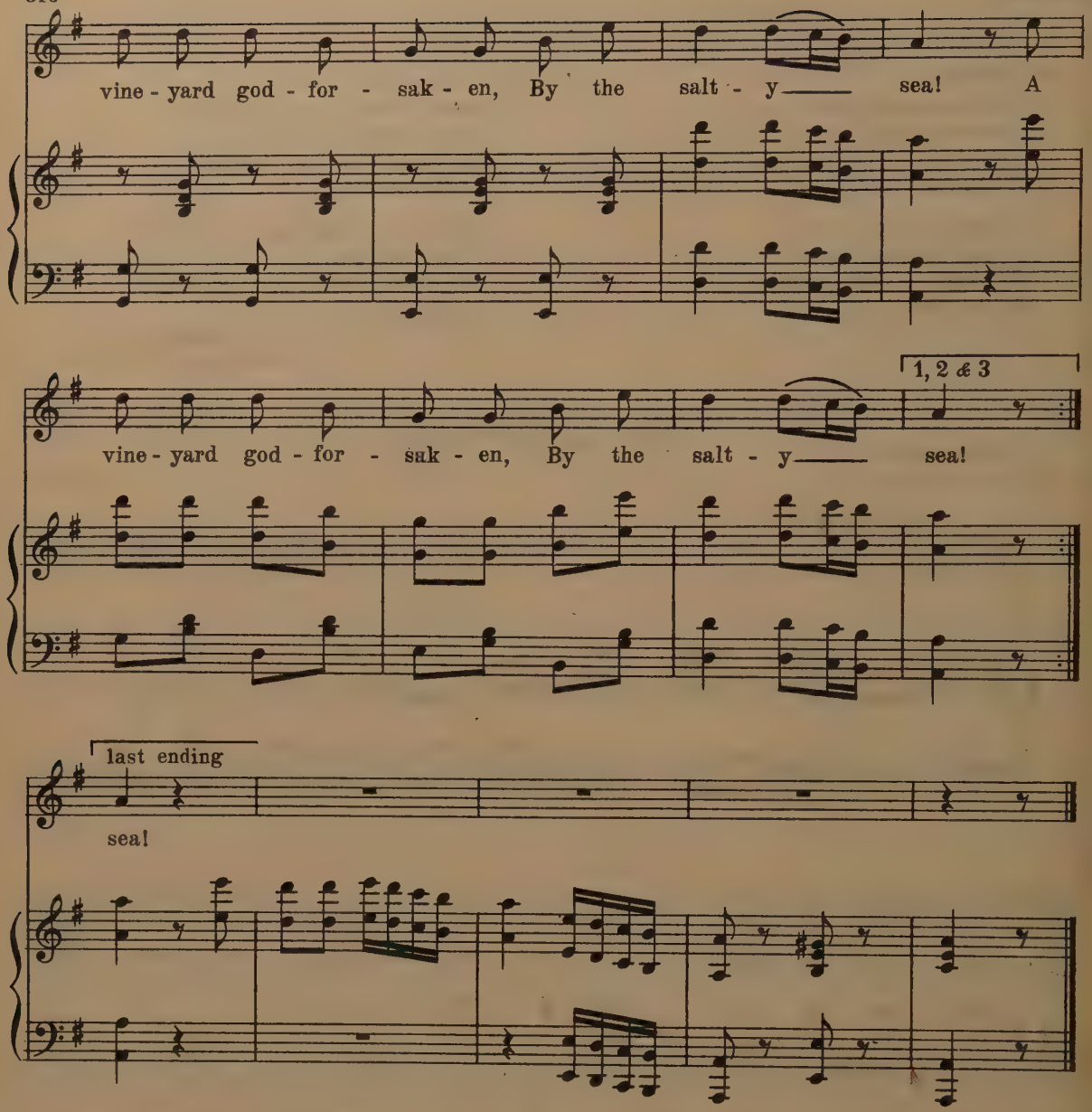
*The words in italics are repeated

Translation by Aristides E. Phoutrides

THE VINEYARD AND ITS MASTER

Arranged by Constantine Nicolay





'Αμπέλι μου, παληάμπελο.

'Αμπέλι μου, μωρέ,
Παληάμπελο,
Καὶ τρὶς καταραμένο,
Μὰ τὴ θάλασσα!

Θὰ σὲ πουλήσω, 'ρέ,
Παληάμπελο,
Καὶ θὰ σὲ κάμω γρόσα,
Μὰ τὴ θάλασσα!

"Αχ, μὴ μὲ πουλήσῃς,
'Αφέντη μου,
Καὶ μὴ μὲ κάμῃς γρόσα,
Μὰ τὴ θάλασσα!

Μόν' βάλε νηὸ 'ς τὸ σκάψιμο
'Αφέντη μου,
'Στὸ κλάδεμά μου γέρο,
Μὰ τὴ θάλασσα!

The Vineyard and Its Master

THE MASTER:

Old vineyard mine—go to—
Cursed vineyard mine!
A vineyard god-forsaken,
By the salty sea!

I'll make a sale of you,
Cursed vineyard mine!
I'll turn you into pennies,
By the salty sea!

THE VINEYARD:

Don't sell me, pray, you fool,
Good master mine!
Don't turn me into pennies,
By the salty sea!

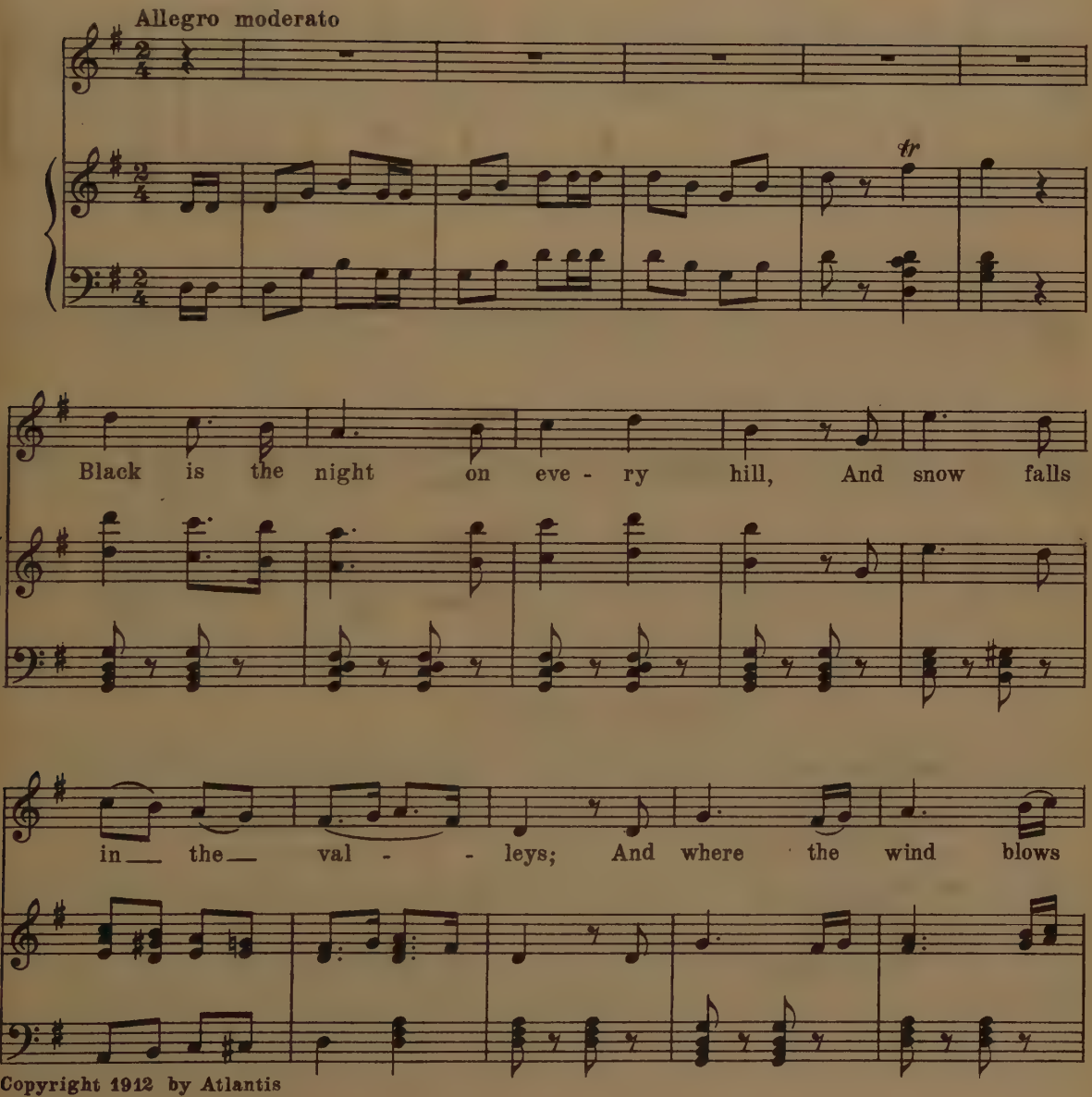
But hire a young man, do, you fool,
To dig me deep,
And an old man to prune me,
By the salty sea!

Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

THE KLEFTMAN

Translation by
Aristides E. Phoutrides

A. Seiller



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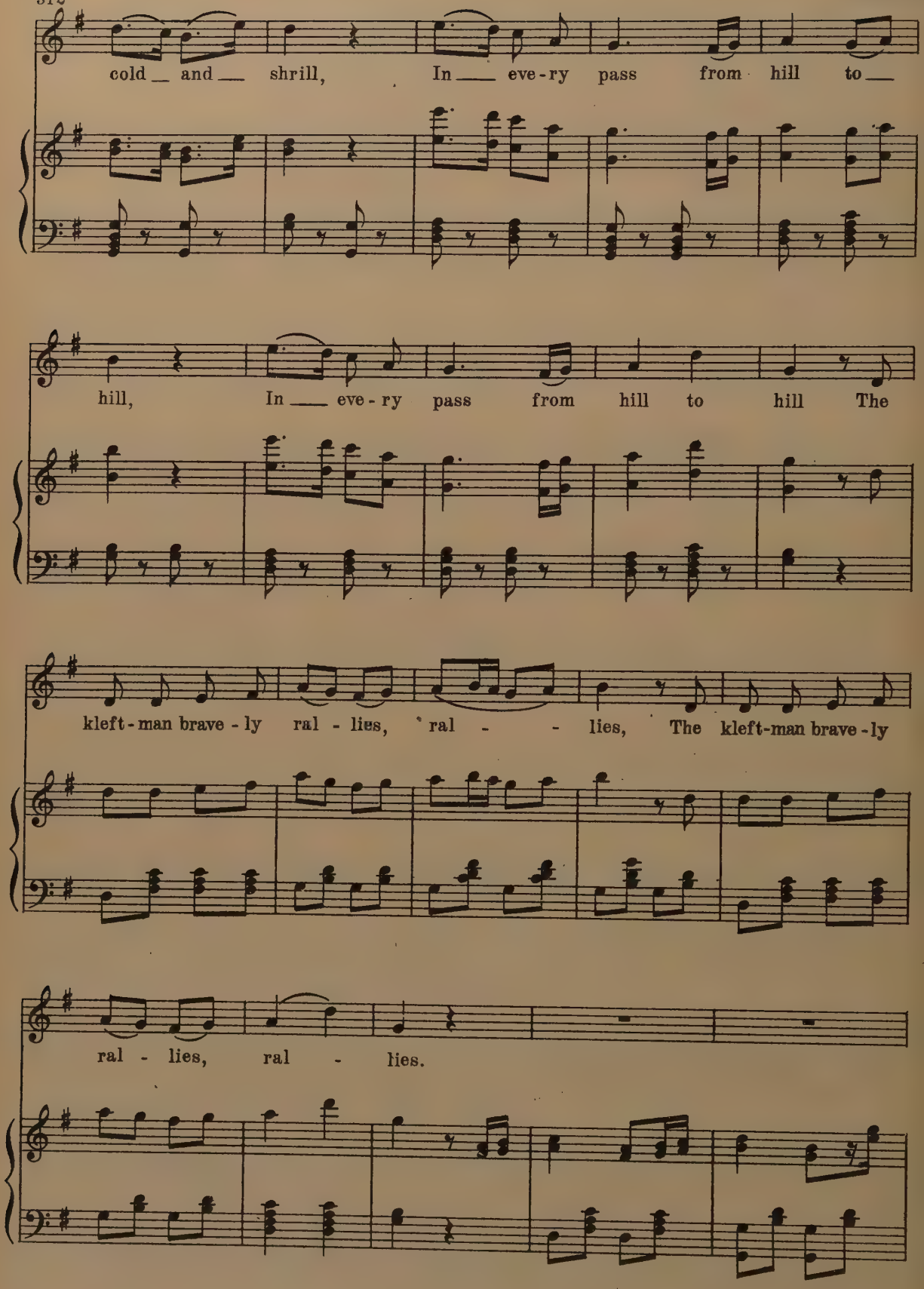
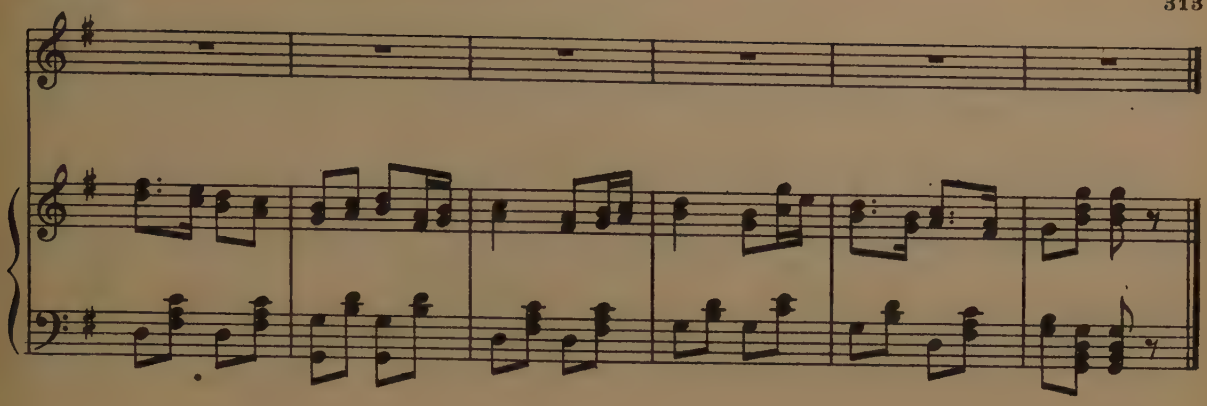

cold and shrill, In every pass from hill to
hill, In every pass from hill to hill The
kleft-man brave-ly ral - lies, ral - lies, The kleft-man brave-ly
ral - lies, ral - lies.



'Ο Κλέφτης.

Μαύρ' εἶν' ἡ νύκτα στὰ βουνά,
Στοὺς βράχους πέφτει χιόνι!
'Στὰ ἄγρια 'στὰ σκοτεινὰ
Σταῖς τραχιαῖς πέτραις, στὰ
'Ο κλέφτης ξεσπαθώνει.
Πήγαινε, φίλα τὴν ποδιὰ
'Πὸῦ δοῦλοι προσκυνοῦνε.
'Εδῶ 'ς τὰ πράσινα κλαδιὰ
Μόν' τὸ σπαθί τους τὰ παιδιὰ
Καὶ τὸν Σταυρὸν φιλοῦνε.

Μητέρα κλαῖς! 'Αναχωρῶ
Νὰ μ' εὐχηθῇς γυρεύω.
Ἕνα παιδὶ σὲ ὑστερῶ,
Ὅμως νὰ ζήσω δὲν 'μπορῶ
Ἂν ζῶ γιὰ νὰ δουλεύω.
Μὴ κλαῖτε μάτια γαλανὰ

Φωστῆρες ποῦ ἀρέσω,
Τὸ δάκρυόν σας μὲ πλανᾷ.
'Ελεύθερος ζῶ 'ς τὰ βουνά,

Βαρυὰ βαρυὰ βουΐζ' ἡ γῆ...,
Ἕνα τουφέκι πέφτει.
Παντοῦ τρομάρα καὶ σφαγή,
'Εδῶ φυγὴ κ' ἐκεῖ πληγή...
'Εσκότωσαν τὸν κλέφτη.

Σύντροφοι, ἄσκεποι, πεζοί,
Τὸν φέρουν λυπημένοι,
Καὶ τραγουδοῦν ὅλοι μαζί·
«'Ελεύθερος ὁ κλέφτης ζῇ
Κ' ἐλεύθερος πεθαίνει».

The Kleftman

Black is the night on every hill,
And snow falls in the valleys;
And where the wind blows cold and shrill,
In every pass from hill to hill]2
The kleftman bravely *rallies*.*]2

Go kiss a bloody tyrant's feet,
Your slavish bows displaying;
In forests green the kleftmen meet,
Trusting their swords, each other greet,]2
And to their God are *praying*.]2

Give me your blessing, mother, now;
Let me not see you crying;
Your son must go to keep his vow;
I cannot slave, I cannot bow;]2
Such life is only *dying*.]2

Blue eyes I love, weep not for me;
Let not your light belie me;
Your tears might lure and humble me;
Among the hills I shall be free]2
And die with freedom *by me*.]2

What makes the earth groan deep and low?
I heard a rifle firing.
Is it the slaughter of the foe?
A host in rout! a deadly blow!]2
The kleftman lies *expiring!*]2

Comrades about him throng in woe
And bear him, sadly sighing;
They sing beside him as they go:
"The kleftman lives for freedom so,]2
And thus for her is *dying*."]2

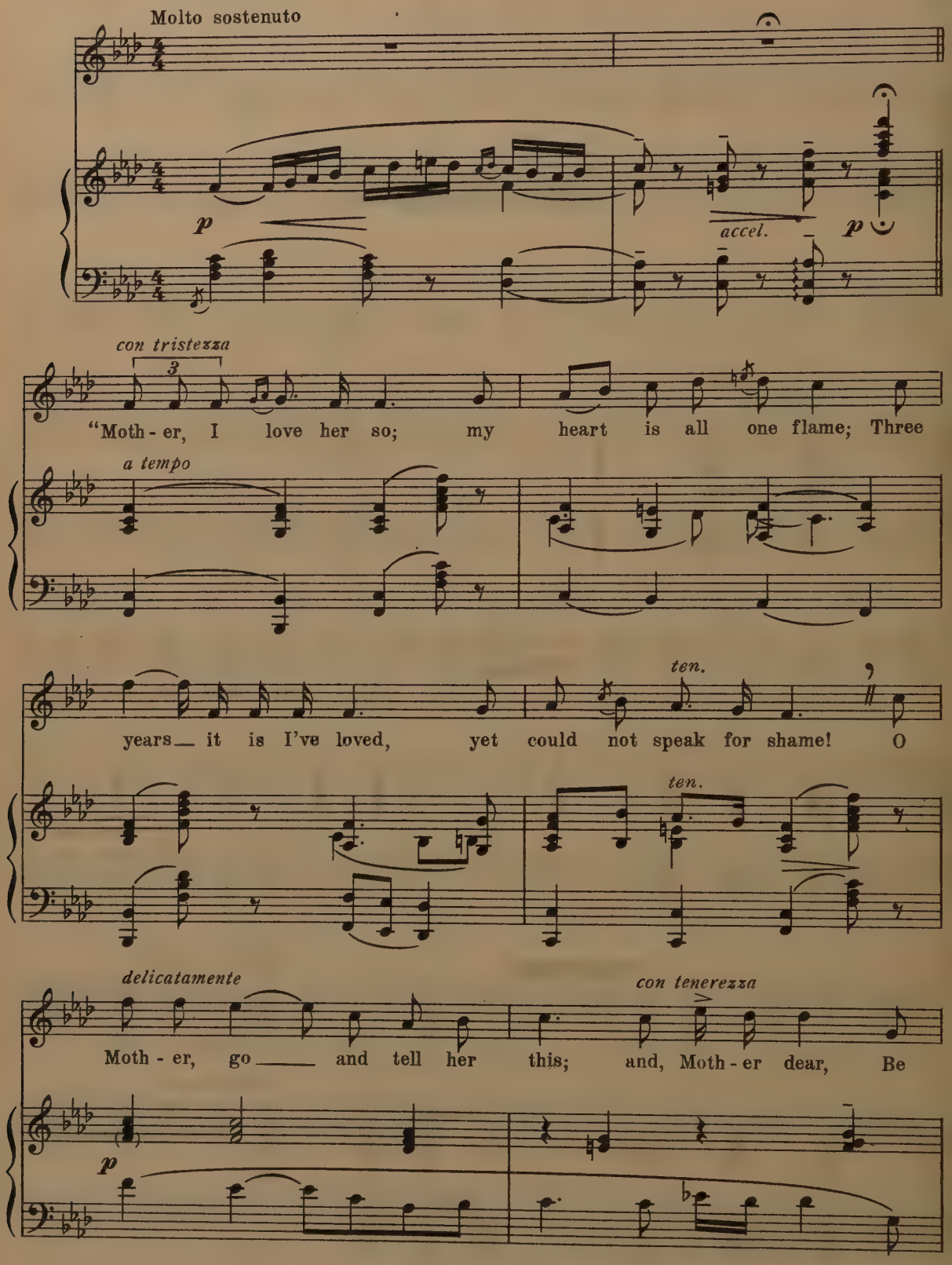
Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

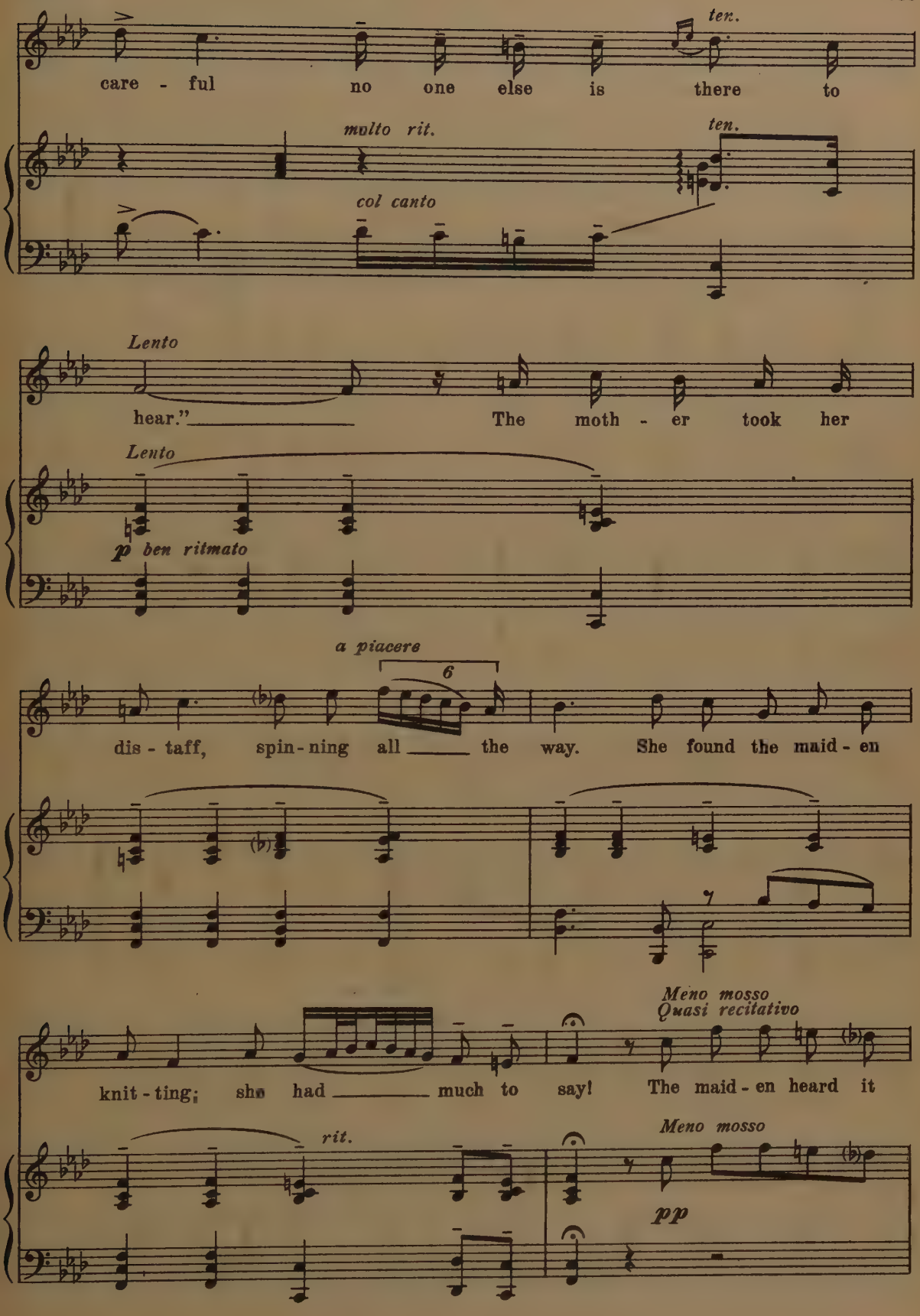
*The words in italics are repeated.

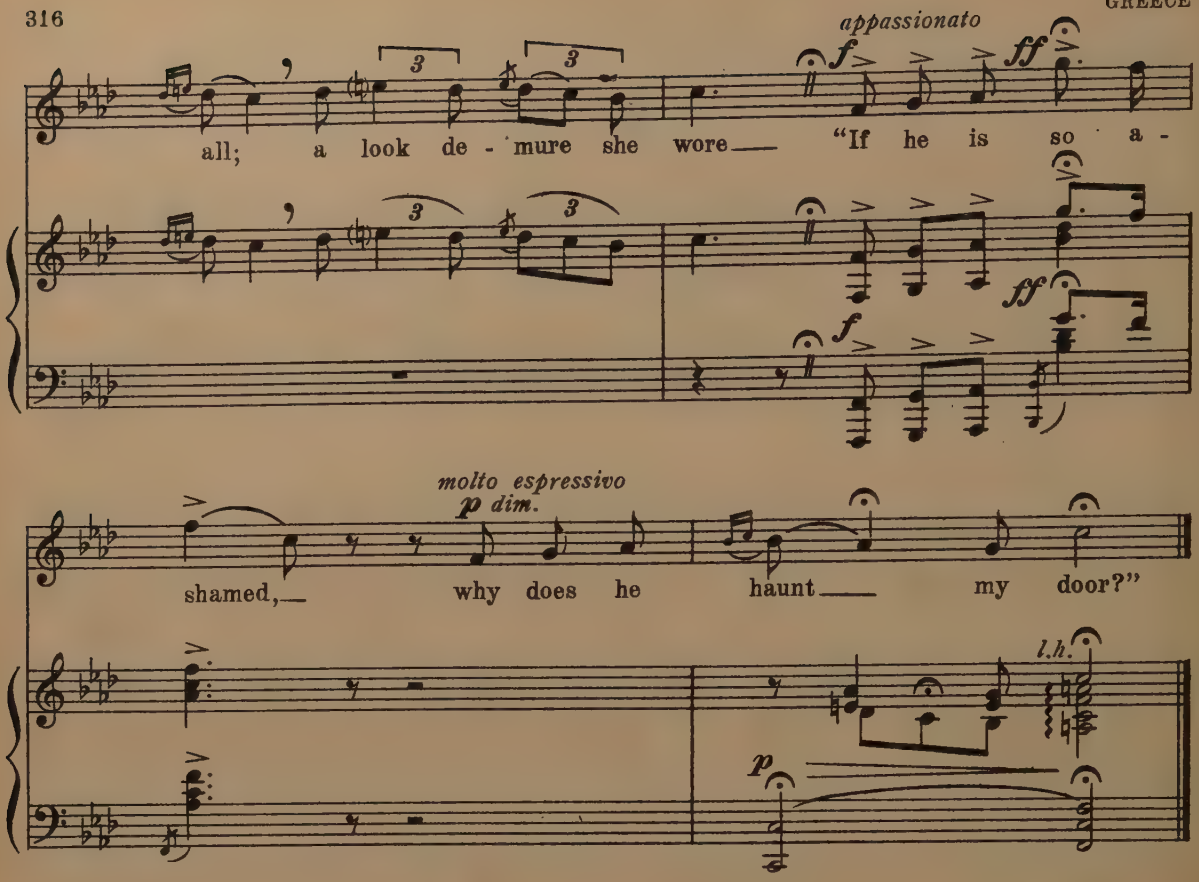
WHY DOES HE HAUNT MY DOOR?

By Edith Thomas
after a Greek folk poem

Music by
S. S. Lontos




ten.
care - ful no one else is there to
molto rit.
ten.
col canto
Lento
hear." The moth - er took her
Lento
p ben ritmato
a piacere
6
dis - taff, spin - ning all the way. She found the maid - en
Meno mosso
Quasi recitativo
knit - ting; she had much to say! The maid - en heard it
rit.
Meno mosso
pp



Μάνα τὴν ἀγαπῶ.

«Μάνα τὴν ἀγαπῶ, κτυπᾷ γι' αὐτὴ ἡ καρδιά μου,
Τρεῖς χρόνους τὴν ποθῶ, μὰ πῶς νὰ τῆς τὸ πῶ.
Ἄχ μάνα, σύρε νὰ τῆς πῆς τὸν πόνο μου,
Καὶ 'νοιά σου μὴν τὸ μάθῃ τὸ χωριό».

Τὴ ρόκα παίρν' ἡ μάνα, πάει νὰ ἰδῇ τὴ νειά,
Τὴν βρίσκει νὰ κεντάῃ, καὶ τῆς λέει πολλά.
Τὴν ἀγροικάει ἡ κόρη, μὰ δὲν βαστάει πειά—
«Ντροπὴ 'σὰν ἔχει τόση, ἐδῶ τί τριγυρνᾷ».

Why Does He Haunt My Door?

"Mother, I love her so; my heart is all one flame;
Three years it is I've loved, yet could not speak for shame!
O Mother, go and tell her this; and, Mother dear,
Be careful no one else is there to hear."

The mother took her distaff, spinning all the way.
She found the maiden knitting; she had much to say!
The maiden heard it all; a look demure she wore—
"If he is so ashamed, why does he haunt my door?"

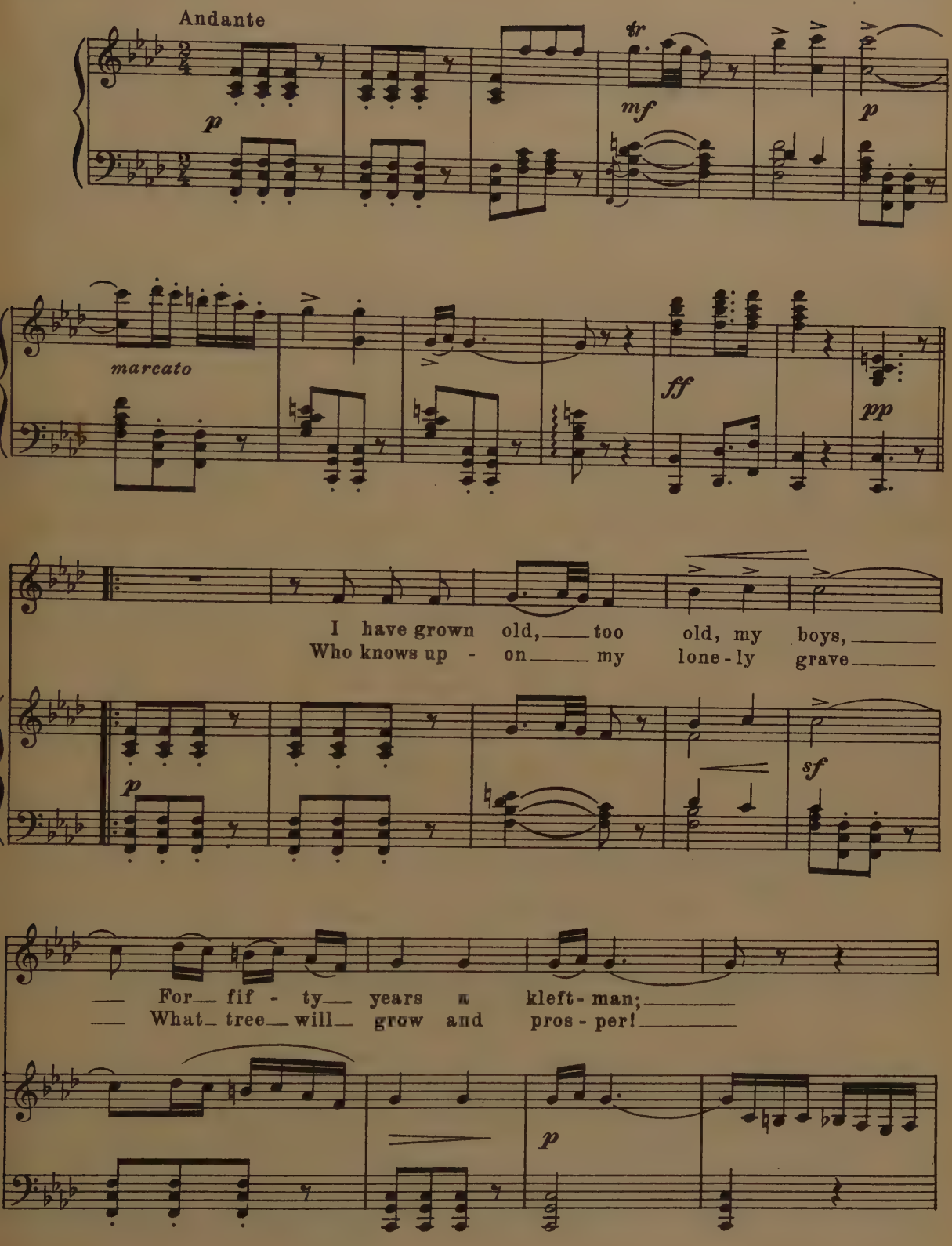
BY EDITH THOMAS
After a Greek folk poem

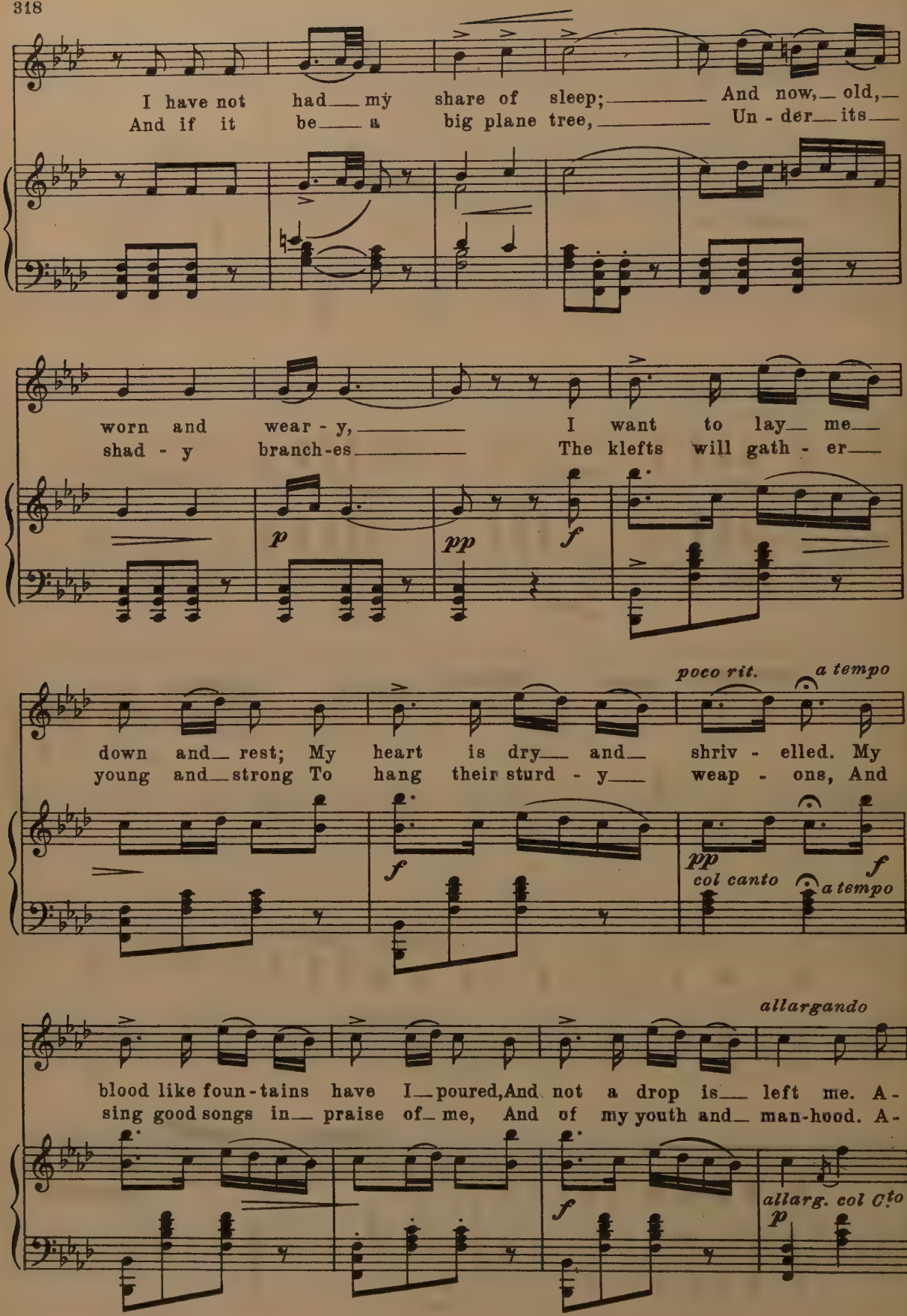
"English version from "Folk Songs of Greece under the Turk," by Pericles Mellon and Edith Thomas, Poet Lore Magazine, 1915. Used by permission.

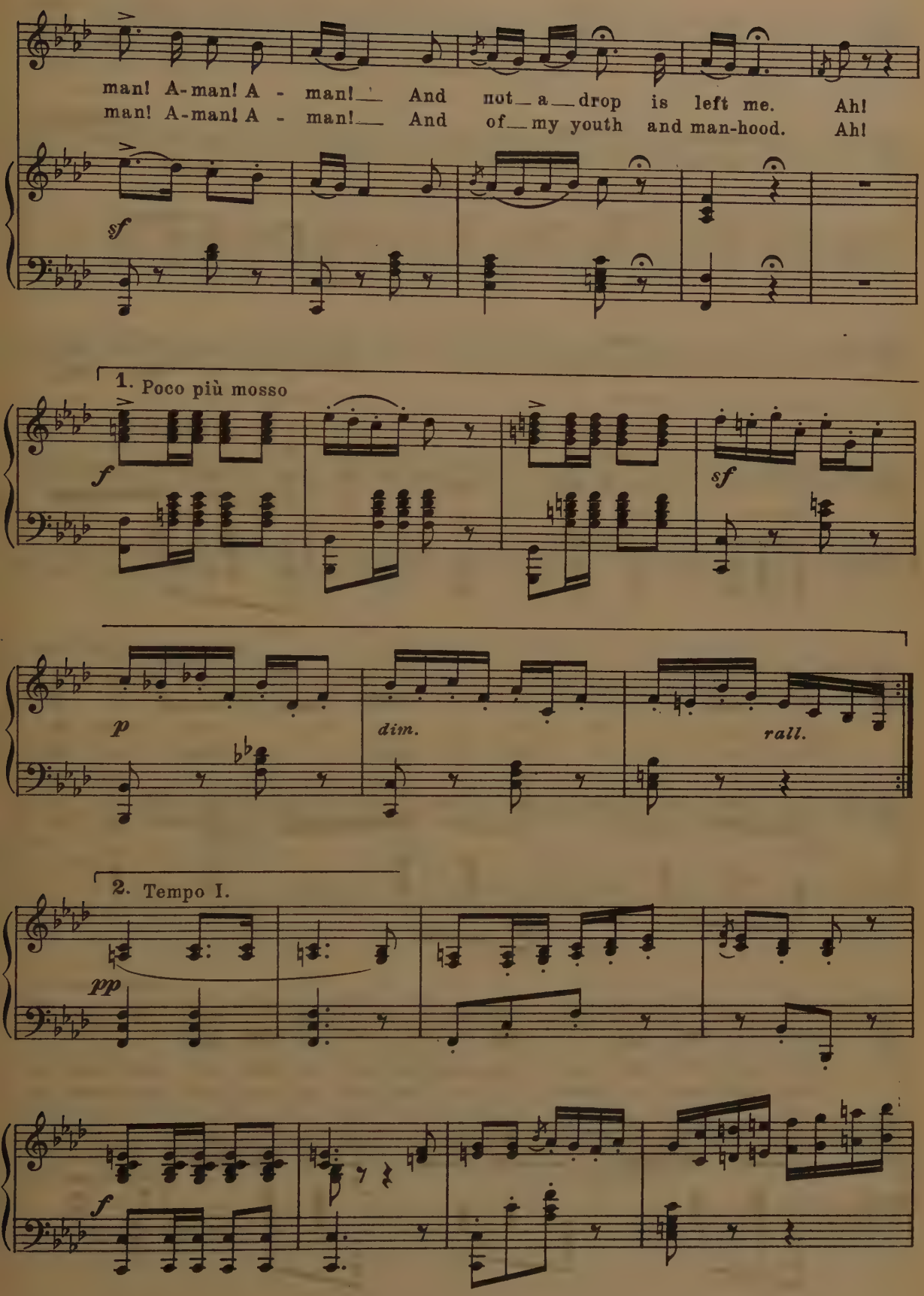
OLD DEMOS AND HIS RIFLE

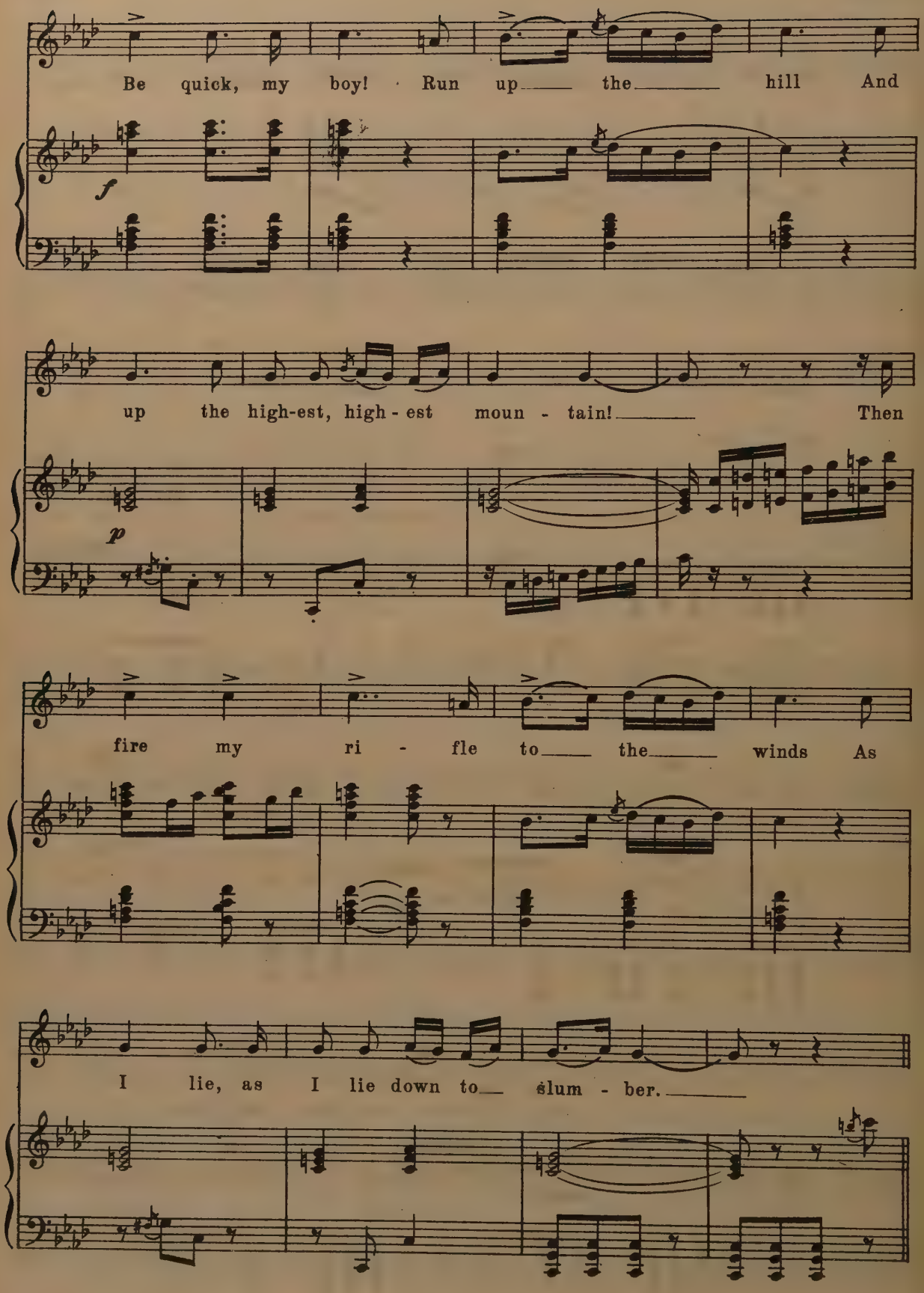
Translation by
Aristides E. Phoutrides

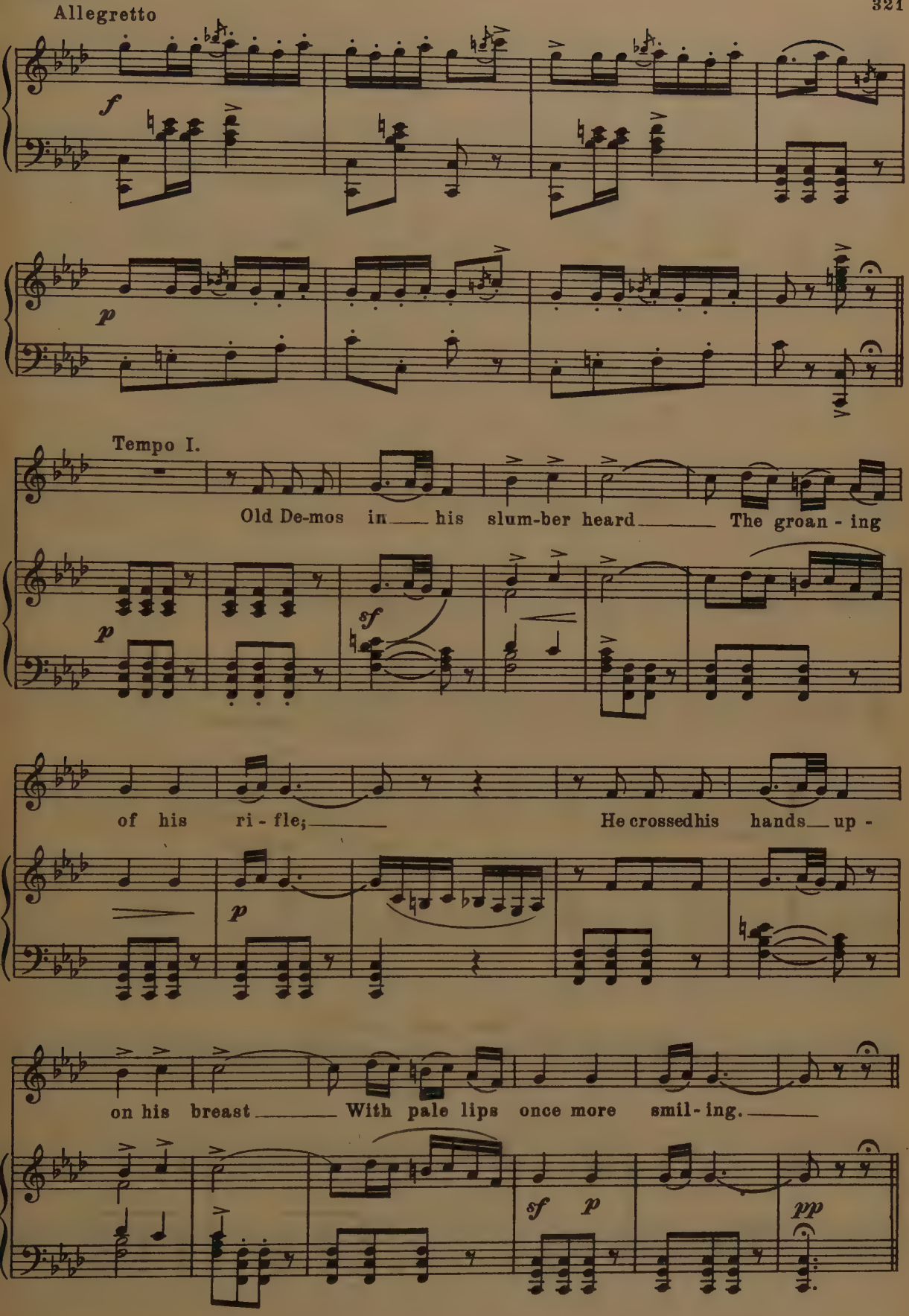
Music by
P. Carreris

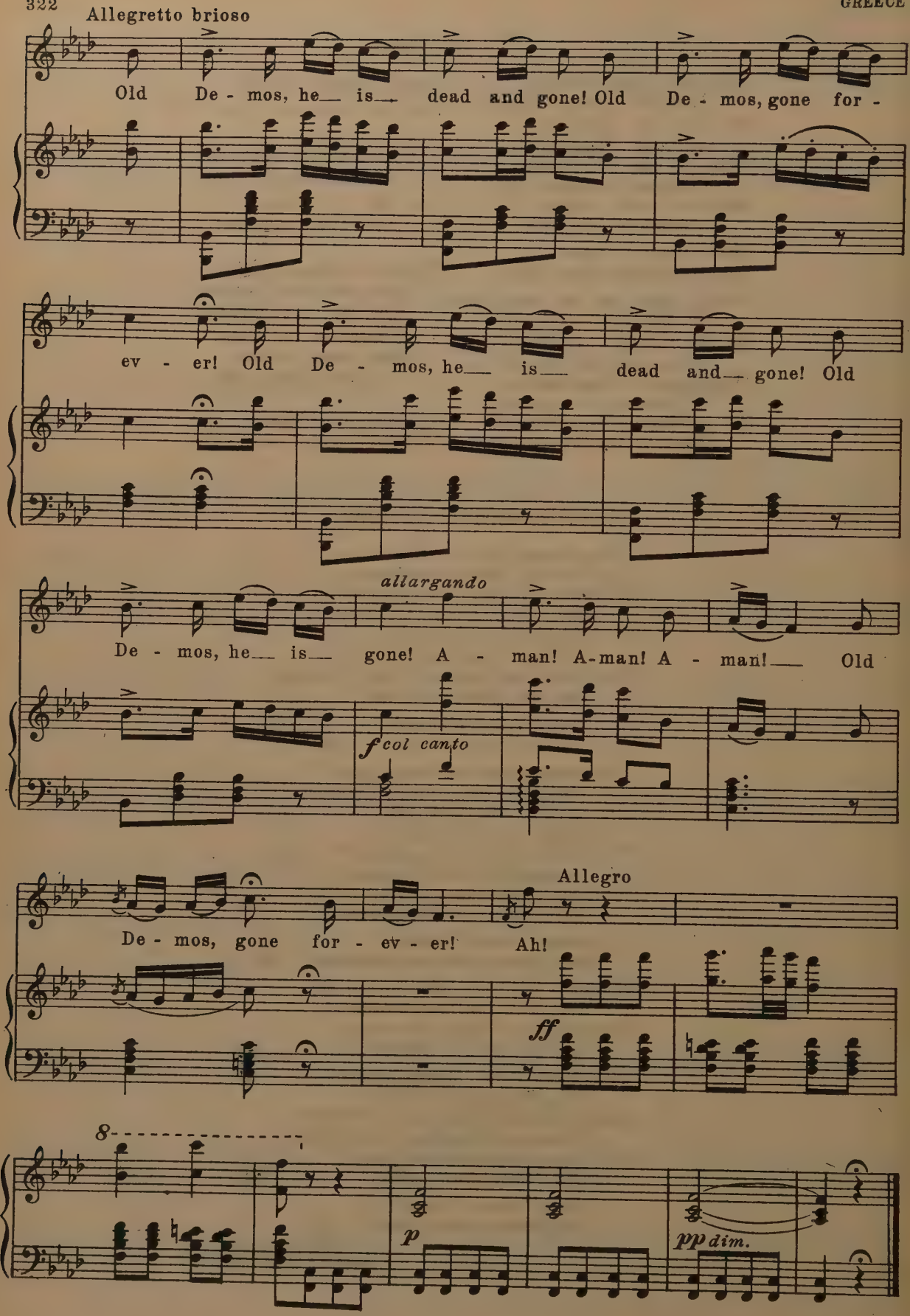



I have not had my share of sleep; And now, old,
And if it be a big plane tree, Un - der its
worn and wear - y, I want to lay me
shad - y branch-es The klefts will gath - er
p
pp
f
poco rit.
a tempo
down and rest; My heart is dry and shriv - elled. My
young and strong To hang their sturd - y weap - ons, And
f
pp
col canto
f
a tempo
allargando
blood like foun-tains have I poured, And not a drop is left me. A-
sing good songs in praise of me, And of my youth and man-hood. A-
f
allarg. col C!to
p


man! A-man! A - man! And not a drop is left me. Ah!
man! A-man! A - man! And of my youth and man-hood. Ah!
sf
1. Poco più mosso
f
sf
p
dim.
rall.
2. Tempo I.
pp
f


Be quick, my boy! Run up the hill And
f
up the high-est, high - est moun - tain! Then
p
fire my ri - fle to the winds As
I lie, as I lie down to slum - ber.


Allegretto
f
p
Tempo I.
Old De-mos in his slum-ber heard The groan - ing
p
sf
of his ri - fle; He crossed his hands up -
p
on his breast With pale lips once more smil - ing.
sf p
pp


Allegretto brioso
Old De - mos, he is dead and gone! Old De - mos, gone for -
ev - er! Old De - mos, he is dead and gone! Old
allargando
De - mos, he is gone! A - man! A-man! A - man! Old
f col canto
Allegro
De - mos, gone for - ev - er! Ah!
ff
8
p
pp dim.

Ὁ Γέρω-Δῆμος.

Ἐγέρασα, μωρὲ παιδιά!
Πενῆντα χρόνους κλέφτης
Τὸν ὕπνο δὲν ἐχόρτασα,
καὶ τώρ' ἀποσταμένος
Θέλω νὰ πάω νὰ κοιμηθῶ.
Ἐστέρεψ' ἡ καρδιά μου,
Βρύσι τὸ αἷμα τῶχυσα,
Σταλαματιὰ δὲν μένει.

Ἀμάν! Ἀμάν! Ἀμάν!
Σταλαματιὰ δὲν μένει. Ὄχ!

Ποιὸς ξέρει ἀπὸ τὸ μνῆμά μου
Τί δένδρο θὰ φυτρώσῃ!
Κι' ἂν ξεφυτρώσῃ πλάτανος,
Στὸν ἴσκιο του ἀπὸ κάτω
Θἄρχωνται τὰ κλεφτόπουλα
Τ' ἄρματα νὰ κρεμᾶνε,
Νὰ τραγουδοῦν τὰ νειᾶτά μου
Καὶ τὴν παλληκαριά μου!

Ἀμάν! Ἀμάν, Ἀμάν!
Καὶ τὴν παλληκαριά μου. Ὄχ!

Τρέχα, παιδί μου, γρήγορα,
Τρέχα ψηλὰ στὴν ράχη,
Καὶ ρίξε τὸ τουφέκι μου.
Στὸν ὕπνο μου ἐπάνω.

Ἄκουσ' ὁ Δῆμος τὴν βοὴ
Μὲς τὸν βαθύ του ὕπνο,
Τ' ἀχνό του χεῖλι ἐγέλασε,
ἐσταύρωσε τὰ χέρια...
Ὁ γέρω Δῆμος 'πέθανε,
Ὁ γέρω Δῆμος πάει.

Ἀμάν! Ἀμάν! Ἀμάν!
Ὁ γέρω Δῆμος πάει. Ὄχ!

Old Demos and His Rifle

I have grown old, too old, my boys,
For fifty years a kleftman;
I have not had my share of sleep:
And now old, worn and weary,
I want to lay me down and rest;
My heart is dry and shrivelled.
My blood like fountains have I poured,
And not a drop is left me.

Aman! Aman! Aman!
And not a drop is left me. Ah!

Who knows upon my lonely grave
What tree will grow and prosper!
And if it be a big plane tree.
Under its shady branches
The klefts will gather young and strong
To hang their sturdy weapons,
And sing good songs in praise of me.
And of my youth and manhood.

Aman! Aman! Aman!
And of my youth and manhood. Ah!

Be quick, my boy! Run up the hill
And up the highest mountain!
Then fire my rifle to the winds
As I lie down to slumber.

Old Demos in his slumber heard
The groaning of his rifle;
He crossed his hands upon his breast
With pale lips once more smiling.
Old Demos, he is dead and gone!
Old Demos, gone forever!

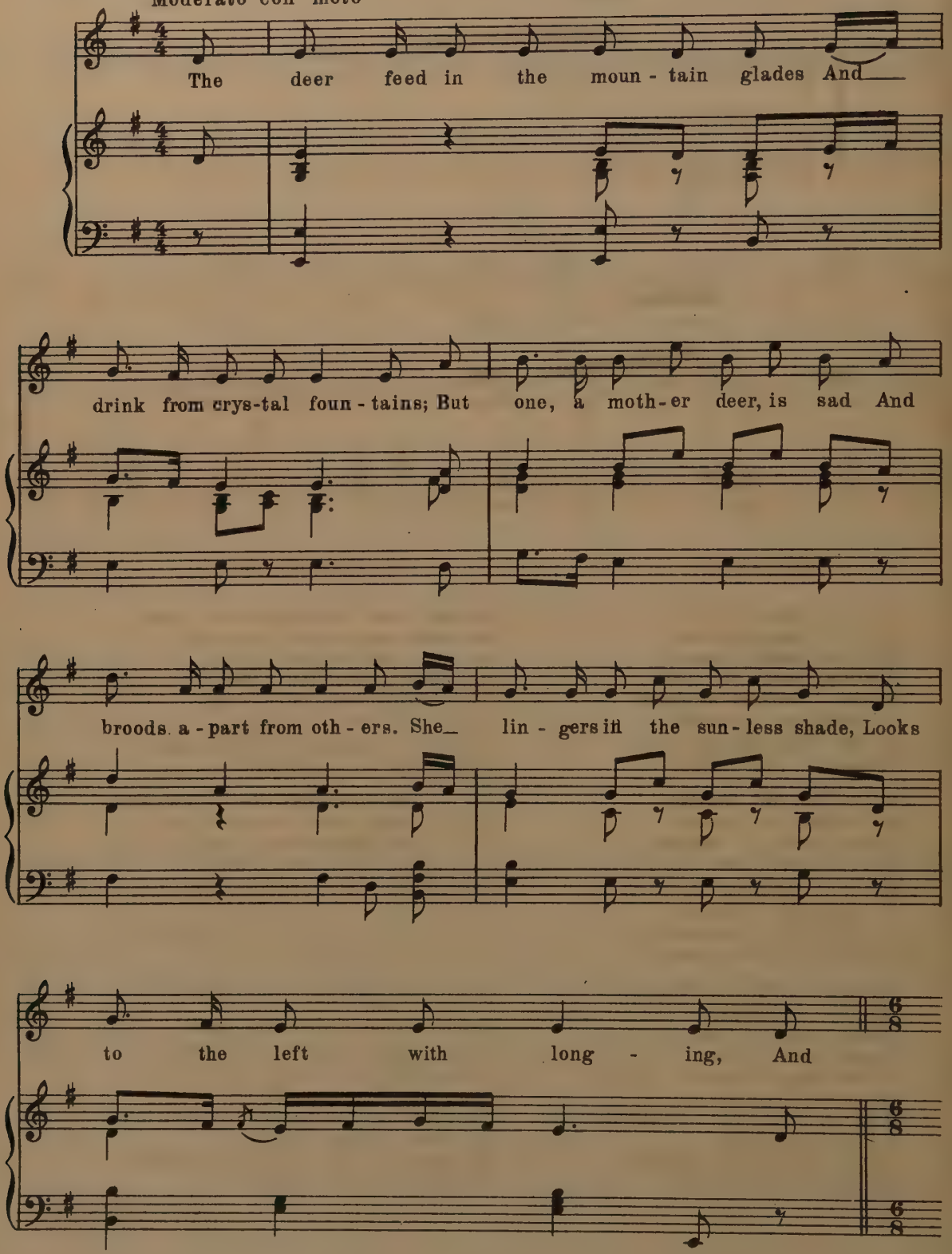
Aman! Aman! Aman!
Old Demos, gone forever! Ah!

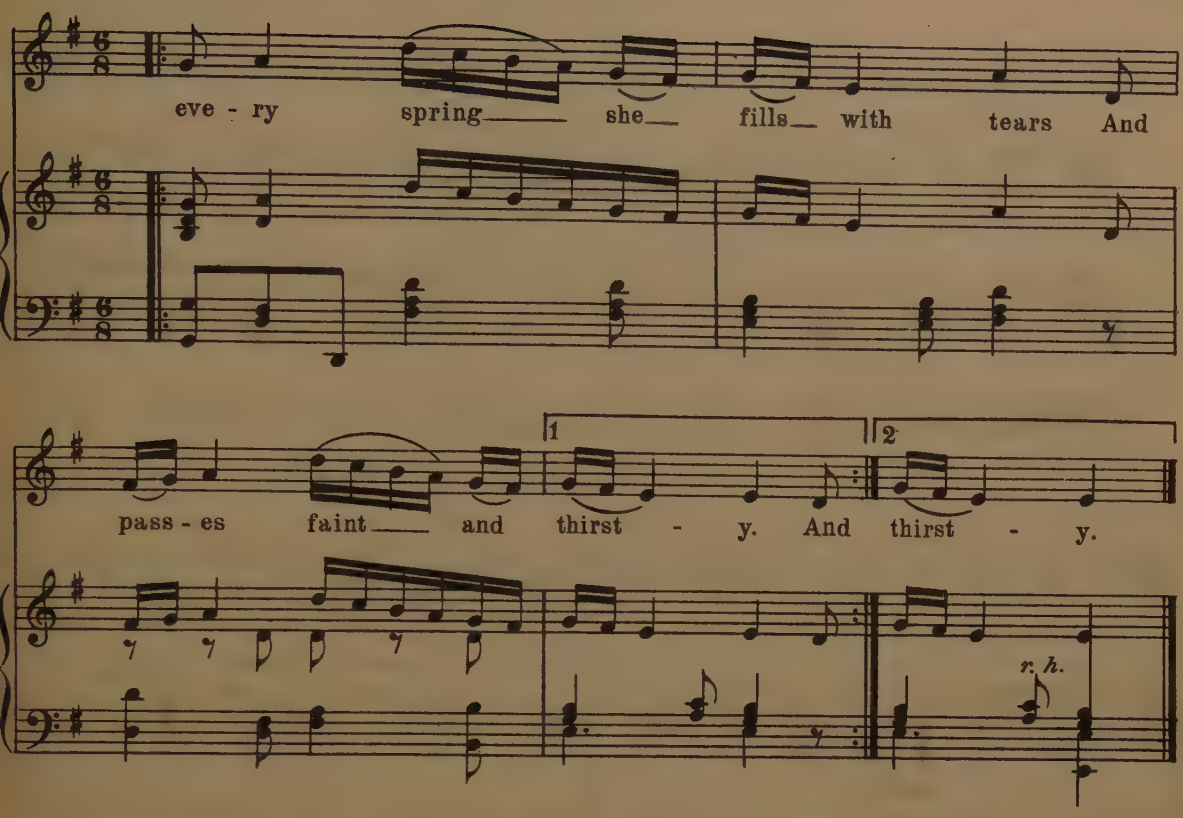
Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

THE MOTHER DEER

Translation by
Aristides E. Phoutrides

Moderato con moto


The deer feed in the moun - tain glades And
drink from crys-tal foun - tains; But one, a moth-er deer, is sad And
broods a - part from oth - ers. She lin - gers in the sun - less shade, Looks
to the left with long - ing, And



Ἡ λαφίνα.

Ὅλα τὰ λάφια βόσκουνε
Κι' ὅλα δροσολογοῦνται
Καὶ μιὰ λαφίνα ταπεινὴ
Δὲν πάει κοντὰ στὲς ἄλλες
Μόνον τ' ἀπόσκια περιπατεῖ
Τ' ἀπόζερβα 'γναντεύει
Κι' ὅπ' εὕρῃ γάργαρο νερὸ
Θολώνει καὶ δὲν πίνει.

Κι' ὁ ἥλιος τὴν ἐρώτησε
Κι' ὁ ἥλιος τὴν ρωτάει
«Γιατὶ λαφίνα μ' ταπεινὴ
Δὲν πᾷς κοντὰ στὲς ἄλλες.
Μόνον τ' ἀπόσκια περπατεῖς
Τ' ἀπόζερβα 'γναντεύεις
Κι' ὅπ' εὕρῃς γάργαρο νερὸ
Θολώνεις καὶ δὲν πίνεις;»

Ἥλιε μου σὰν μὲ 'ρώτησες
Θὰ σοῦ τ' ὁμολογήσω
Δώδεκα χρόνους ἔκαμα
Στεῖρα χωρὶς ἐλάφι
Κι' ἀπὸ τοὺς δώδεκα κι' ἐμπρὸς
'Εγέννησα 'λαφάκι
Καὶ 'κεῖ ποῦ βγῆκ' ὁ βασιλειᾶς
Νὰ λαφοκυνηγήσῃ
Τῶβρε ποῦ βόσκαε μοναχὸ
Ρίχνει καὶ τὸ σκοτώνει.

The Mother Deer

The deer feed in the mountain glades
And drink from crystal fountains;
But one, a mother deer, is sad
And broods apart from others.
She lingers in the sunless shade,
Looks to the left with longing,
And every spring she fills with tears
And passes faint and thirsty.

The sun peeped through the stirring leaves;
The sun looked down and asked her:
"Why is the mother deer so sad
And broods apart from others,
And lingers in the sunless shade,
Looks to the left with longing,
And every spring she fills with tears
And passes faint and thirsty?"

"Since you would know my sorrow, sun,
To you I will confess it:
Twelve barren years I lived alone,
Twelve years I wandered childless;
And at the end of those twelve years
I had a child to nourish.
But when the king went out to hunt
For deer in the green forest,
He found my child that grazed alone,
He shot at it and killed it."

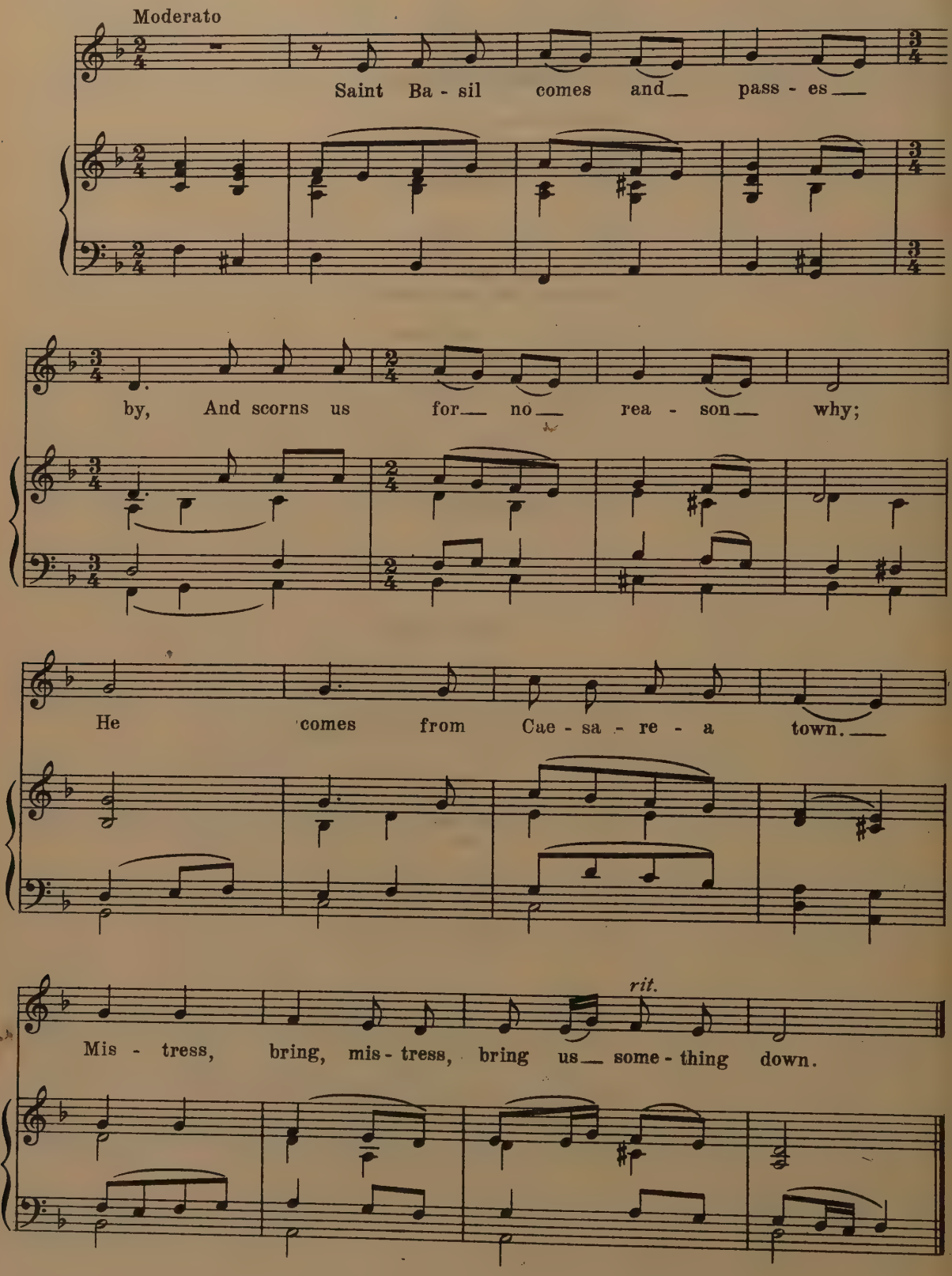
Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

SAINT BASIL

(New Year's Song)

Translation by
Aristides E. Phoutrides

Arranged by
Frederick S. Converse


Moderato
Saint Ba - sil comes and pass - es
by, And scorns us for no rea - son why;
He comes from Cae - sa - re - a town.
rit.
Mis - tress, bring, mis - tress, bring us some - thing down.

Ἄη Βασίλης.

Ἅγιος Βασίλης ἔρχεται
Καὶ δὲν μᾶς καταδέχεται
Ἀπὸ τὴν Καισαρεία.
Σ' εἶσ' ἀρχόντισσα Κυρία

Βαστάει πέννα καὶ χαρτὶ
Ζαχαροκάντιο ζυμωτὴ
Χαρτὶ καὶ καλαμάρι
Δὲς ἐμέ, τὸ παλληκάρι.

Τὸ καλαμάρι ἔγραφε,
Τὴ μοῖρά του τὴν ἔλεγε
Καὶ τὸ χαρτὶ ὡμίλει
Τὸ χρυσό μας καργυοφύλι.

Ἀρχιμηνιὰ κι' ἀρχιχρονιὰ
Ψηλή μου δενδρολιβανιά,
Καὶ ἀρχὴ καλός μας χρόνος
Ἐκκλησιά, μὲ τ' ἅγιο θρόνος.

Ἀρχὴ ποῦ βγῆκεν ὁ Χριστὸς
Ἅγιος καὶ Πνευματικός,
Στὴ γῆ νὰ περπατήσῃ
Καὶ νὰ μᾶς καλοκαρδίσῃ.

Saint Basil

Saint Basil comes and passes by,
And scorns us for no reason why;
He comes from Caesarea town.
Mistress, bring* us something down.

He carries pen and paper white,
And sugar candies sweet and bright;
He brings his pen and ink for writing.
You should see me in the fighting!

The pen, it wrote and scribbled down;
He told our fortunes with a frown.
And then the paper spoke a trifle;
Yes, we swear by our gold rifle:

"A new month's eve, a New Year's Eve,
Sweet rosemary, I beg your leave;
Joy be your lot the whole year round,
May your house be holy ground.

"The new year follows on Christ's birth:
So holy Christ who walks the earth
May bless you, every girl and boy,
And fill all good hearts with joy."

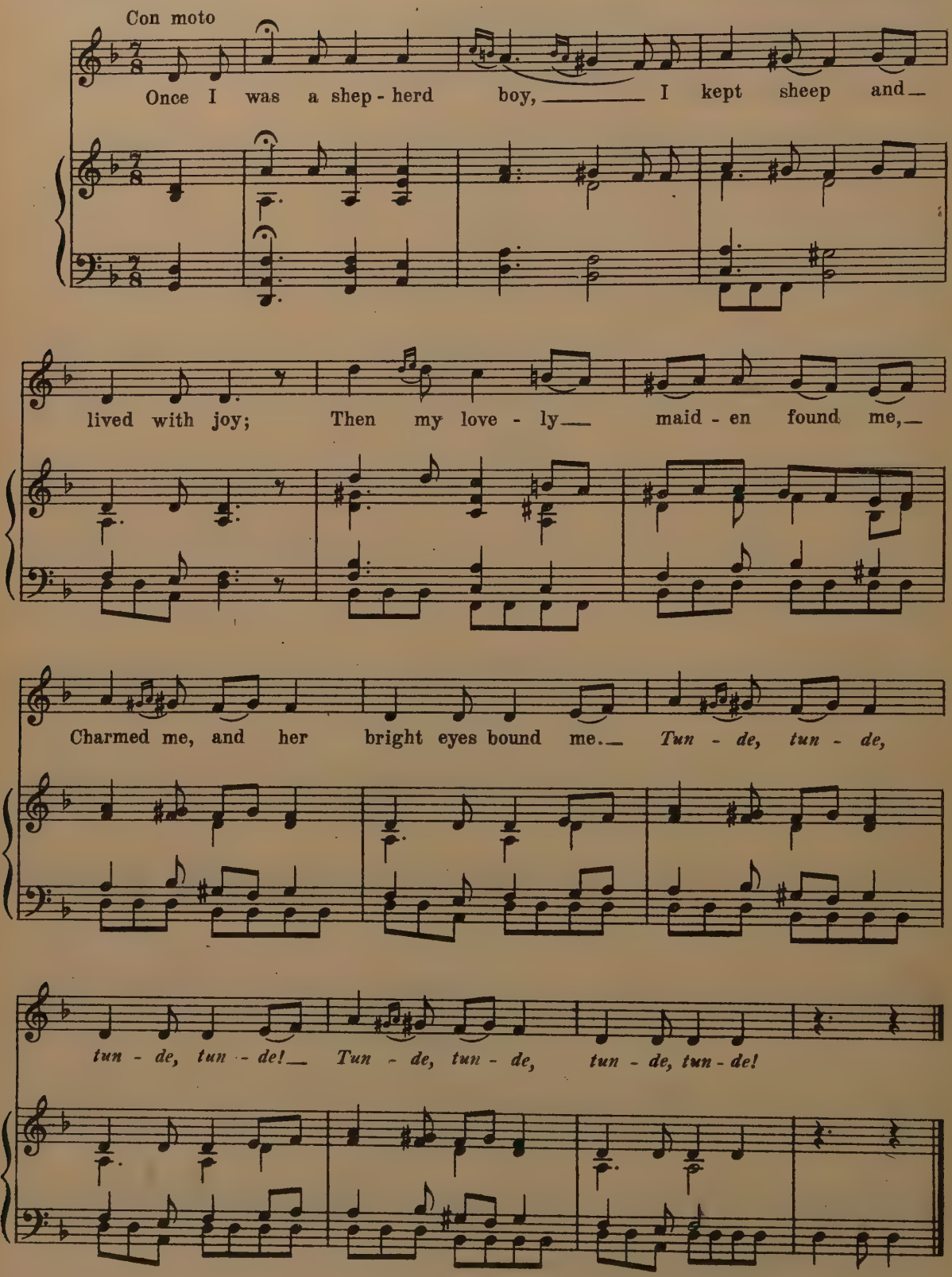
Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

*The words in italics are repeated.

THE SHEPHERD BOY

Translation by
Aristides E. Phoutrides

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Con moto
Once I was a shep - herd boy, I kept sheep and
lived with joy; Then my love - ly maid - en found me,
Charmed me, and her bright eyes bound me. Tun - de, tun - de,
tun - de, tun - de! Tun - de, tun - de, tun - de, tun - de!

Τὸ Τσοπανόπουλο.

Τσομπανάκος ἤμουνα
Προβατάκια φύλαγα,
Μὰ μιὰ ἔμορφη κοπέλλα
Σὰν τὴν εἶδα μοὖρθε τρέλλα.

Τοῦντε, τοῦντε, τοῦντε, τοῦντε.

Ἐγὼ παίζω τὴν φλογέρα
Πουρνό, βράδυ, νύχτα, μέρα
Τ̓ἤθελα γὼ νὰ ἀγαπήσω
Καὶ ν' ἀδικοθανατίσω.

Ὅλα τὰ βουνὰ ν̓εβαίνω
Τὴν ἀγάπη μου γυρεύω
Βλέπω μιὰ τσελιγγοπούλα
Ποῦ μ' ἔκαψε τὴν καρδοῦλα.

The Shepherd Boy

Once I was a shepherd boy,
I kept sheep and lived with joy;
Then my lovely maiden found me,
Charmed me, and her bright eyes bound me.

Tunde, tunde, tunde, tunde!*]2

Day and night I passed in singing,
With my flute the hills were ringing;
But my love has made me gloomy,
And some day to death will doom me.

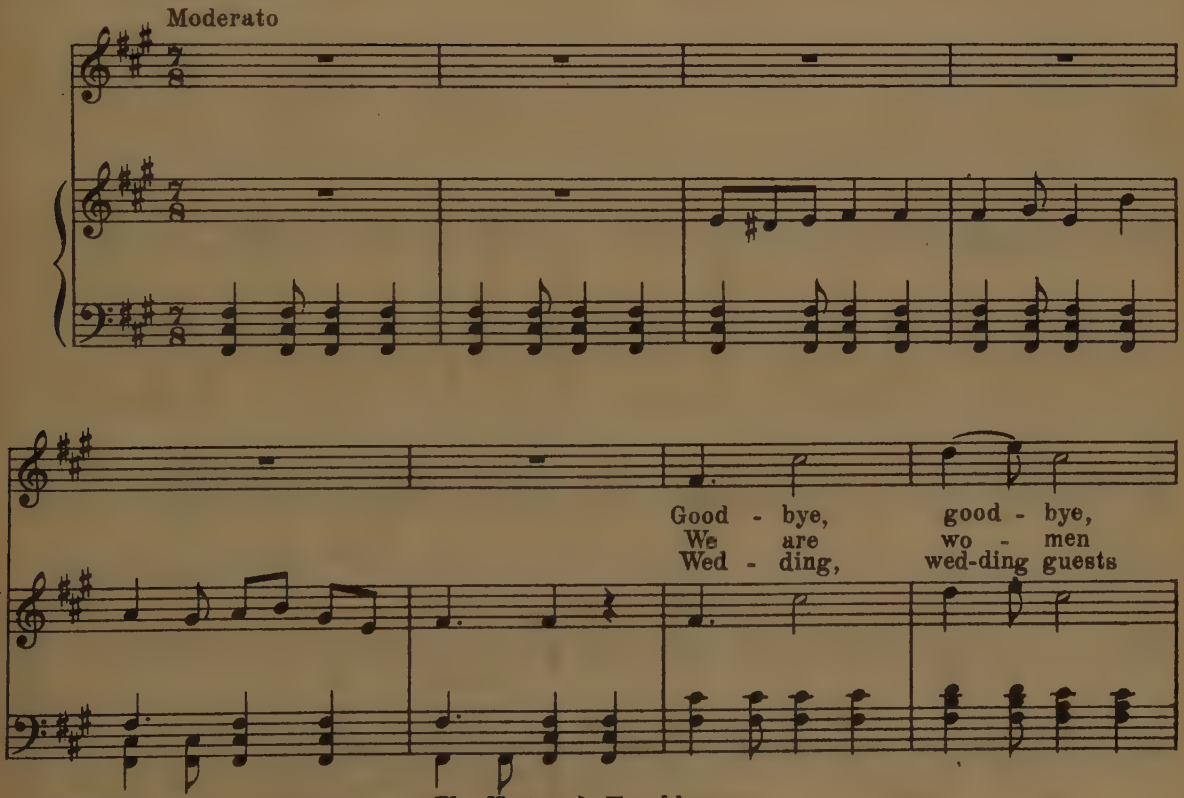
Every hill I climb to find her,
And I long with love to bind her;
My dear shepherd lass that burned me,
Burned my heart with love and spurned me.

Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

*Pron. toon-day.

THE DANCE OF ZALONGO

Translation by
Aristides E. Phoutrides



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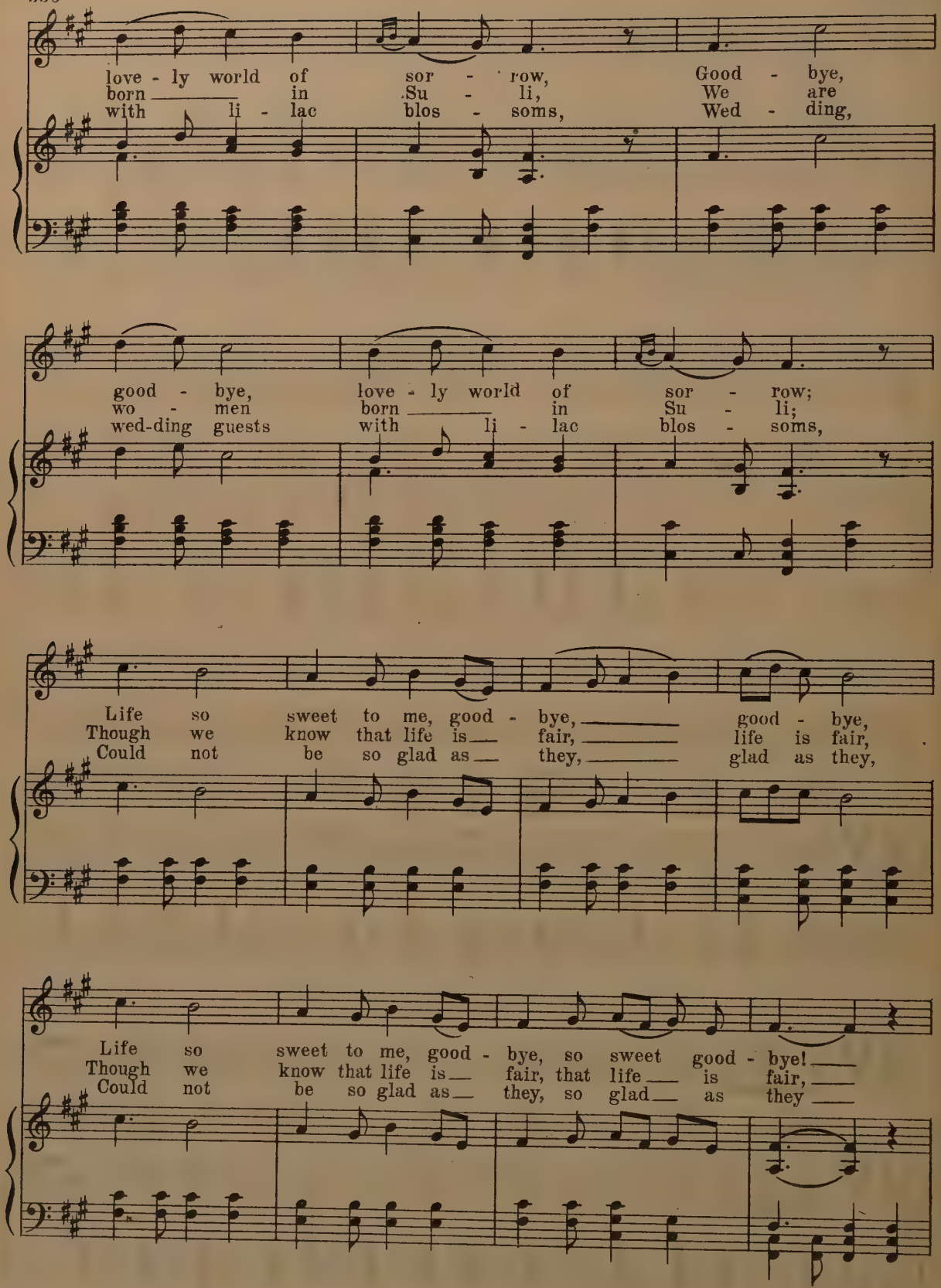
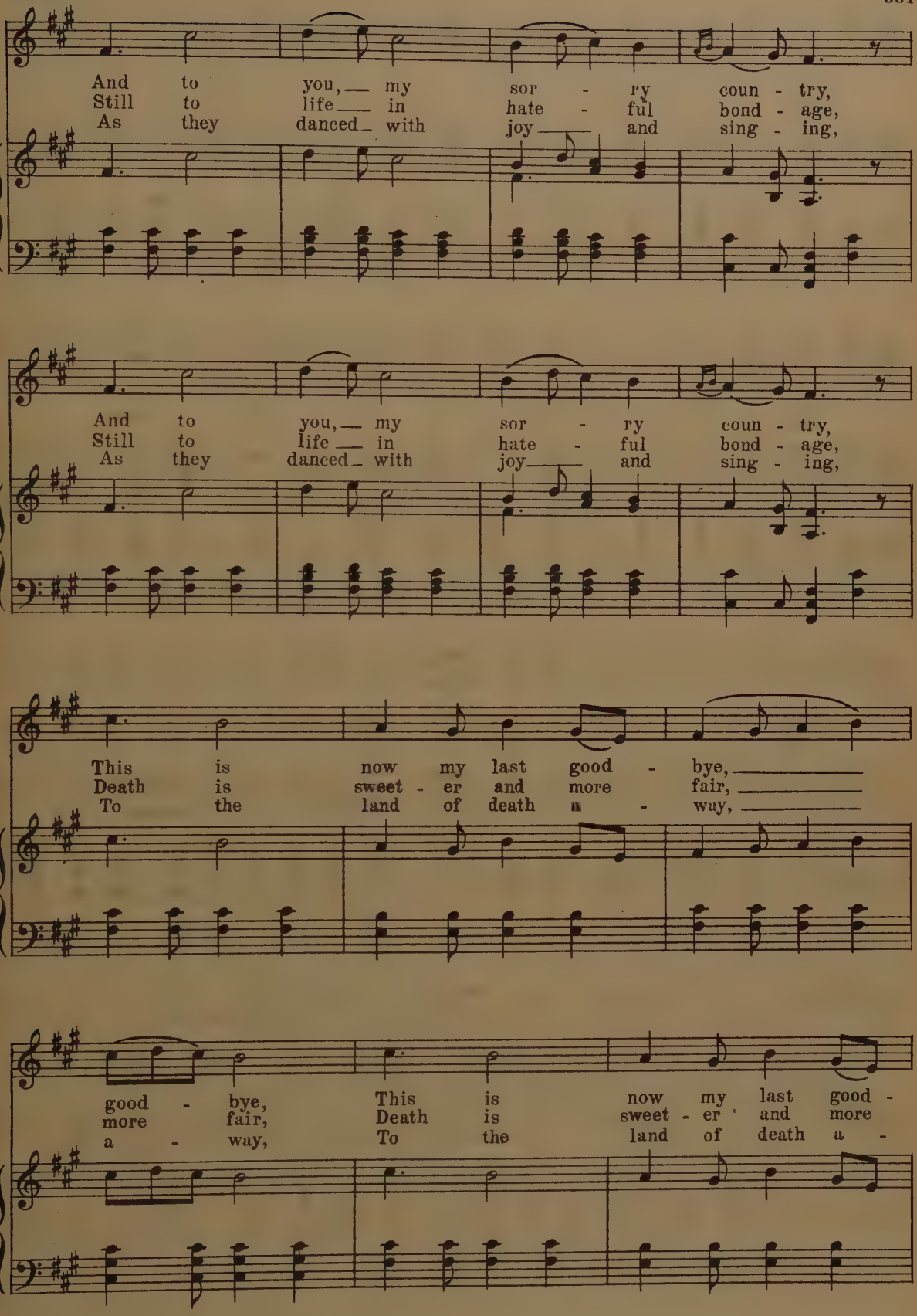
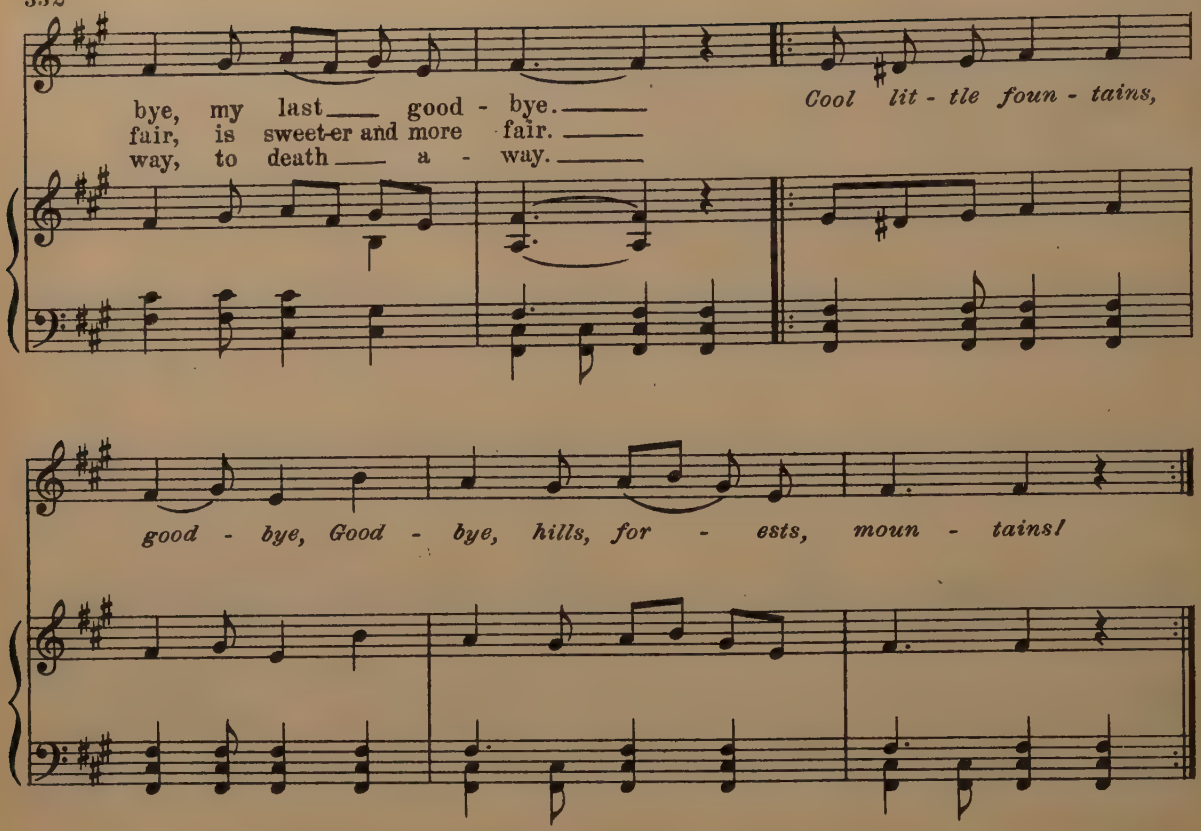

love - ly world of sor - row, Good - bye,
born ____ in Su - li, We are
with li - lac blos - soms, Wed - ding,
good - bye, love - ly world of sor - row;
wo - men born ____ in Su - li;
wed-ding guests with li - lac blos - soms,
Life so sweet to me, good - bye, ____ good - bye,
Though we know that life is ___ fair, ____ life is fair,
Could not be so glad as ___ they, ____ glad as they,
Life so sweet to me, good - bye, so sweet good - bye! ____
Though we know that life is ___ fair, that life ___ is fair, ____
Could not be so glad as ___ they, so glad ___ as they ____


And to you, my sor - ry coun - try,
Still to life in hate - ful bond - age,
As they danced with joy and sing - ing,
And to you, my sor - ry coun - try,
Still to life in hate - ful bond - age,
As they danced with joy and sing - ing,
This is now my last good - bye,
Death is sweet - er and more fair,
To the land of death a - way,
good - bye, This is now my last good -
more fair, Death is sweet - er and more
a - way, To the land of death a -


bye, my last good - bye.
fair, is sweet-er and more fair.
way, to death a - way.
Cool lit - tle foun - tains,
good - bye, Good - bye, hills, for - ests, moun - tains!

Ὁ χορὸς τοῦ Ζαλόγγου.

Ἔχε γειά, καϋμένε κόσμε,
Ἔχε γειά, γλυκειὰ ζωή,
Καὶ σύ, δύστυχη πατρίδα,
Ἔχε γειὰ παντοτεινή.

Ἔχετε 'γειά, βρυσοῦλες,
Λόγοι, βουνά, ραχοῦλες.

Ἡ Σουλιώτισσες δὲ μάθαν
Γιὰ νὰ ζοῦνε μοναχά,
Ξέρουν πῶς καὶ νὰ πεθαίνουν,
Νὰ μὴ στέργουν τὴ σκλαβιά.

Σὰν νὰ πᾶν σὲ πανηγύρι
Μ' ἀνθισμένη πασχαλιά,
Μέσ' στὸν Ἅδη κατεβαίνουν
Μὲ τραγούδια, μὲ χαρά.

The Dance of Zalongo

Good-bye, lovely world of sorrow,
Life so sweet to me good-bye;
And to you, my sorry country,
This is now my last good-bye.

Cool little fountains, good-bye,
Good-bye, hills, forests, mountains.

We are women born in Suli.
Though we know that life is fair,
Still to life in hateful bondage,
Death is sweeter and more fair.

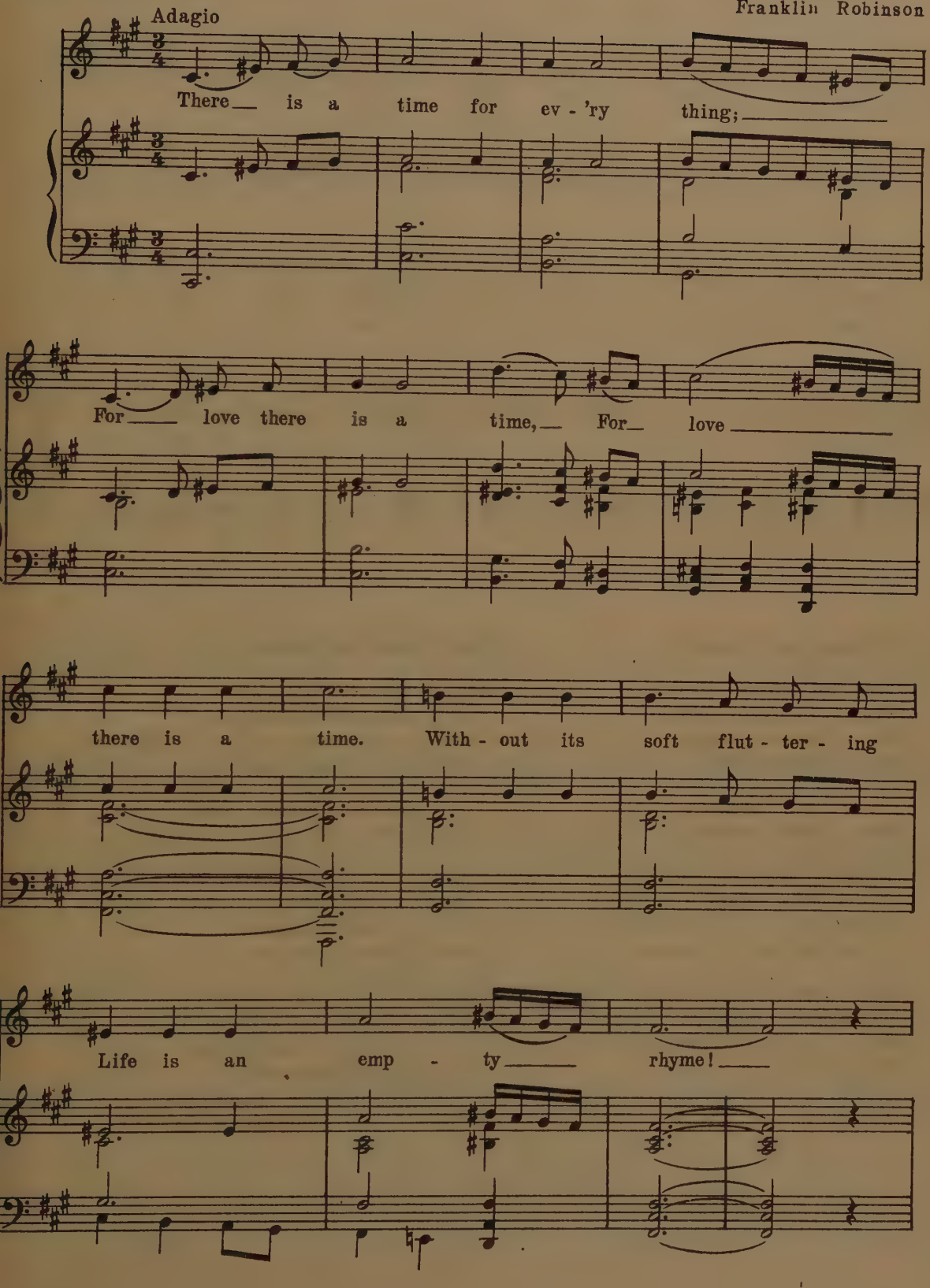
Wedding guests with lilac blossoms
Could not be so glad as they,
As they danced with joy and singing
To the land of death away.

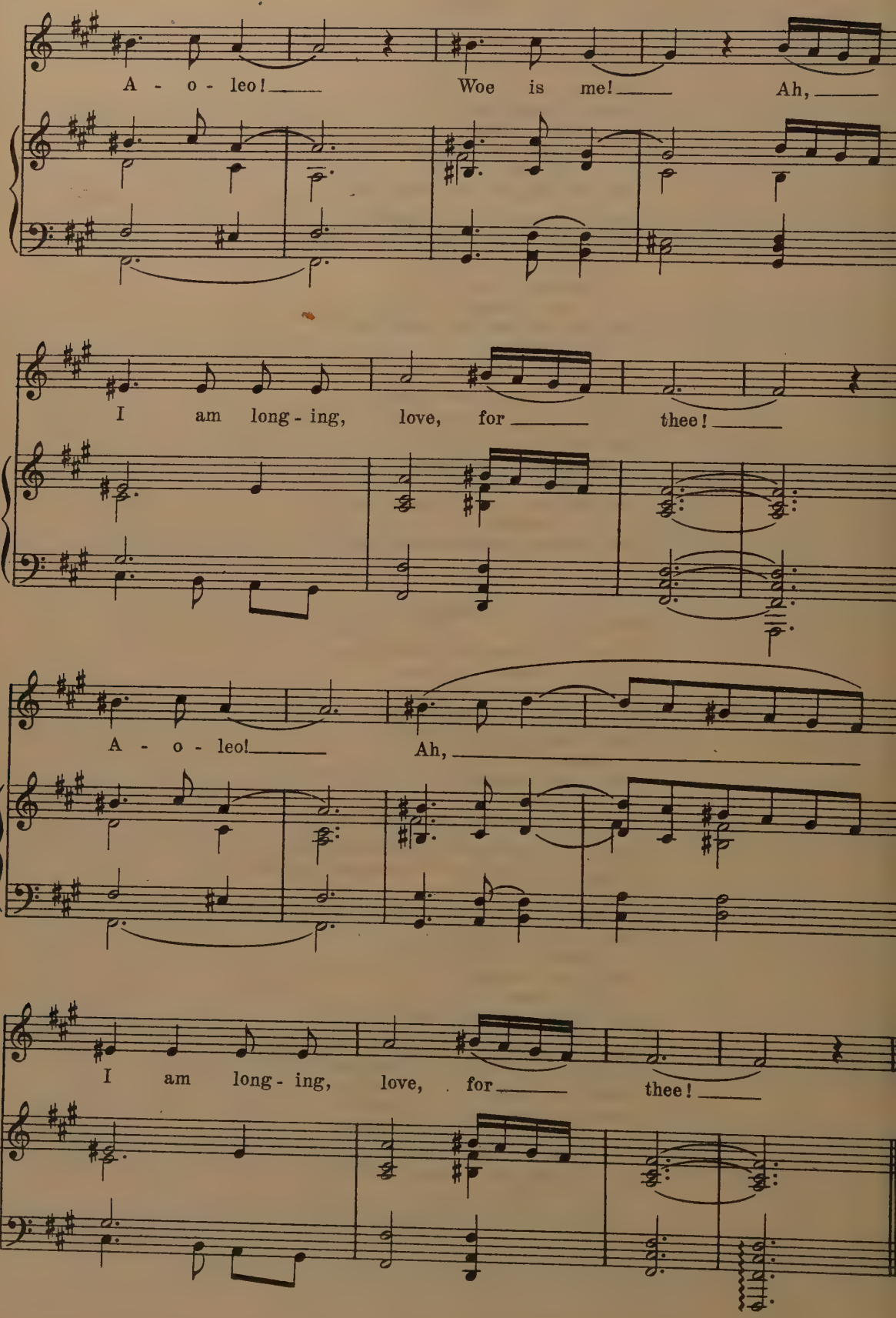
Translation by
ARISTIDES E. PHOUTRIDES

AOLEO!

Translation by
Leon Feraru

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Adagio
There is a time for ev - 'ry thing;
For love there is a time, For love
there is a time. With - out its soft flut - ter - ing
Life is an emp - ty rhyme!


A - o - leo! Woe is me! Ah,
I am long - ing, love, for thee!
A - o - leo! Ah,
I am long - ing, love, for thee!

Aoleo!

Dacă nu e şi nu e
Amorul la vremea lui,
Dacă nu e cine să fie,
Parcă e casa pustie.
Aoleo! Aoleo!
Ah! nu mai pot de dorul tău!
Aoleo!
Ah! nu mai pot de dorul tău!

Bată-l Dumnezeu să-l bată
P'ăl de mi-a pus lampa la poartă.
Trecu neica câte-odată
Şi-l văzură lumea toată.
Aoleo! Aoleo!
Ah! am să mor de focul tău!
Aoleo!
Ah! am să mor de focul tău!

Nu ştiu lumea cum iubeşte
Că nu se mai dovedeşte.
Am iubit şi eu o seară,
Toată lumea mă aflară.
Aoleo! Aoleo!
Ah! nu mai pot de dorul tău!
Aoleo!
Ah! nu mai pot de dorul tău!

Aoleo!

There is a time for everything;
For love there is a time,
For love there is a time.
Without its soft fluttering
Life is an empty rhyme!
Aoleo! Woe is me!
Ah, I am longing, love, for thee!
Aoleo!
Ah, I am longing, love, for thee!

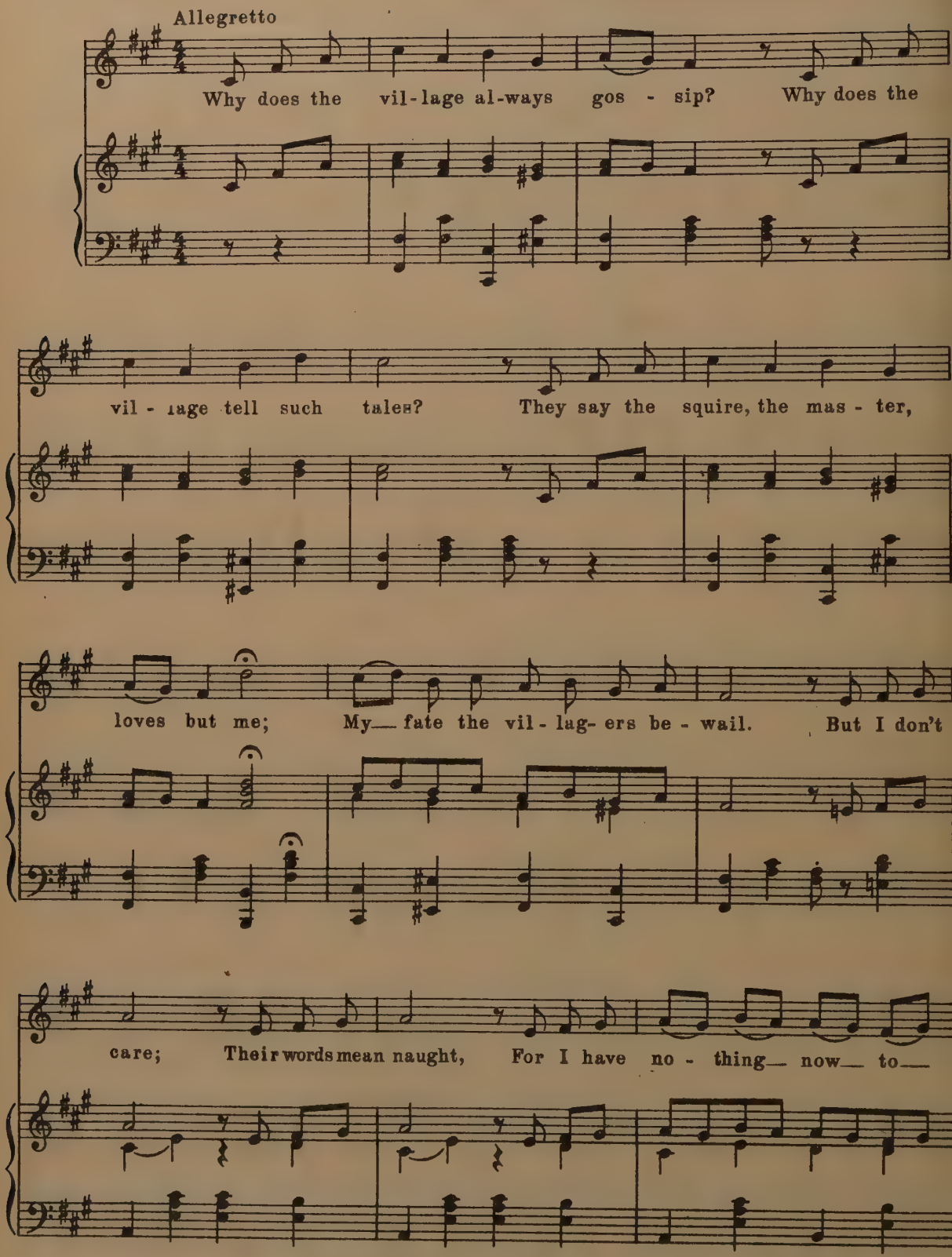
Others have loved and no one knew;
There was not one who seemed to care,
Who seemed to care.
I dreamed with thee one evening through;
Now, all are aware.
Aoleo! Woe is me!
Ah, I am longing, love, for thee!
Aoleo!
Ah, I am longing, love, for thee!

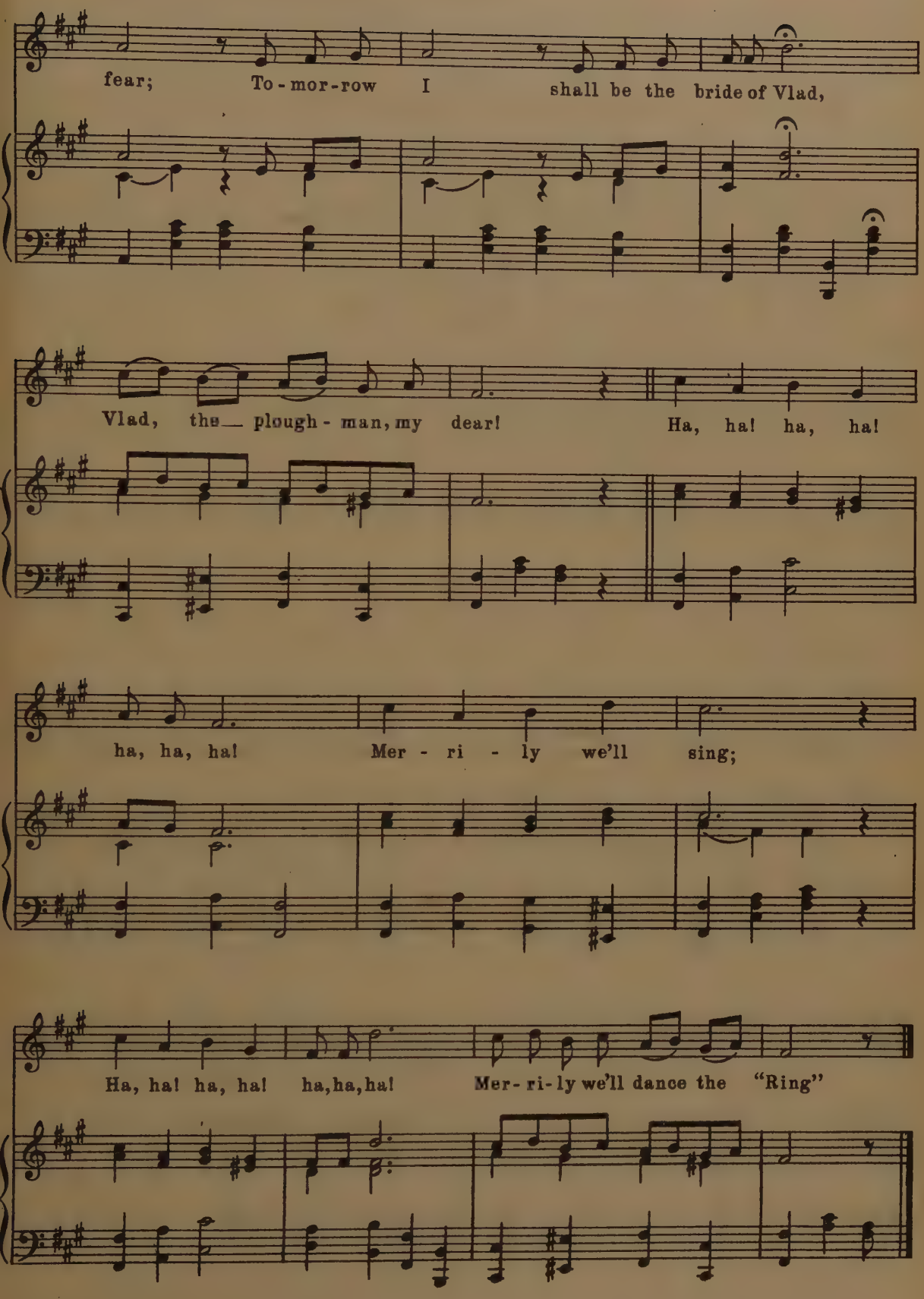
May the good Lord strike with thunder
Him who put lights at my gate,
Who put lights at my gate.
Thou camest once; I wonder
Who could see; it was late.
Aoleo! Woe is me!
Ah, it was late! How could they see?
Aoleo!
Ah, it was late! How could they see?

Translation by
LEON FERARU

THE PEASANT GIRL

Translation by
Leon Feraru


Allegretto
Why does the vil-lage al-ways gos - sip? Why does the
vil - lage tell such tales? They say the squire, the mas - ter,
loves but me; My fate the vil - lag- ers be - wail. But I don't
care; Their words mean naught, For I have no - thing now to


fear; To-mor-row I shall be the bride of Vlad,
Vlad, the plough-man, my dear! Ha, ha! ha, ha!
ha, ha, ha! Mer-ri-ly we'll sing;
Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! Mer-ri-ly we'll dance the "Ring"

Ţărăncuţa

Nu ştiu satul ce voeşte
De tot zice-aşa şi-aşa-
Că ciocoiul mă iubeşte
Şi eu-i sunt ibovnica.

Ah, şi mie nimic nu-mi pasă
Las' să zică tot mereu,
Eu chiar mâine voiu fi mireasă
A' lui Vlăduţ, drăguţul meu.

I-ha i-ha i-ha-ha! mereu vom cânta,
I-ha i-ha i-ha-ha! mereu vom juca.

The Peasant Girl

Why does the village always gossip?
Why does the village tell such tales?
They say the squire, the master, loves but me:
My fate the villagers bewail.

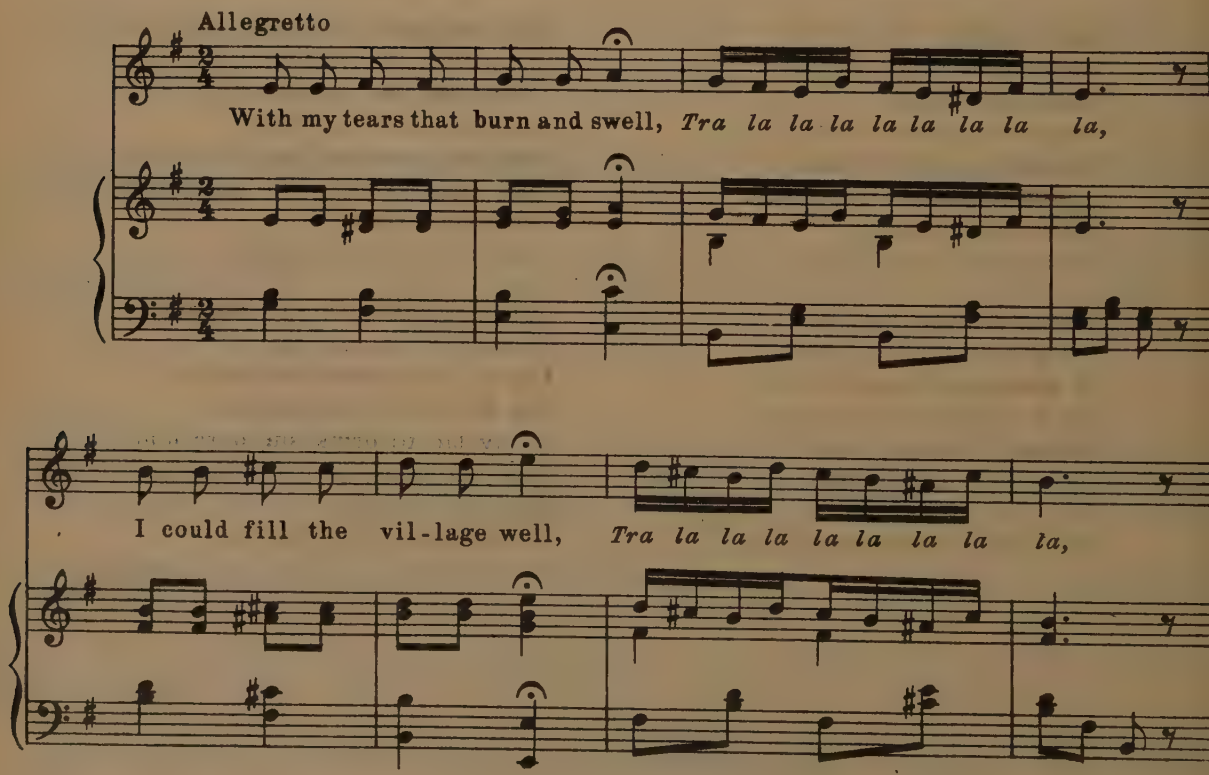
But I don't care; their words mean naught,
For I have nothing now to fear;
To-morrow I shall be the bride of Vlad,
Vlad, the ploughman, my dear!

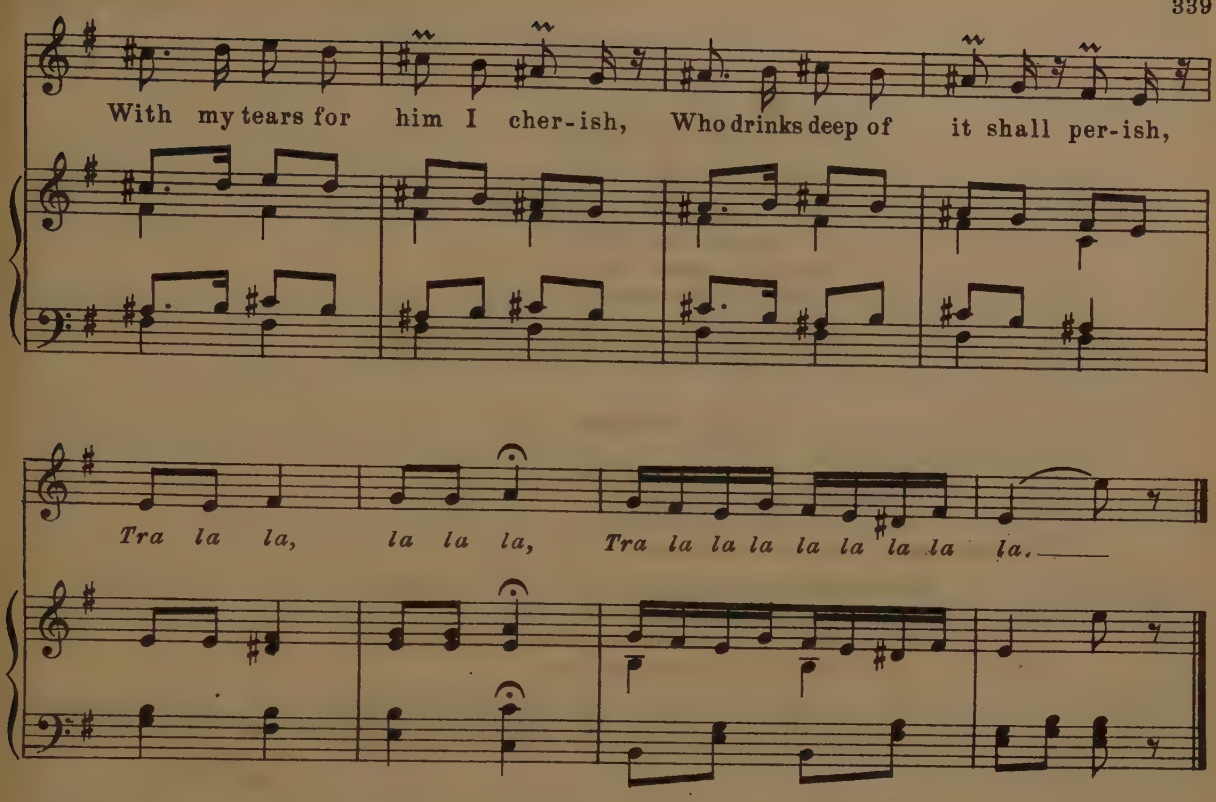
Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! Merrily we'll sing;
Ha, ha! ha, ha! ha, ha, ha! Merrily we'll dance the "Ring."

Translation by
LEON FERARU

Translation by
Leon Feraru

THE ARDELEAN WOMAN





Ardeleanca

Multe lacrămi am vărsat,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la,
Făceam o fântână 'n sat,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la,
Fântână cu trei isvoare
Cine-o bea din ea să moară,
Tra la la, la la la,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la.

Să bea și dușmanca mea,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la,
Să plesnească fierea 'n ea,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la.
Să bea și iubitul meu
Să mi-l tie Dumnezeu,
Tra la la, la la la,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la.

The Ardelean Woman

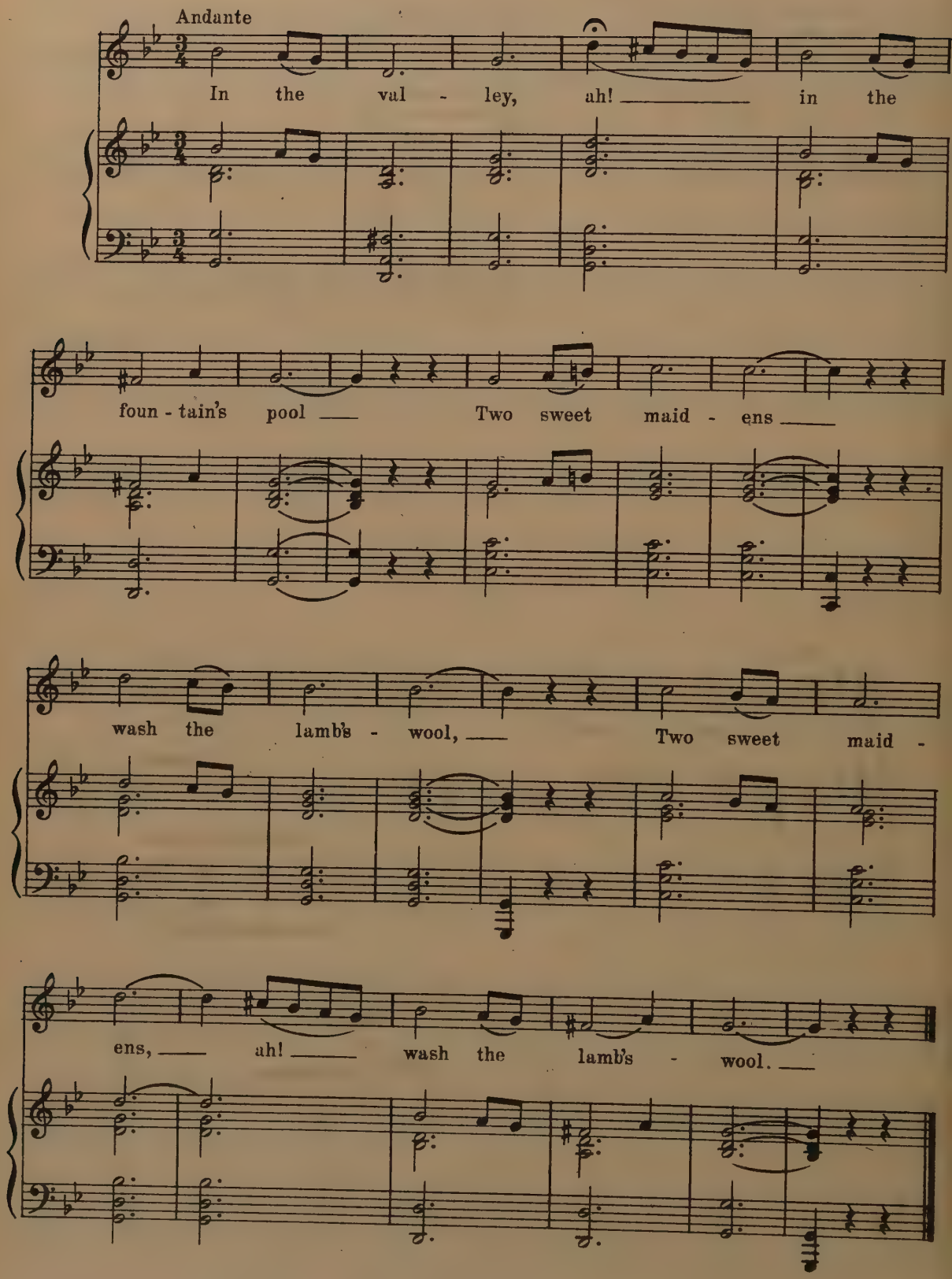
With my tears that burn and swell,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la,
I could fill the village well,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la,
With my tears for him I cherish,
Who drinks deep of it shall perish,
Tra la la, la la la,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la.

Let my rival drink with thirst;
Tra la la la, la la la la, la,
Let my rival drink and burst;
Tra la la la, la la la la, la.
If my lad to drink she dare him,
May the good Lord for me spare him.
Tra la la, la la la,
Tra la la la, la la la la, la.

Translation by
LEON FERARU

TWO MAIDENS WASHING WOOL

Translation by
Leon Feraru


Andante
In the val - ley, ah! in the
foun - tain's pool Two sweet maid - ens
wash the lamb's - wool, Two sweet maid -
ens, ah! wash the lamb's - wool.

Două Fete Spală Lână

Colea 'n vale, ah! la fântână
Două fete spală lână,
Două fete, ah! spală lâna.

Una spală ah! și-alta 'ndrugă
Să facă neicutei glugă.]2

Una spală, ah! și suspină
C'a perdut salba 'n fântână.]2

Salba e de, ah! galbeni mici
Făcută de trei voinici.]2

Two Maidens Washing Wool

In the valley, ah! in the fountain's pool
Two sweet maidens wash the lamb's-wool;
Two sweet maidens, ah! wash the lamb's-wool.

One is washing; ah! now the other tells
Of her wool cap trimmed with gay bells,
Of her wool cap, ah! trimmed with gay bells.

One is sighing; ah! she dreamed her dream.
Lost her necklace in the swift stream.
Lost her necklace, ah! in the swift stream.

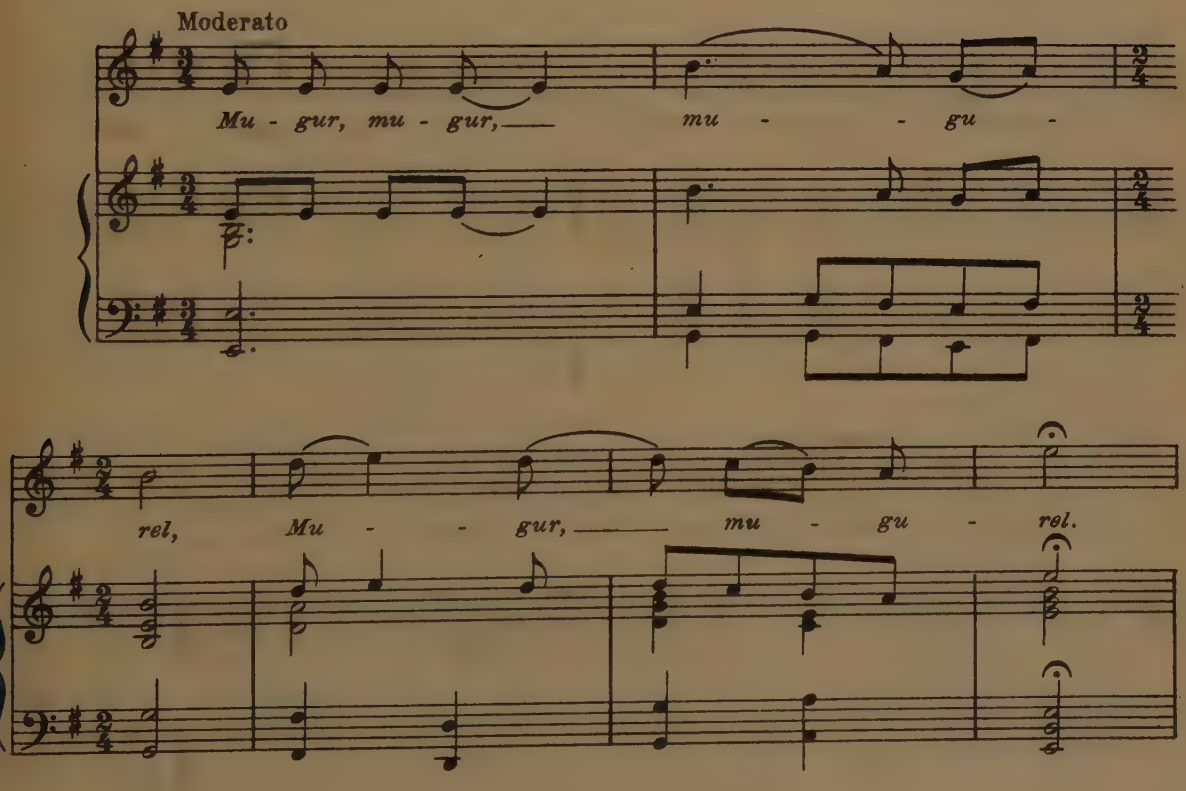
Necklace golden, ah! made of coins so small,
Made by three lads, and she lost all.
Made by three lads, ah! and she lost all!

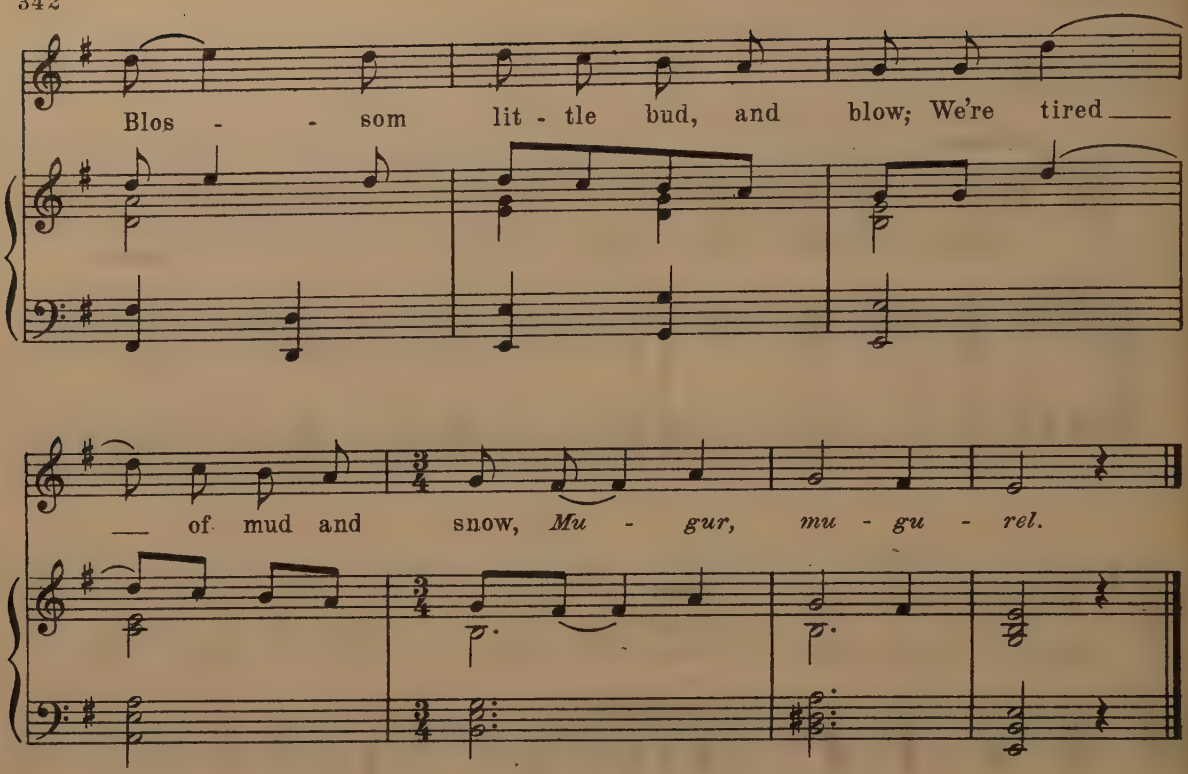
Translation by
LEON FERARU

MUGUR, MUGUREL

Translation by Leon Feraru

(Blossom, little bud)





Mugur, Mugurel

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel!
Ia fă-te mai măricel
Şi 'nfrunzeşte frumuşel,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Că ne-am săturat de iarnă
Şi de greutăţi din ţară,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Că dacă tu înverzeşti
Toate le înveseleşti,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Păsărelele în crâng
Să-ţi cânte 'mprejur se strâng,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Fluturaşii frumuşei
Sboara 'mprejuru-ţi şi ei,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Ca să fie bine 'n ţară
Şi belşugul în cămăra,
Mugur, mugurel!

Mugur, Mugurel
(Blossom, little bud)

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Blossom, little bud, and blow;
We're tired of mud and snow,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
With your whispers fill the dell
And spring's glad tidings tell,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Little birds sing in their nest,
And songs in every breast,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
When you smile with boughs of green,
Then gladness is our queen,
Mugur, mugurel.

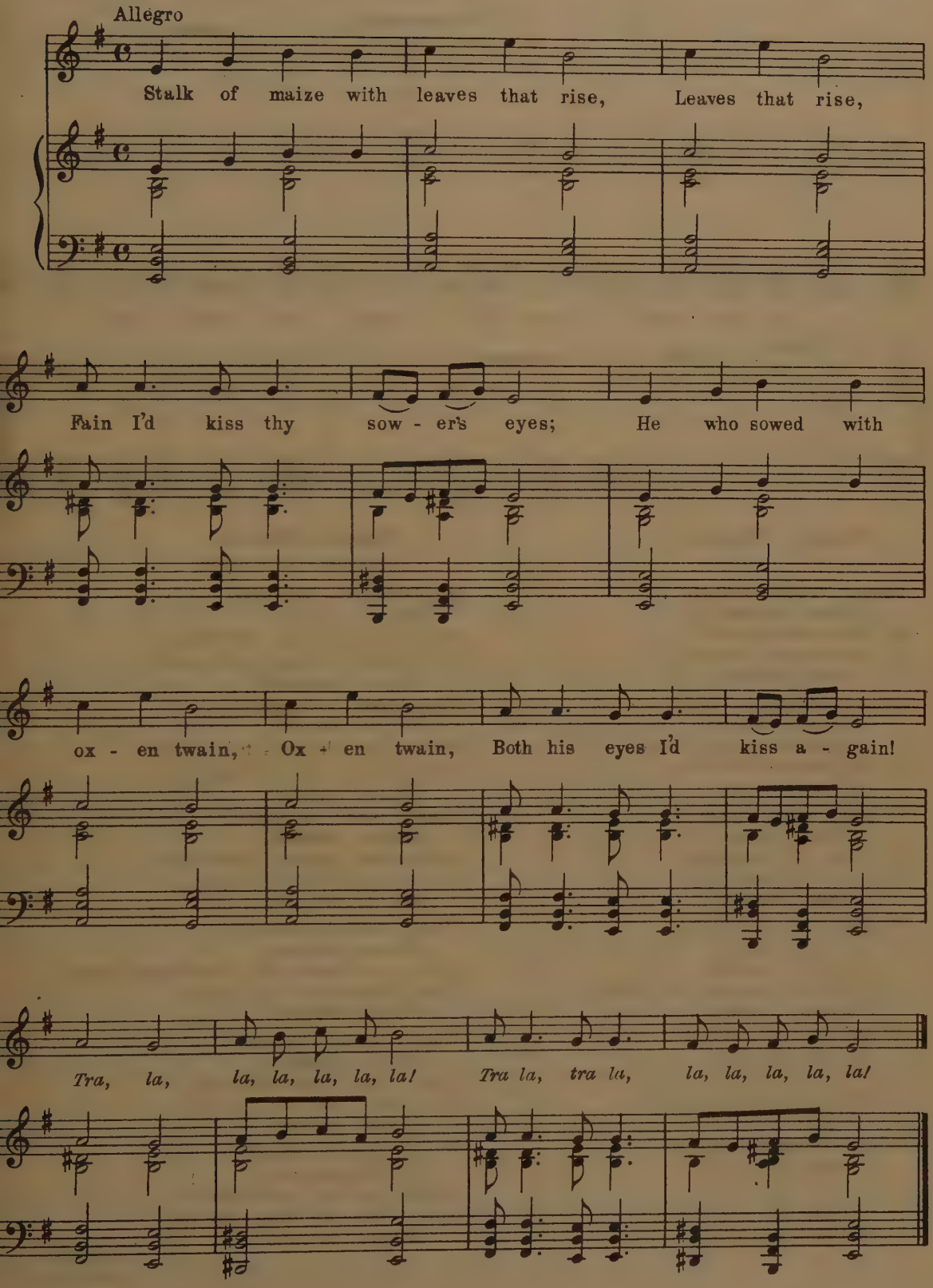
Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Butterflies on painted wing
Flit 'round you, lovely thing,
Mugur, mugurel.

Mugur, mugur, mugurel,
Mugur, mugurel.
Blessed be our land and kin,
And filled with flour our bin,
Mugur, mugurel.

Translation by
LEON FERARU

STALK OF MAIZE

Translation by
Feliciu Vexler


Allegro
Stalk of maize with leaves that rise, Leaves that rise,
Fain I'd kiss thy sow - er's eyes; He who sowed with
ox - en twain, Ox - en twain, Both his eyes I'd kiss a - gain!
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la! Tra la, tra la, la, la, la, la, la!

Cucuruz

Cucuruz cu frunza-n sus,
Frunza-n sus,
Sărut ochii cui te-a pus,
Că te-a pus cu patru boi,
Patru boi,
Sărut ochii amândoi.

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la!
Tra la, tra la, la, la, la, la, la!

Cucuruz stai la săpat,
La săpat,
Cum stau eu la sărutat.
Trece-o pasăre pe sus,
Tot pe sus,
Vai bădită cum te-ai dus!

Cucuruz fă-te frumos,
Fă-te frumos,
Vino bade sănătos,
Să ne iubim amândoi,
Amândoi,
Să te tin cu buze moi.

Stalk of Maize

Stalk of maize with leaves that rise,
Leaves that rise,
Fain I'd kiss thy sower's eyes;
He who sowed with oxen twain,
Oxen twain,
Both his eyes I'd kiss again!

Tra la, la, la, la, la, la!
Tra la, tra la, la, la, la, la, la!

Stalk of maize, thou droopest low,
Droopest low,
I no more his kiss may know;
He has flown now from us two,
From us two,
As the bird flies toward the blue.

Stalk of maize, now fruitful be,
Fruitful be.
Come, my lover, back to me!
Ever we'll be lovers twain,
Lovers twain;
Ever fond my kiss remain!

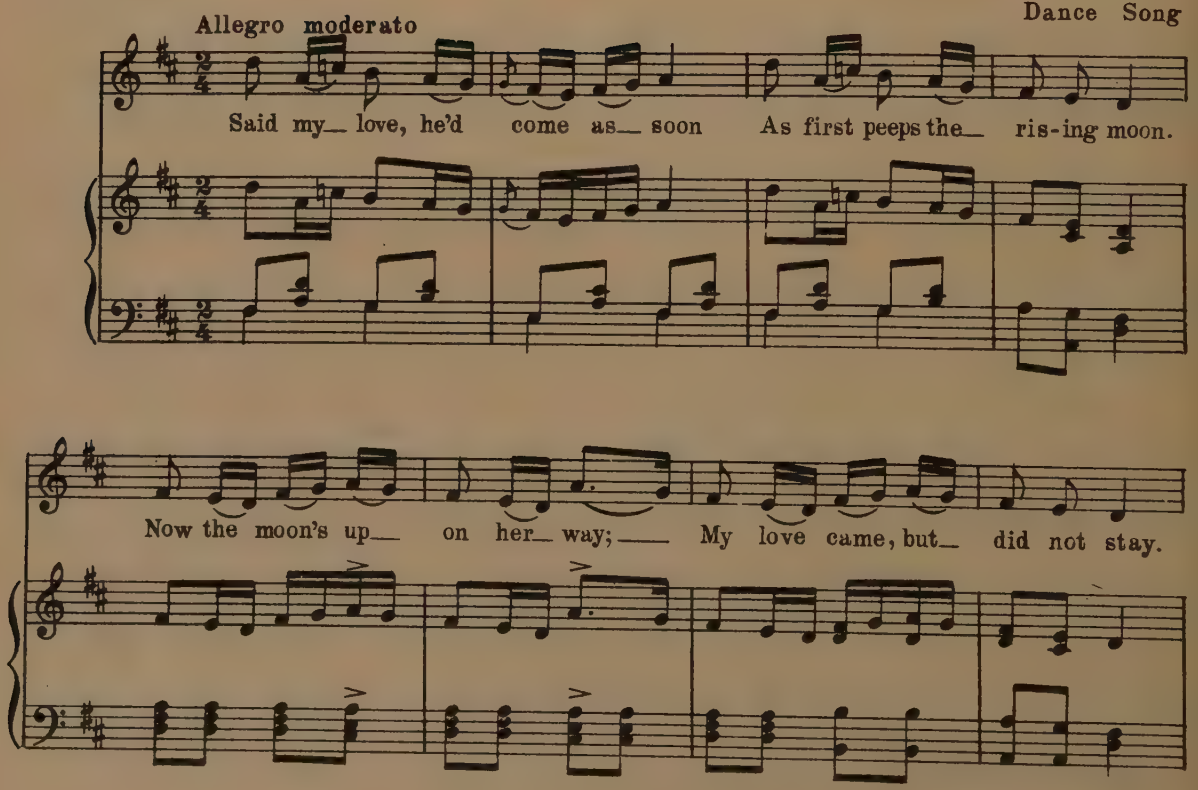
Translation by
FELICIU VEXLER

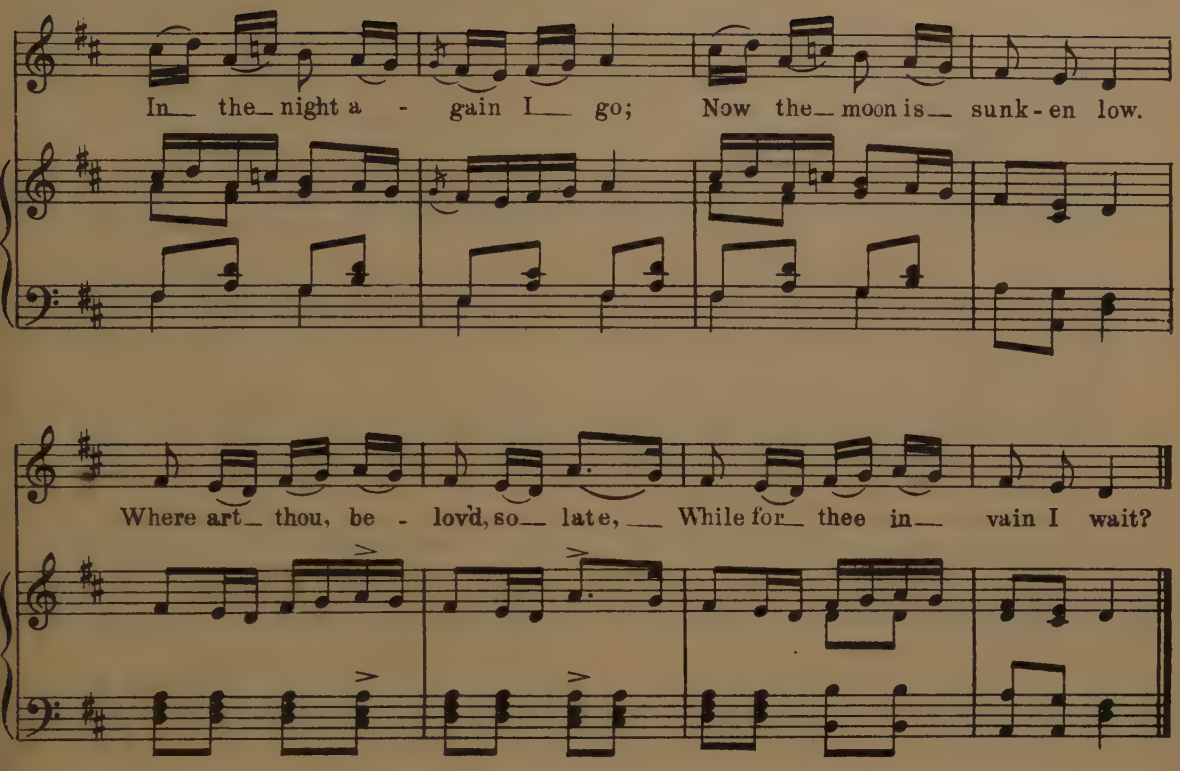
HORA

Translation by
Feliciu Vexler

Allegro moderato

Dance Song





Hora

Zis-a badea c'a venì
Luna când a răsărì:
Ies afară, luna-i șus,
Badea a venit și z'a dus.

Ies afară, luna-i jos,
Badea nici că s'a întors.
Unde ești, bădiță frate,
De mă lași pe așteptate.

"Taci, lelito, c'am venit
De când luna s'a ivit
Și te-astept pe după casă
Sub răchita cea pleteasă."

"De-ai venit, bine-ai venit,
Trandafirul meu iubit!
Că cu tine mă mai ieu
De-mi alin necazul meu."

Hora

Said my love, he'd come as soon
As first peeps the rising moon.
Now the moon's up on her way;
My love came, but did not stay.

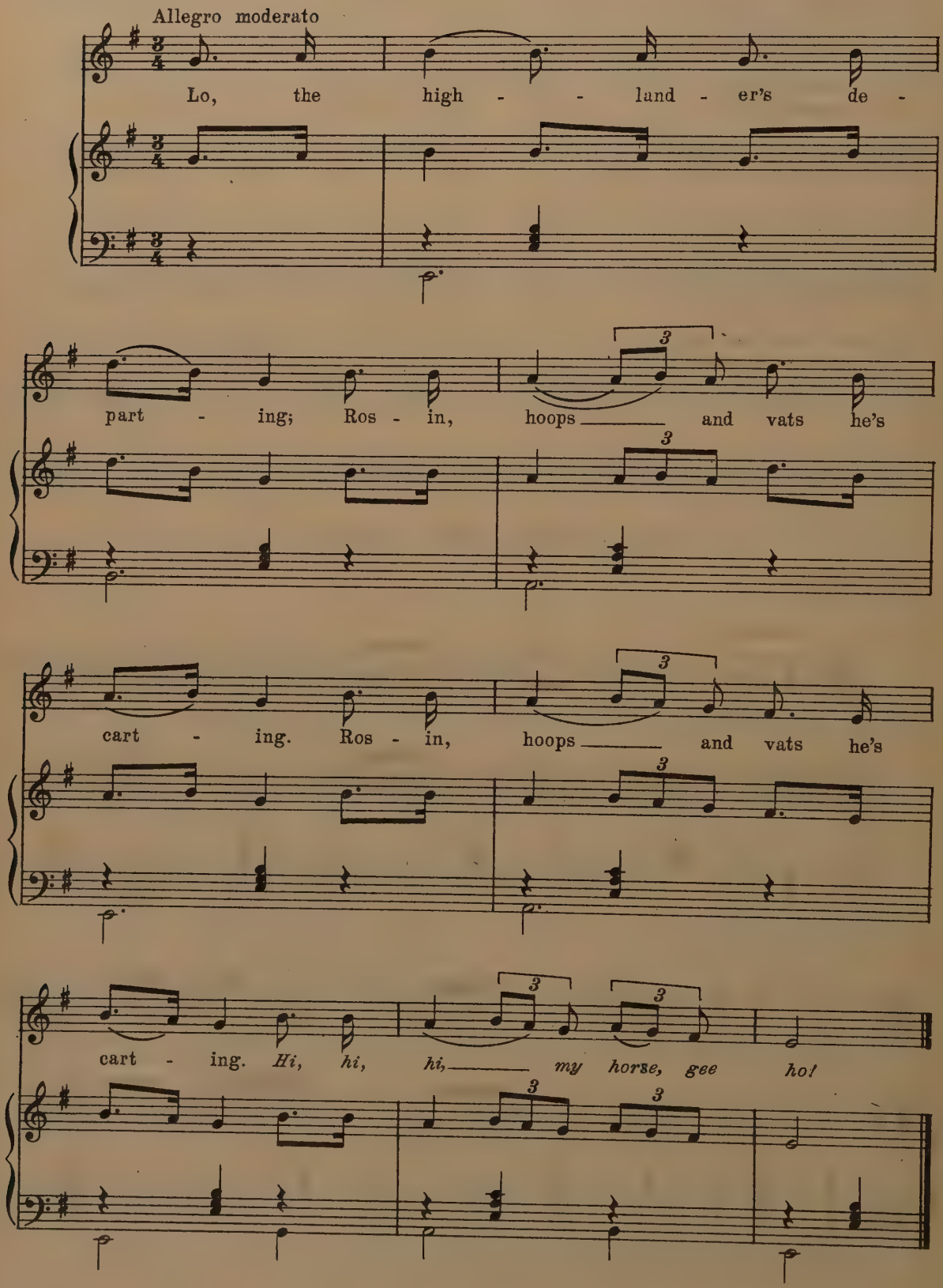
In the night again I go;
Now the moon is sunken low.
"Where art thou, belov'd, so late,
While for thee in vain I wait?"

"Dearest maiden, chide me not;
Since moonrise behind the cot
I have been awaiting thee
'Neath the weeping-willow tree."

"Near me now thou welcome art,
Fragrant rose, dear to my heart.
In thy presence, I forget
All the cares that life beset."

Translation by
FELICIU VEXLER

Translation by
Feliciu Vexler


Allegro moderato
Lo, the high - - land - er's de -
part - ing; Ros - in, hoops and vats he's
cart - ing. Ros - in, hoops and vats he's
cart - ing. Hi, hi, hi, my horse, gee ho!

Plecat-a Moţul la Tară

Plecat-a Moţul la tară
Cu cercuri şi cu ciubară]2

Hi hi hi murgule hi!

Şi cu tocuri de răşină
În ţară după făină;]2

Munţii nostri aur poartă
Noi cerşim din poartă'n poartă.]2

Munţii nostri aur varsă
Noi n'avem pâne pe masă.]2

Vai de mine şi de mine
Negre-s hainele pe mine.]2

Dar nu's negre nelăute
Ci-s negre de gânduri multe.]2

The Highlander

Lo, the highlander's departing;
Rosin, hoops and vats he's carting.]2

Hi, hi, hi, my horse, gee ho!

For them meal he will be bringing.
As he drives along, he's singing:]2

"Although gold is in our mountains,
In the sand that lines our fountains,]2

Yet we beg for bread, well knowing
On and on we must be going.]2

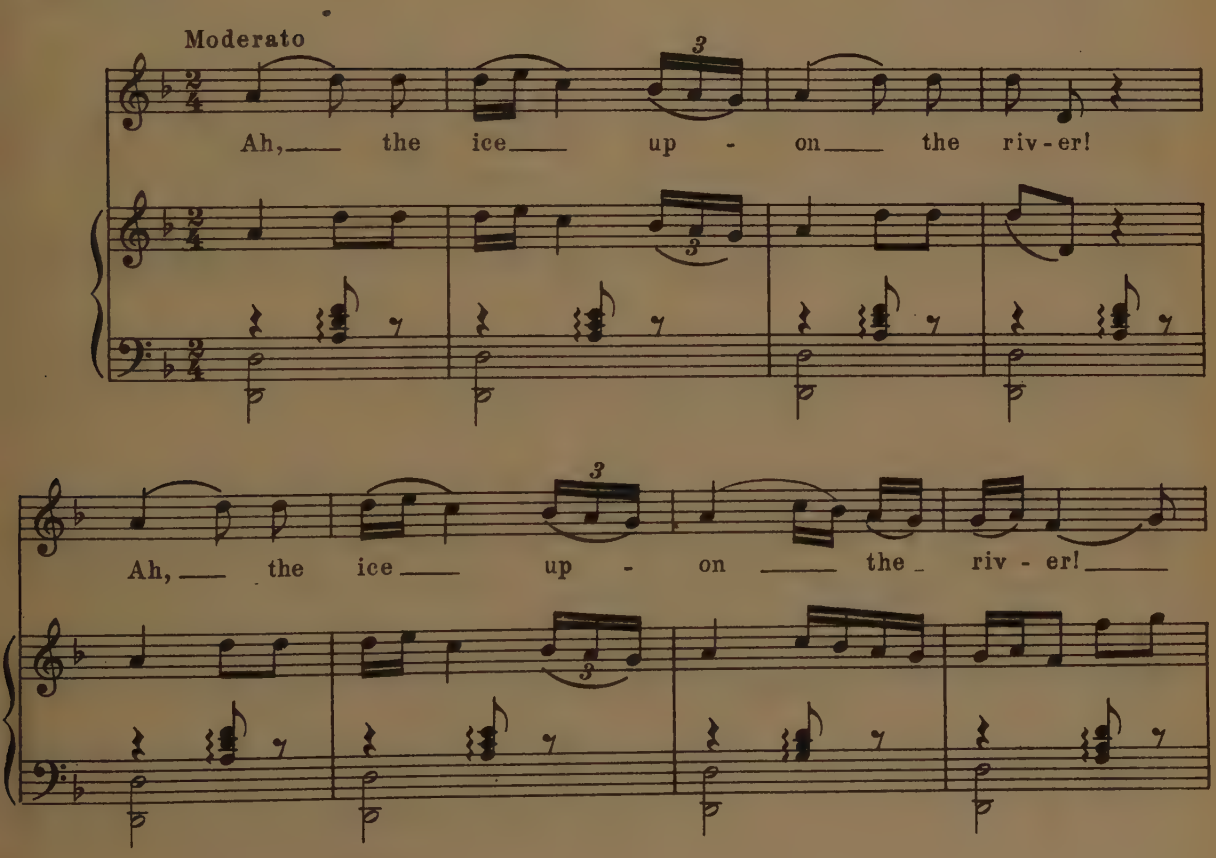
Woe is me! Woe falls upon me,
Dark and black my clothes are on me.]2

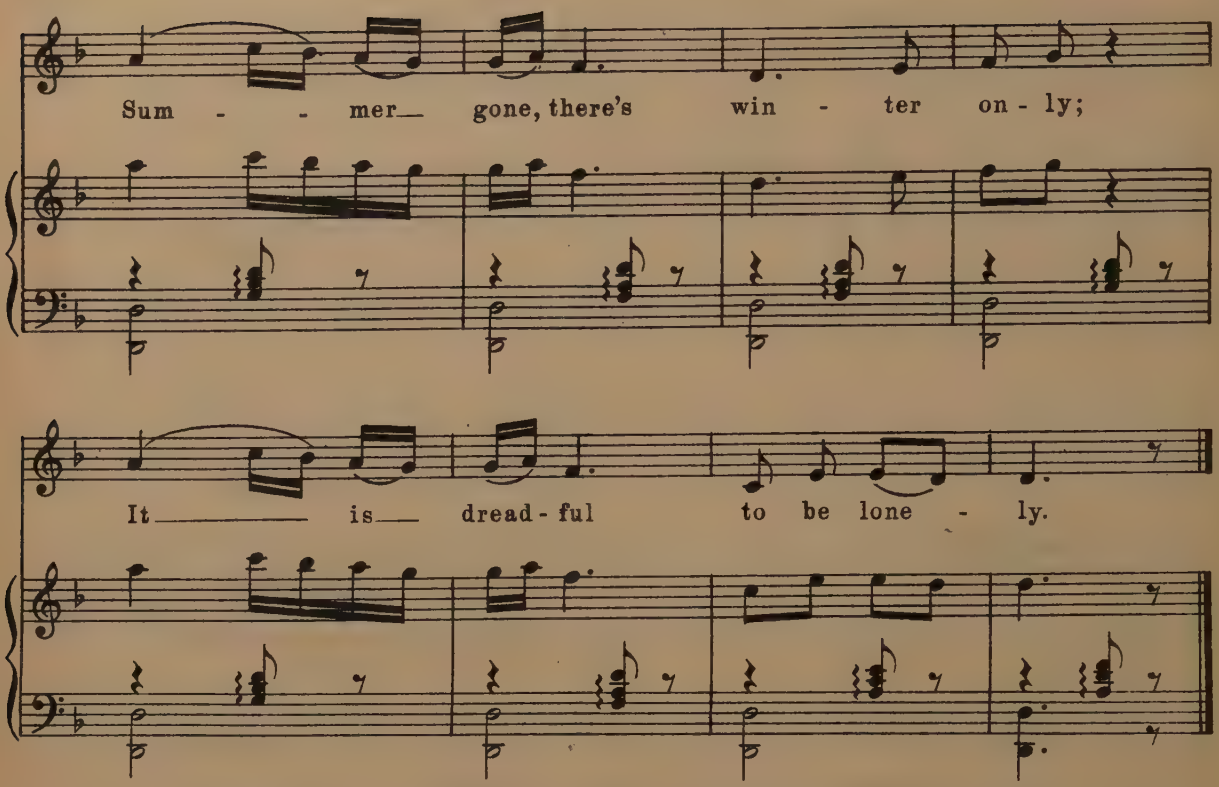
They're not black from dust they borrow,
But because of my deep sorrow."]2

Translation by
FELICIU VEXLER

ICE UPON THE RIVER

Translation by
Feliciu Vexler





Bulgăraş

Bulgăraş de ghiaţă rece.
Bulgăraş de ghiaţă rece
Jarna vine vara trece
Şi n'am cu cine 'mi petrece.

Că cu cine-am petrecut
S'a dus şi n'a mai venit.
A pus faţa la pământ
A'ntrat negru în mormânt.

Ice Upon the River

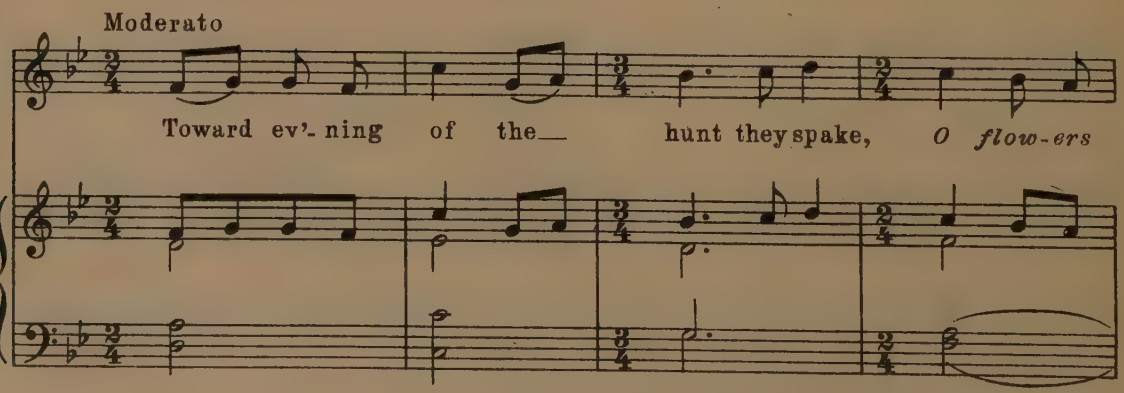
Ah, the ice upon the river!
Ah, the ice upon the river!
Summer gone, there's winter only;
It is dreadful to be lonely.

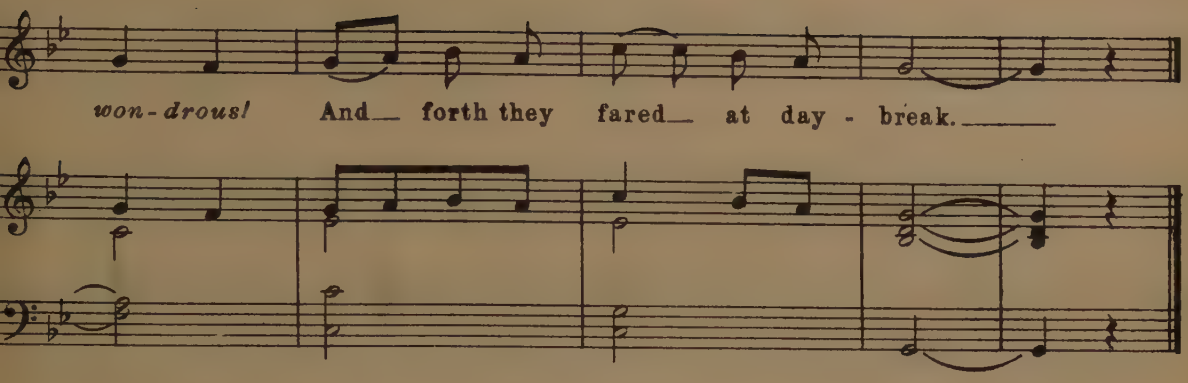
He who loved me, I befriended;
All our wedded days are ended.
Low he fell, my dearest, dying,
Under black earth he is lying.

Translation by
FELICIU VEXLER

Translation by
Feliciu Vexler

O FLOWERS WONDROUS





Colind

De sara se voroveau,
Florile dalbe,
Dimineaţa purcedeau.

Dela lunci sus la munţi,
Tot vânară cât vânară.

Până când fu lângă sară,
Sara mândră ce-adunară?

Un puiuţ de vultur sur,
Cu clonţuţul de aur,

Cu ghiarele de argint,
Câte pene mărunţele.

Toate-mi erau d'aurele.
Puiul rupse şi răspunse:

"Vânători de-ai lui Pilat,
Nu grăbiraţi spre vânat.

Că nu-s fiară de vânat,
Sunt Ion, Sânt Ion,

Că-s trimis de Tatăl Sfânt,
Să botez pe Fiul Sfânt.

C'auzii că s'a născut,
Colo sus la Feldior,

Subt o tufă de bujor,
La un capăt de izvor."

Se lua şi se ducea,
Pân' acolo s'apropià,

Pe Fiul Sfânt îl botezà,
Si 'napoi se înturnà.

O Flowers Wondrous

Toward ev'ning of the hunt they spake,
O flowers wondrous!
And forth they fared at daybreak.

From valleys deep to mountains steep,
They hunted till fall of night.

That night serene with stars bedight,
What quarry fore them came aflight?

An eaglet wondrous to behold,
With claws of silver, beak of gold,

Fine his feathers and abundant,
Wrought of purest gold resplendent.

From his hunters 'way he broke;
Taking wing, to them he spoke:

"Hunters that Pilatus serve,
List from me your slings to swerve.

For I am no bird of passage;
I am John, even Saint John.

God gave me the holy message,
To baptize His only Son.

For I heard that He was born,
In yon town with ancient towers,

By the source of a clear bourne,
'Neath a clump of ruddy flowers."

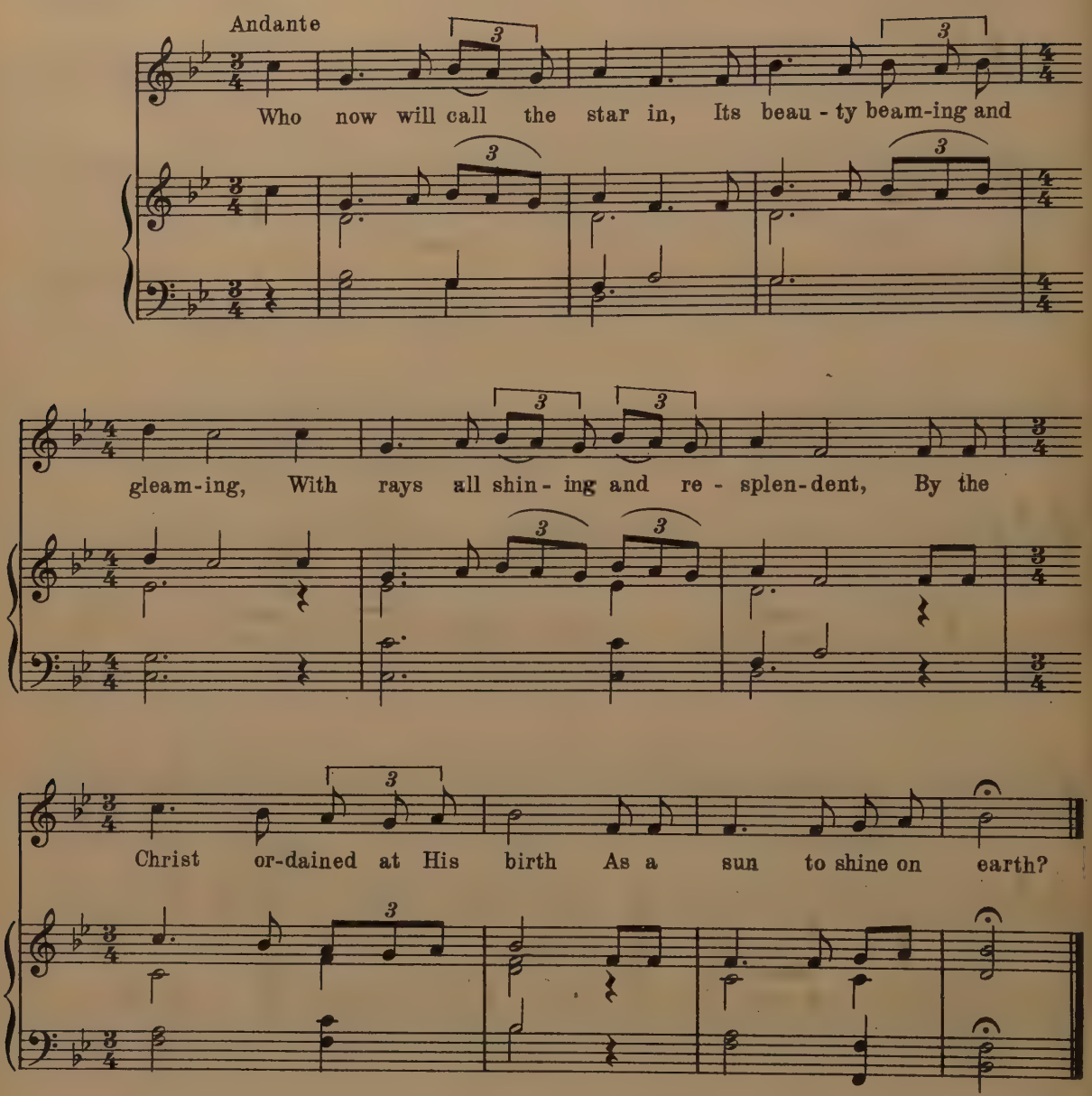
Then he fled and sped away,
To the place Our Savior lay,

Baptized the Son in the source,
And retraced his airy course.

Translation by
FELICIU VEXLER

THE STAR

Translation by
Feliciu Vexler


Andante
Who now will call the star in, Its beau - ty beam-ing and
gleam-ing, With rays all shin - ing and re - splen-dent, By the
Christ or-dained at His birth As a sun to shine on earth?

Steaua

Cine primeşte
Steaua frumoasă şi luminoasă,
Cu colţuri multe şi mărunte,
Dela Naşterea lui Hristos
Ca un soare luminos.

The Star

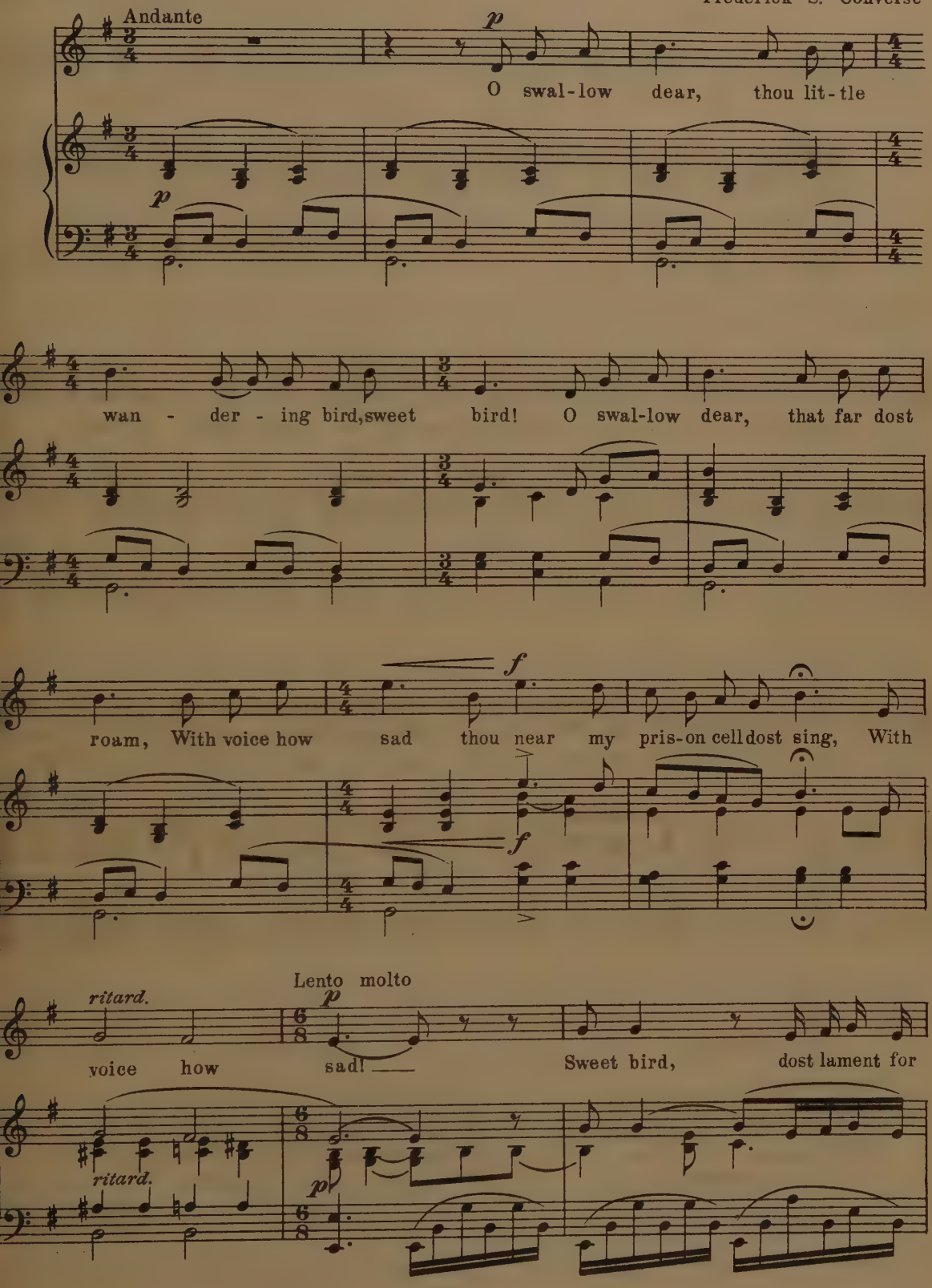
Who now will call the Star in,
Its beauty beaming and gleaming,
With rays all shining and resplendent,
By the Christ ordained at His birth
As a sun to shine on earth?

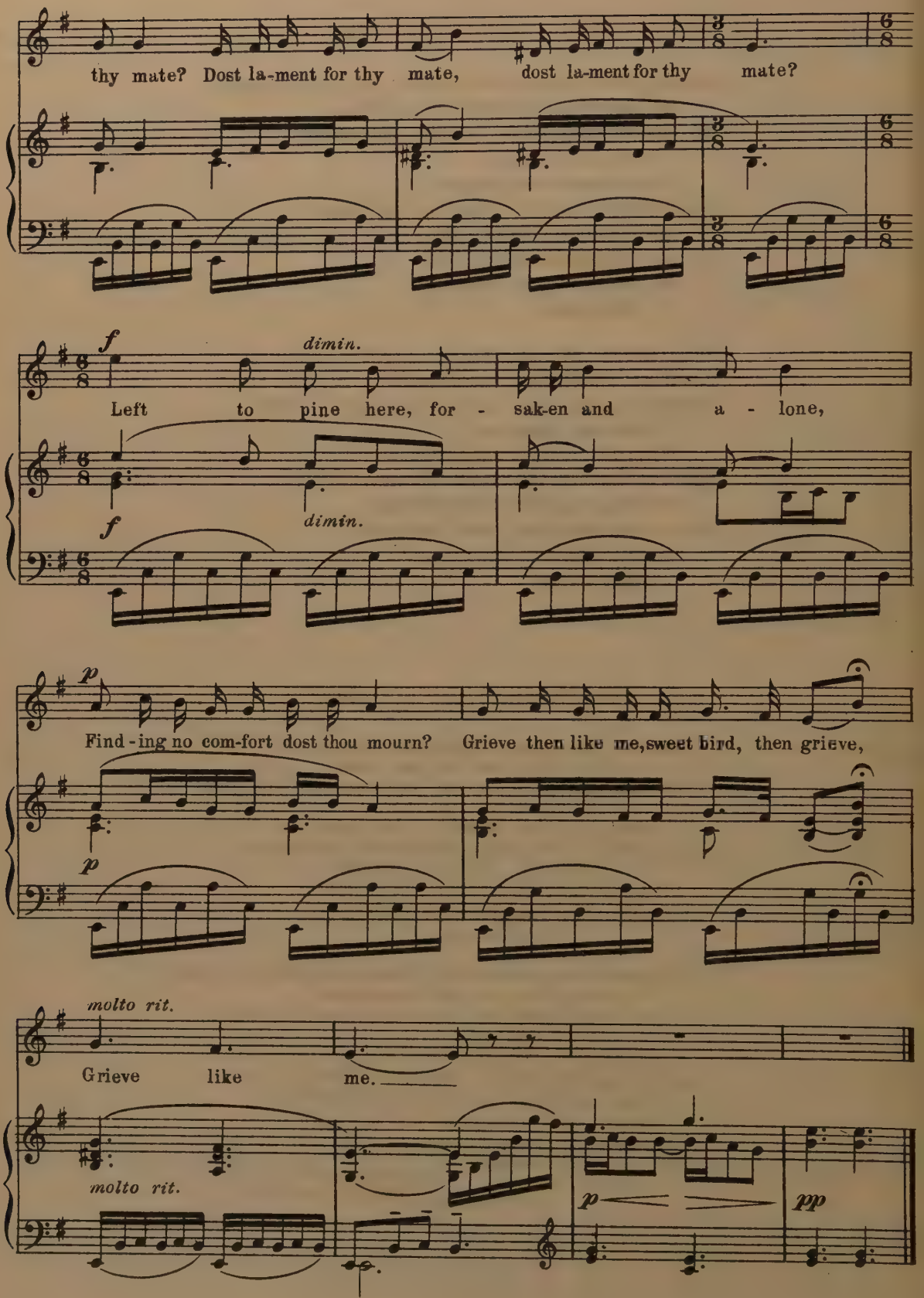
Translation by
FELICIU VEXLER

THE PRISONER TO THE SWALLOW

English version by
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by
Frederick S. Converse




thy mate? Dost la-ment for thy mate, dost la-ment for thy mate?
f
dimin.
Left to pine here, for - sak-en and a - lone,
f
dimin.
p
Find-ing no com-fort dost thou mourn? Grieve then like me, sweet bird, then grieve,
p
molto rit.
Grieve like me.
molto rit.
p
pp

Ո՛վ ԾԻԾԵՌՆԱԿ

Ով ծիծեռնակ, վարաւած թըռչնիկ, ինչ տրրտմագին,
Ով ծիծեռնակ, վարաւած թըռչնիկ,
Ինչ տըրտմագին ձայնիւ, ձայնիւ կեզաւակես
Մօտ իմ բանտին:
Միթէ վարուժանդ սիրուն
վարուժանըդ սիրուն, վարուժանըդ սիրուն
Հոս միայնակ թողուց զքեզ
Եւ դու սնմխիթար կը հեծեծես,
Ոհ լաց ուրիմըն, ինծի պէս
Ինծի պէս:

Բայց երանի, քեզ քիւր երանի, կըրնաս թըռչիլ
Բայց երանի քեզ, քիւր երանի
Կըրնաս թըռչիլ թեթեւ թեթեւ թեւոցըդ ի ծայր
Ընդ սար, ընդ ձոր:
Բայց հոս արեւոյն ազօտ ընշոյլ,
Արեւոյն ազօտ ընշոյլ, արեւոյն ազօտ ընշոյլ
Իմ մուք բանտին է ներթափանց
Եւ ոչ մեղմ հովիկ մը շունչ զովագին
Տանելու ձայն իմ սիրելեաց
Սիրելեաց:

The Prisoner to the Swallow

O swallow dear, thou little wandering bird, sweet bird!
O swallow dear, that far dost roam,
With voice how sad thou near my prison cell dost sing,
With voice how sad!
Sweet bird, dost lament for thy mate?
Dost lament for thy mate, dost lament for thy mate?
Left to pine here, forsaken and alone,
Finding no comfort dost thou mourn?
Grieve then like me, sweet bird, then grieve,
Grieve like me.

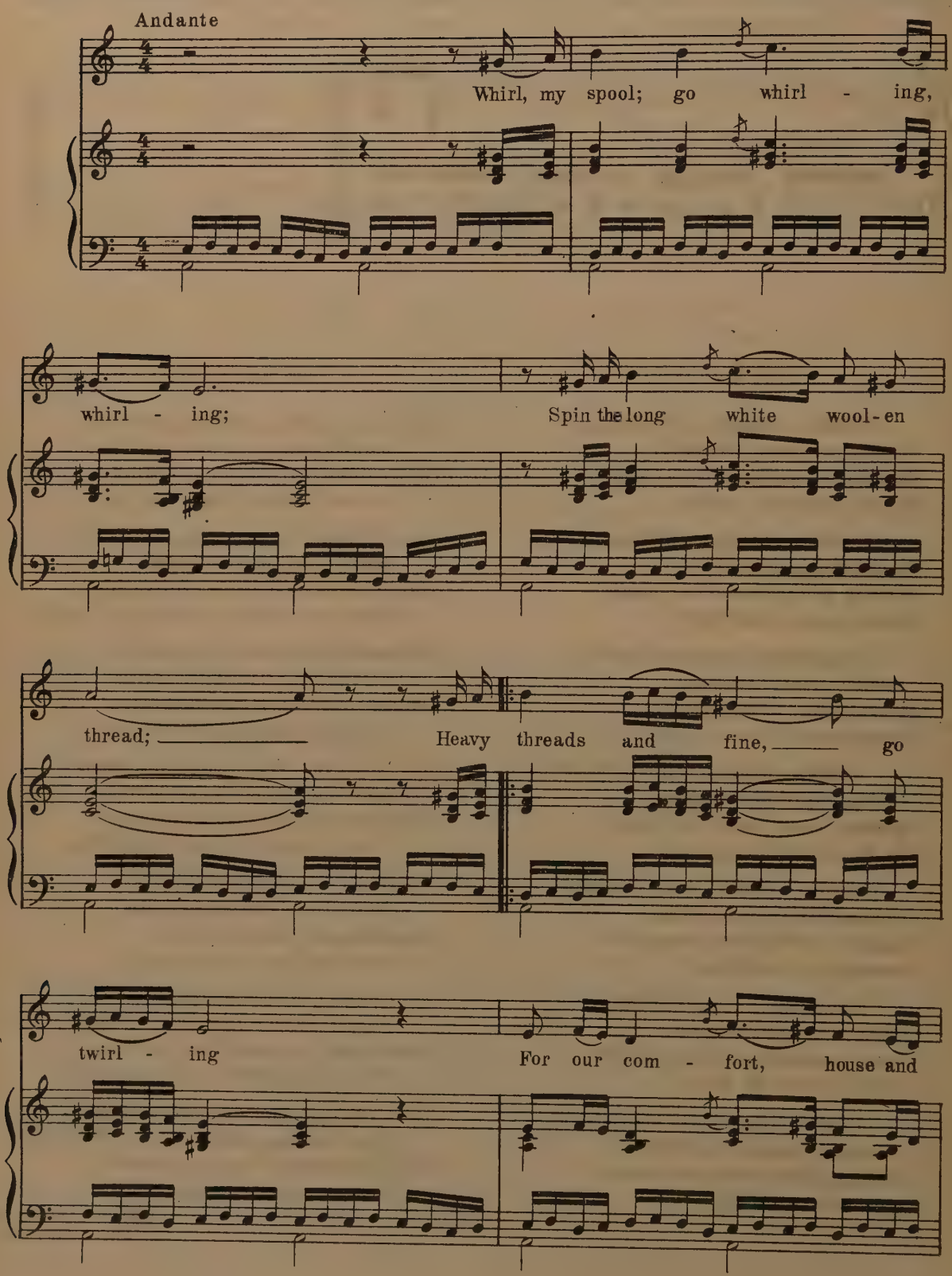
Yet happier thou, sweet bird, a fortune is thine more blest.
A thousand fold art thou more blest,
For thou canst freely fly, fly swift on thy light wing
O'er hill and dale.
But here, here the gentle sun's ray,
Here the gentle sun's ray, here the gentle sun's ray
Vainly my prison dark may seek to pierce;
Here no soft breeze can bear my voice
To my own loved ones far away,
Far away.

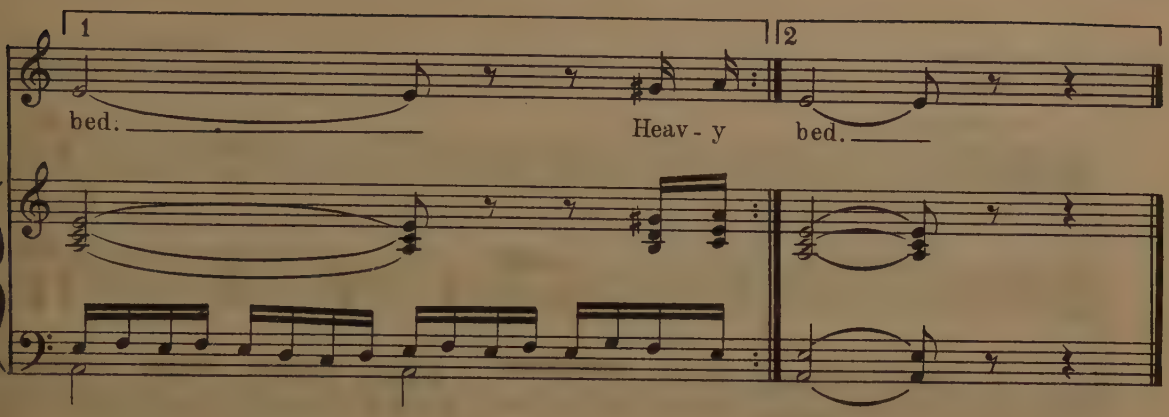
English version by
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

THE SPOOL

English version by
Edwin Markham

Arranged by
Franklin Robinson


Andante
Whirl, my spool; go whirl - ing,
whirl - ing;
Spin the long white wool - en
thread;
Heavy threads and fine, go
twirl - ing
For our com - fort, house and



Ճ Ա Խ Ա Ր Ա Կ

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,
Մանիր սպիտակ մալաճչներ,
Մանի՛ր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,
Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր:

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,
Լիսեռնիկըդ պըտտիր,
Մանիր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,
Իլկիդ վըրայ փաթաթիր:

Տիգրանիկըս գուլպայ չունի,
Հանդ է գնում ոտաբաց,
Գաբրիէլըս չուխա չունի,
Միշտ աճում է սուգ ու լաց:

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,
Մանիր սպիտակ փաթիլներ,
Մանիր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,
Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր:

Ձըւալ չունինք, չաթու չունինք,
Ոչ սամոտէն, ոչ պարան,
Այսպէս ադճատ դեռ եղած չենք,
Կրտըրւել է ամէն բան:

Դեռ հարս էի, որ գործեցի
Քանի կարպետ խալիչա,
Բայց դըրանցից շուտ զըրկւեցի,
Հիմա չունիմ մի բեչա:

Մանի՛ր, մանի՛ր, իմ ճախարակ,
Մանիր սպիտակ ֆուլաներ,
Մանիր թելեր հաստ ու բարակ,
Որ ես հոգամ իմ ցաւեր:

The Spool

Whirl, my spool; go whirling, whirling;
Spin the long white woolen thread;
Heavy threads and fine, go twirling
For our comfort, house and bed.

Spin, my spool; go spinning, spinning;
Shuttle race, oh race along;
Heavy threads and fine, go spinning;
Wind them, bobbin, smooth and strong.

My small Dikran has no breeches;
Cold is he, cries night and day.
Gabriel wears but rags and stitches,
Goes out barefoot, work or play.

Spin, my spool; keep spinning, spinning;
Gather up, spin soft white flakes;
Heavy threads and fine, go spinning;
'Twill provide for pains and aches.

We've not even coarsest sacking,
Not a rope, nor scrap of fur.
Everything we need is lacking;
Poor like this we never were.

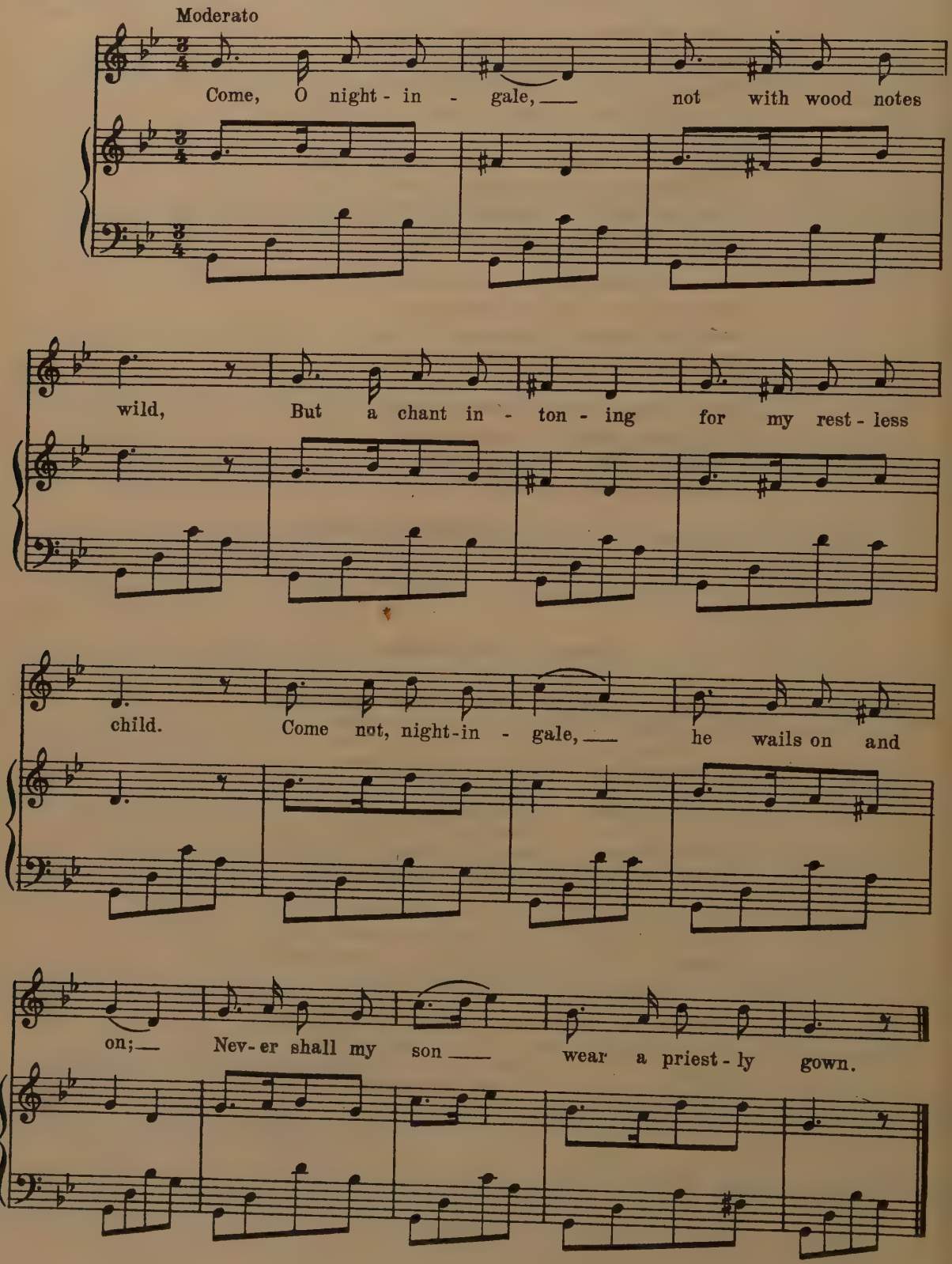
As a bride I came a-weaving
Carpets downy like doves' wings.
One by one I've seen them leaving,
Rugs and garments, all my things.

Spin, my spool; go spinning, spinning;
Spin the long white streams of thread;
Heavy threads and fine, go spinning
For our comfort, house and bed.

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

COME, O NIGHTINGALE

English version by
Charles H. Botsford


Moderato
Come, O night - in - gale, not with wood notes
wild, But a chant in - ton - ing for my rest - less
child. Come not, night-in - gale, he wails on and
on; Nev-er shall my son wear a priest - ly gown.

ՕՐՕՐՈՑԻ ԵՐԳ

Արի՛ իմ սոխակ, քո՛ղ պարտէզ մերին,
Տաղերով բուն քեր տըղիս աչերին.
Բայց նա լալիս է.— դու, սոխակ մի՛ գալ.—
Իմ որդին չուզէ տիրացու դառնալ:

Թո՛ղ դու, տատրակիկ, բու ծագն ու բունը,
Վայվայով տըղիս բե՛ր աւուշ բունը.
Բայց նա լալիս է, տատրակիկ, մի՛ գալ,
Իմ որդին չուզէ սրգաւոր դառնալ:

Կաչաղակ ճարպիկ, գող, արծաթասէր,
Շահի գըրուցով որդուս բունը բեր.
Բայց նա լալիս է, կաչաղակ մի՛ գալ,
Իմ որդին չուզէ սովտաբար դառնալ:

Թո՛ղ որսըդ, արի՛, բաջասիրտ բազէ,
Ջո՛ւ երգը գուցէ իմ որդին կ'ուզէ...
Բազէն որ եկաւ՝ որդիս լըռեցաւ,
Ռազմի երգերի ձայնով բընեցաւ:

ՔԱՄԱՌ–ՔԱԹԻՊԱ

Come, O Nightingale

Come, O nightingale, not with wood notes wild,
But a chant intoning for my restless child.
Come not, nightingale, he wails on and on;
Never shall my son wear a priestly gown.

Come, O little dove, leave your sheltered nest;
With your soft complaining, lull my child to rest.
Still his tears are flowing, fly, sweet dove, away;
Never shall my son with the mourners pray.

Clever little magpie, hop along in sight;
Tell us where to look for golden pieces bright.
Hush, O hush, my child, magpie's gone, you see;
Never shall my son an old merchant be.

Falcon, leave your eyrie on the mountain height;
Chant the cry of battle for my child's delight.
Now the child is sleeping, every tear drop dried;
Well I know my son shall with warriors ride!

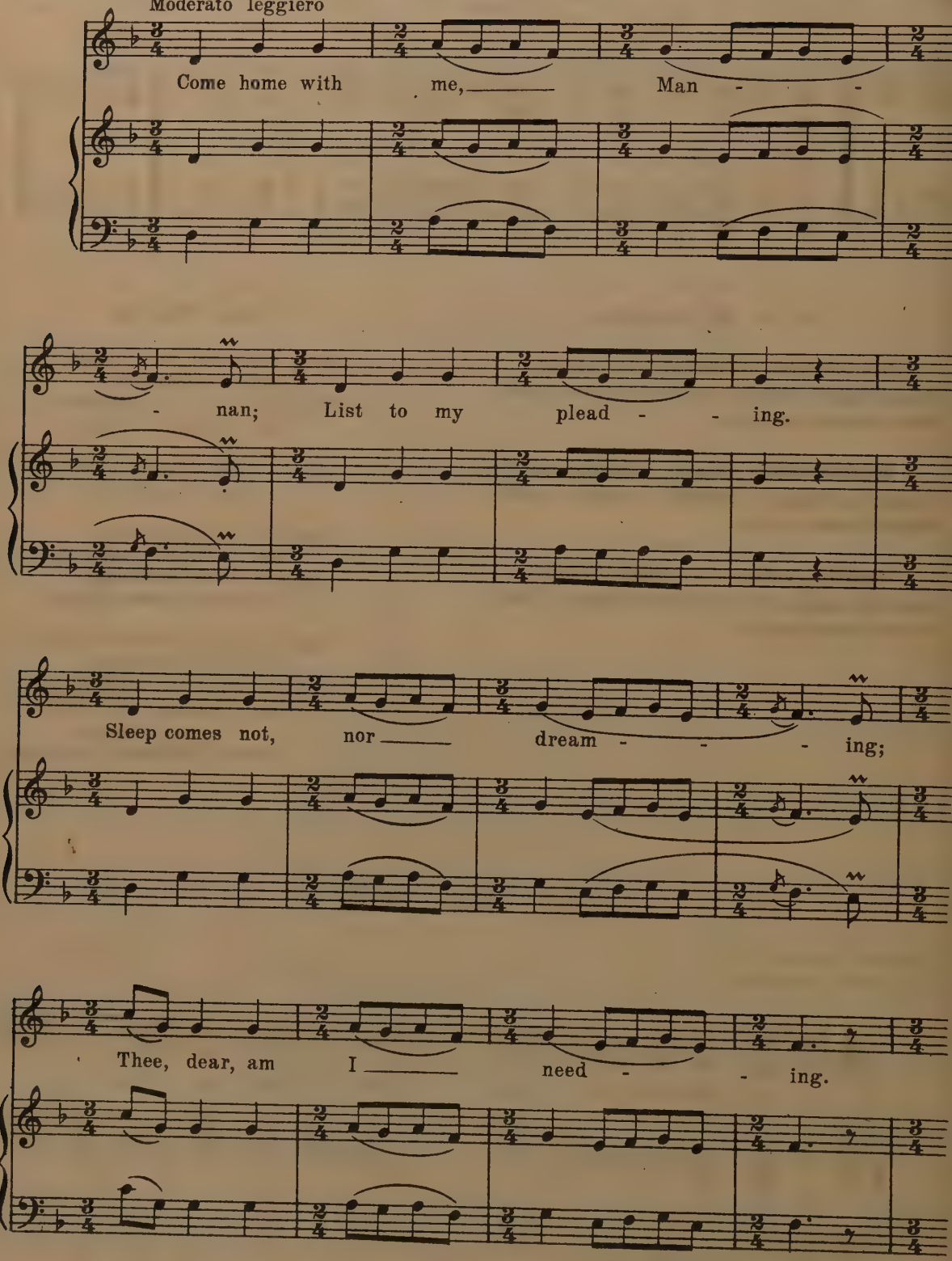
English version by
CHARLES H. BOTSFORD

COME, MANNAN

English version by
Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

Arranged by
Romanos Melikian

Moderato leggiero



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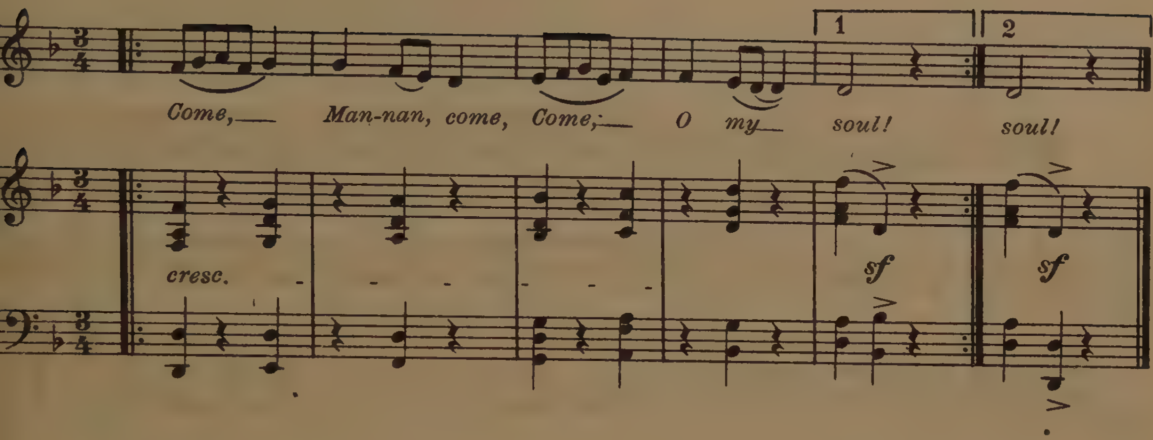


ԱՐԻ ՄԱՆԱՆ

Արի Մանան, արի՛ գնանք մեր տունը,
Գիշեր ցերեկ զուրկ է աչքերէս քունը, ջա՛ն,
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն·—

Մանան սարէն կուգայ, շալկինը ժախ է·
Ոսկեթել մազերը թիկունքէն կախ է, ջա՛ն·
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն·—

Երկինքը ամպել է, գետինը թաց է,
Մանանի թիկունքը կիսէն հետ բաց է, ջա՛ն,
Ջա՛ն Մանան ջա՛ն·—

Come, Mannan

Come home with me, Mannan;
List to my pleading.
Sleep comes not, nor dreaming;
Thee, dear, am I needing.

Come, Mannan, come,
Come, O my soul!

Down from the hills laden,
Green herbs she's bringing,
Her golden hair streaming
As Mannan comes singing.

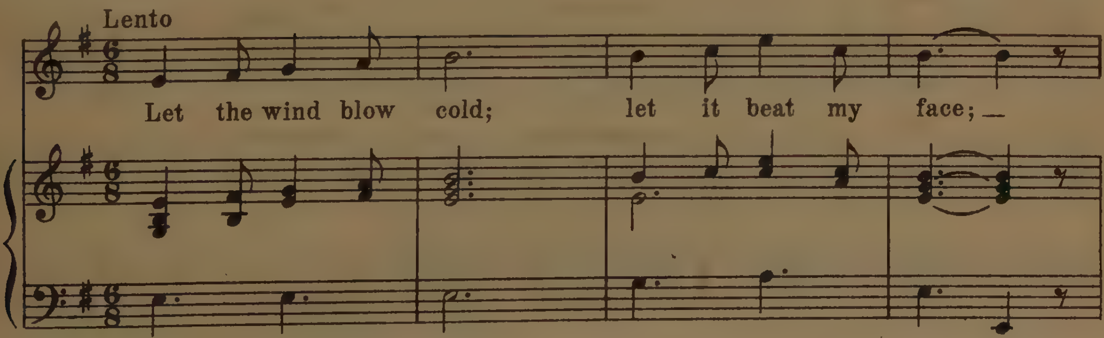
Skies grow gray; clouds darken;
Chill dews are falling;
Her bare shoulders, gleaming.
Hear, Mannan, I'm calling!

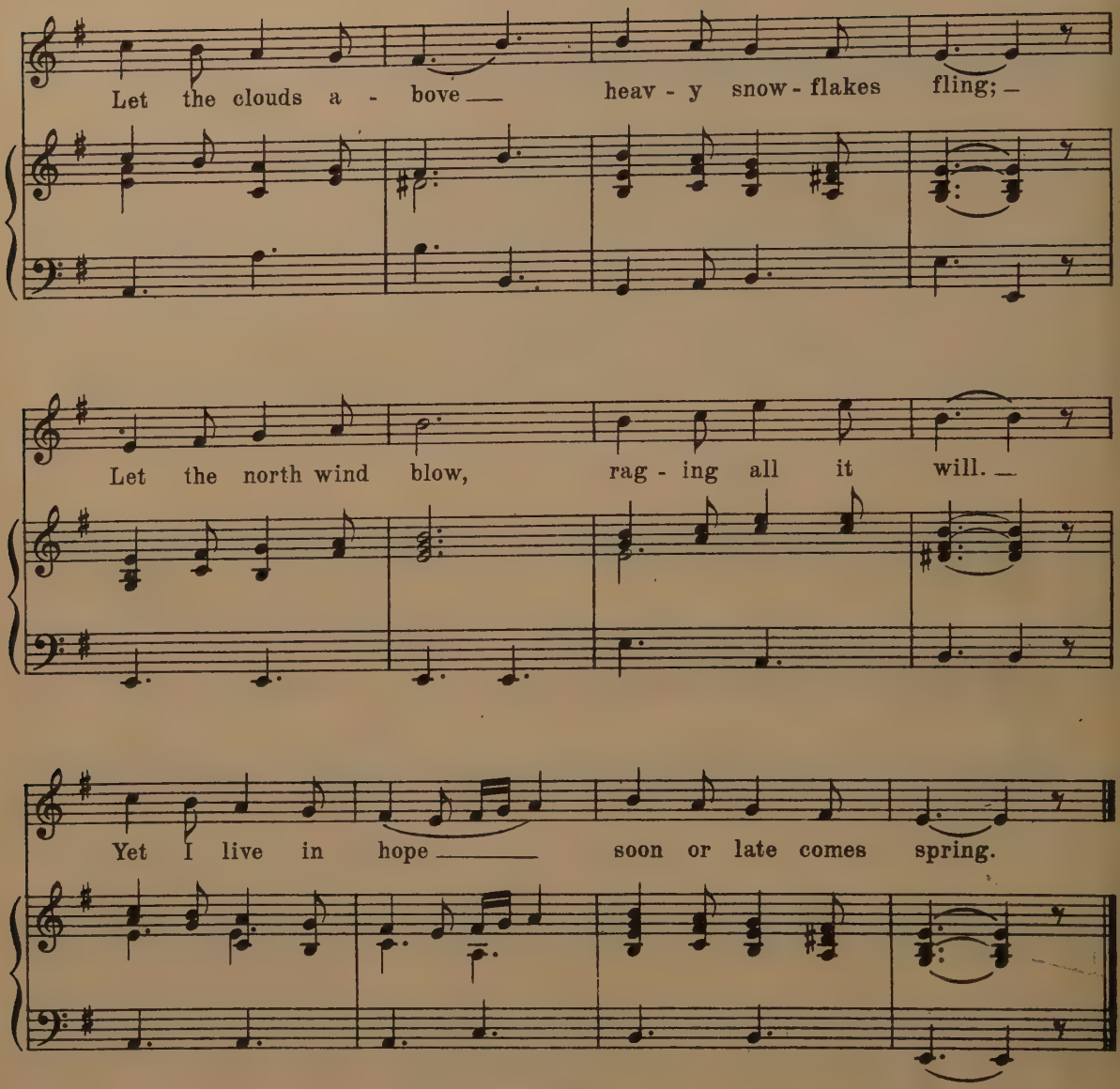
English version by
GERTRUDE HUNTINGTON MCGIFFERT

THE SURE HOPE

English version by
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by
Isabel D. Post





ՅՈՅՍ

Թո՛ղ փչէ ֆամին պաղ պաղ երեսիս,
Վերէն, ամպերէն սաստիկ ձիւն թո՛ղ գայ,
Ո՛րճան որ կուզէ՝ թող կատղի հիւսիս,
Ցուսով եմ, վաղ ուշ գարունը պիտ գայ: 61

Թուխպը թո՛ղ պատէ երկինքը պայծառ,
Թաւձըր մառախուղ երկիր թո՛ղ փակէ,
Տարերք աշխարհիս խառնուին իրար,
Ցուսով եմ, վաղ ուշ արեւ պիտ ծագէ:

Թո՛ղ գայ փորձութիւն, թո՛ղ գայ հալածանք,
Խաւար թո՛ղ դառնայ անաղօտ լոյսը·
Սարսափելի չեն Հային տառապանք
Միայն··· չի հատնէր խեղճուկի յոյսը:

ԲԱՄԱՌ–ԲԱԹԻՊԱ

The Sure Hope

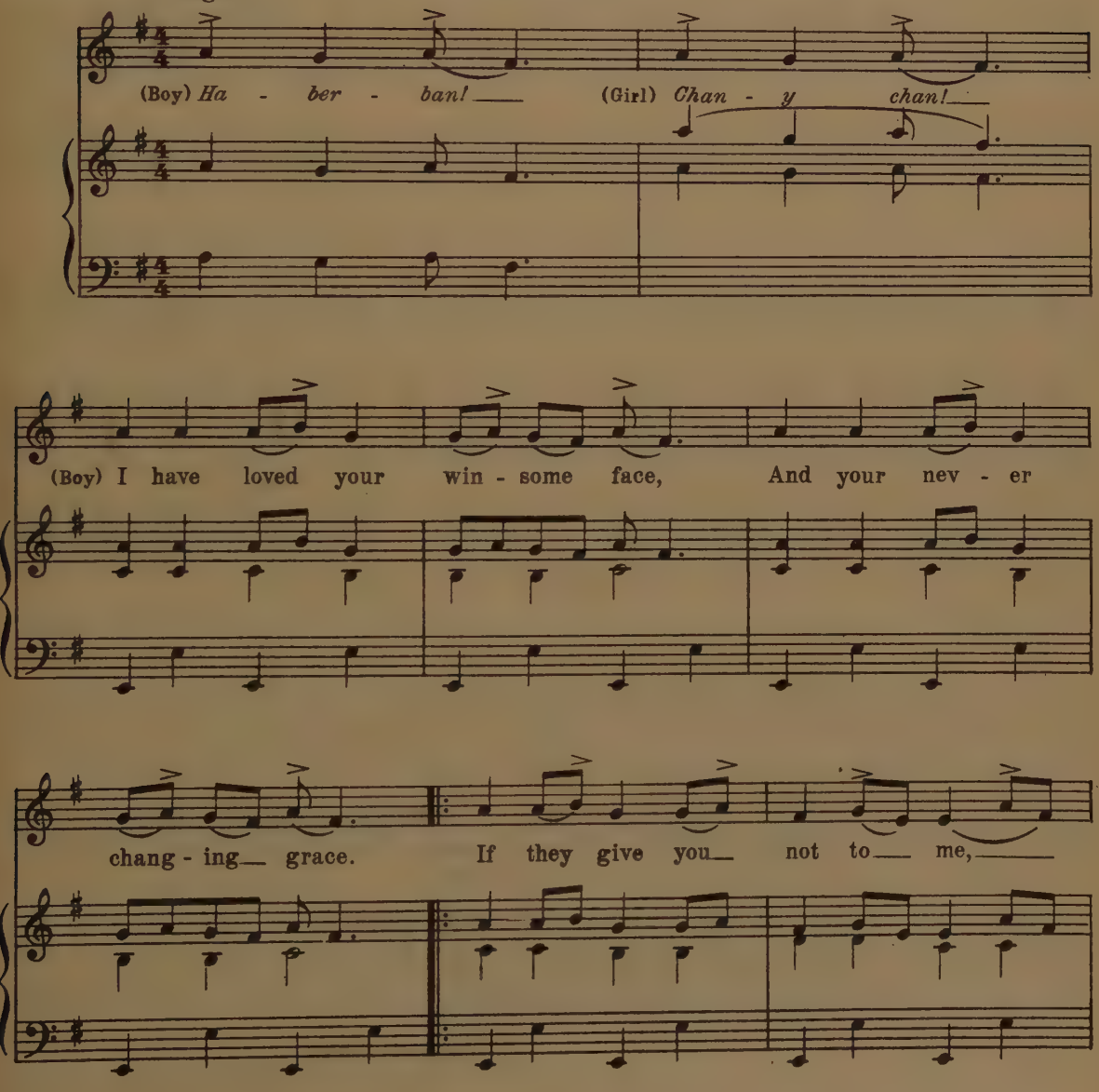
Let the wind blow cold; let it beat my face;
Let the clouds above heavy snow-flakes fling;
Let the north wind blow, raging all it will,
Yet I live in hope soon or late comes spring.
Let the heavy clouds make the clear sky dark;
Let the mist so dense hide the land from sight;
Let earth, air and sea be together mixed,
Yet I know the sun will again be bright.
Let harsh trials come; persecutions rage;
And the light grow dim of the sun on high;
To Armenian hearts, pain is naught to dread,
But the poor man's hope must not fade and die!

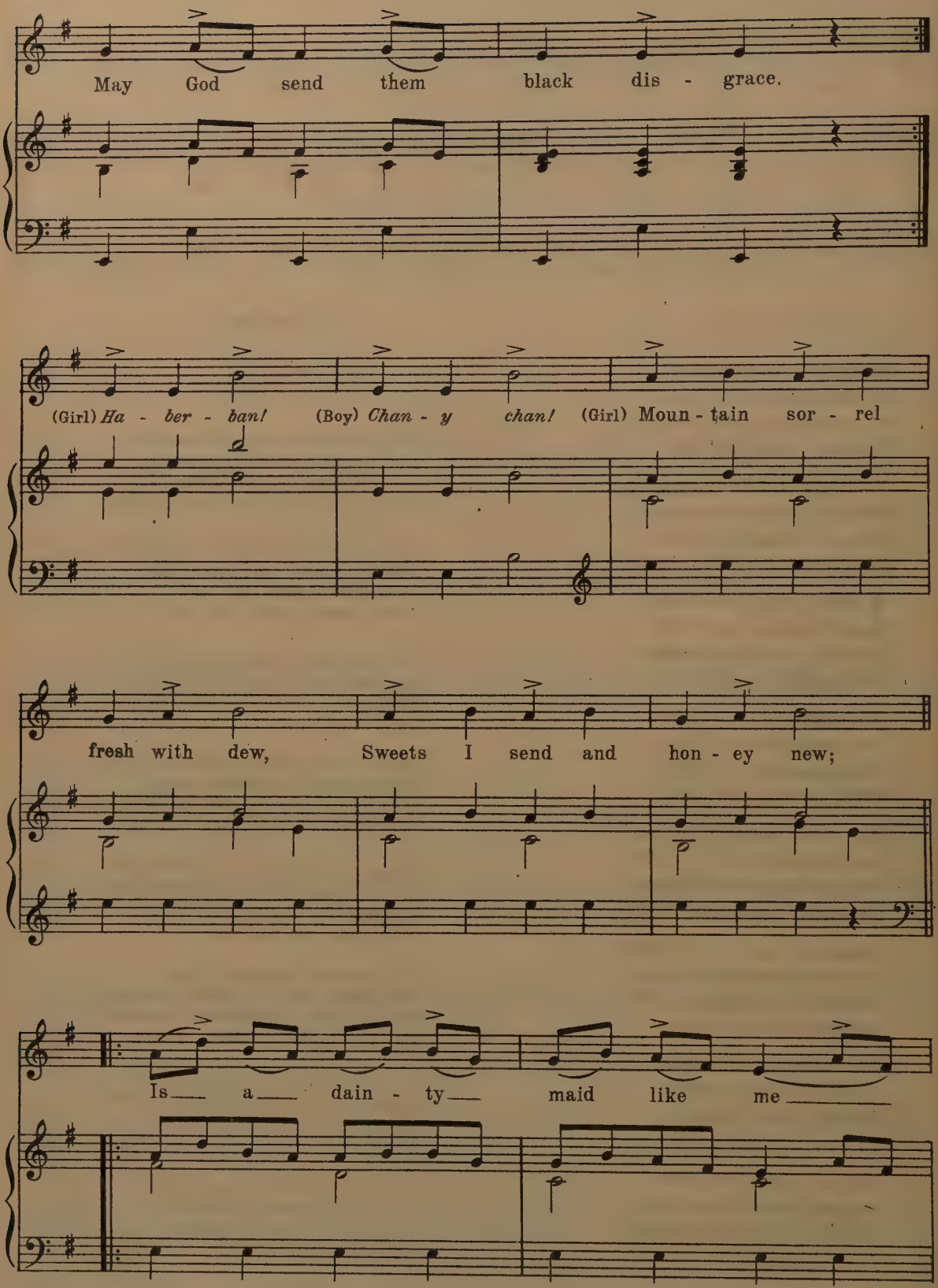
English version by
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

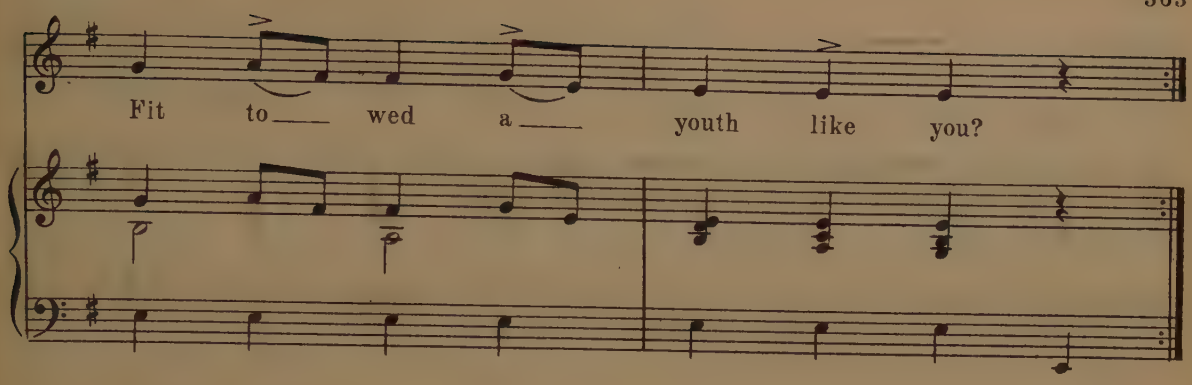
Translation by
Zabelle C. Boyajian

HABERBAN

Allegretto




May God send them black dis - grace.
(Girl) Ha - ber - ban! (Boy) Chan - y chan! (Girl) Moun - tain sor - rel
fresh with dew, Sweets I send and hon - ey new;
Is a dain - ty maid like me



ՀԱԲԸՐԲԱՆ

Սիրել եմ սէրն երեսին
Անթառամ թերն երեսին
Ով իմ սիրածն ինձ չտայ
Աստծու կեռն երեսին:

Սարի թրթրընջուկ թաղա,
Մեղր ու շաքար բեզ մաղա,
Ինձ պէս նազանի աղջիկ
Բեզ պէս տղին ո՞նց սազա:

Պըզտիկ աղջիկ համ ունիս,
Զորեքդիմաց ծամ ունիս,
Խունջիկ մունջիկ մի անի,
Ինձ առնելու կամ ունիս:

Գութանըդ հոլա, հոլա,
Գութանիդ տակը ֆոլա,
Քանի գըժութիւն անես
Բեզի առնողը տօլ ա:

Ձեր տան տակին վար կանեմ,
Ձար ագռաւին քար կանեմ,
Թող իմ սիրածն ինծի տան
Գըժութիւնս բարկ կանեմ:

Ջուրը իր ճամբով կերթայ,
Ցողածը վարդի թերթ ա,
Ինձ սիրող կտրին տըղէն
Ձագարի մէջ մի բերդ ա:

Բուսել ես պաղի միջին,
Շամամի թաղի միջին,
Գիշեր ցորեկ միալար
Դու ես իմ խաղի միջին:

Աշուղի պէս խաղ ասա,
Բլբլուլի պէս տաղ ասա,
Ինչ քան որ գովես արժեմ
Իմ մօր գովական փեսայ:

Haberban

Haberban!
Chan-y chan!

I have loved your winsome face,
And your never-fading grace.
If they give you not to me,
May God send them black disgrace.

Mountain sorrel, fresh with dew,
Sweets I send and honey new;
Is a dainty maid like me
Fit to wed a youth like you?

You are arch, my little maid;
In four plaits, your hair you braid,
Make no more pretense to me,
For you love me, I'm afraid!

Drive your plough ahead, and go;
Underneath it thistles grow.
You are reckless, young, and wild;
She is mad would wed you so!

Near your house, a field I'll sow
And I'll stone the ill-starred crow.
When I have the girl I love
I'll let all my folly go.

On its way the water flows.
Washing with its waves the rose;
My beloved, amidst the youths,
Like a mighty fortress shows.

In the vineyard you have grown,
Where the melon plants are sown;
Day and night upon my lute,
You and I sing, and you alone.

Sing a minstrel's song to me,
Or the blackbird's rhapsody;
All your praises I deserve,
And my bridegroom you shall be!

Translation by
ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN

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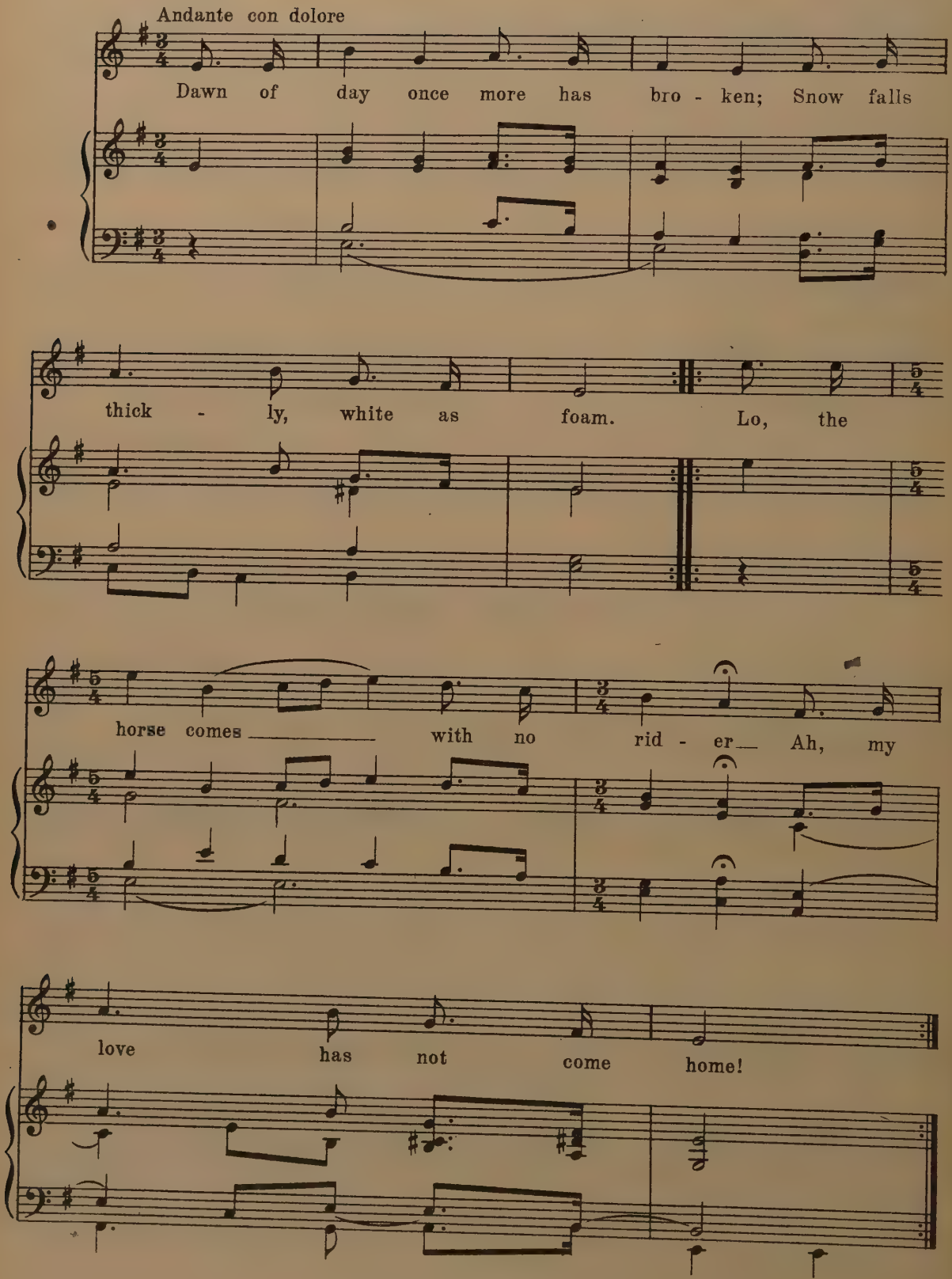
DAYBREAK

English version by
Alice Stone Blackwell

Arranged by
A. T. Davisou

Andante con dolore


Dawn of day once more has bro - ken; Snow falls
thick - ly, white as foam. Lo, the
horse comes with no rid - er Ah, my
love has not come home!

ԱՐՇԱԼՈՅՍԸ

Արշալոյսը նորէն բացուաւ
Ամպ ու զամպէն ձիւն եկաւ
Ալ ձին եկաւ անտէր ինկաւ
Ախ իմ եարըս տուն չեկաւ։

Լոյսը բացուաւ, դուռը բացուաւ.
Ալ ձին քրտնած ներս եկաւ
Սիրուն կրծքին վէրք ստացած
Արիւն թաթախ ներս ինկաւ։

Ախ սիրուն ձի, դու ինձ ասա,
Որ տեղ թողնիր իմ եարը,
Որ ձորին մէջ, որ քարի տակ
Անտէր թողնիր իմ եարը։

Ամպեր եկան մութը պատեց,
Մինակ նստած կուլամ ես,
Սիրելիիս կորած եարիս
Սուգ ու շիւան կանեմ ես։

Daybreak

Dawn of day once more has broken;
  Snow falls thickly, white as foam.
Lo, the horse comes with no rider—
  Ah! my love has not come home!

Day has dawned; the door is opened;
  Wet and tired, fell in the steed;
His kind breast wounded and gory,
  In the door he fell to bleed.

Steed belovéd, haste to tell me
  Where you left my own true love,
In what vale, lone and forsaken,
  With what frowning rock above?

Clouds have gathered; all is darkness;
  Here alone I sit and weep.
I must mourn, grieving forever
  For my love in sorrow deep!

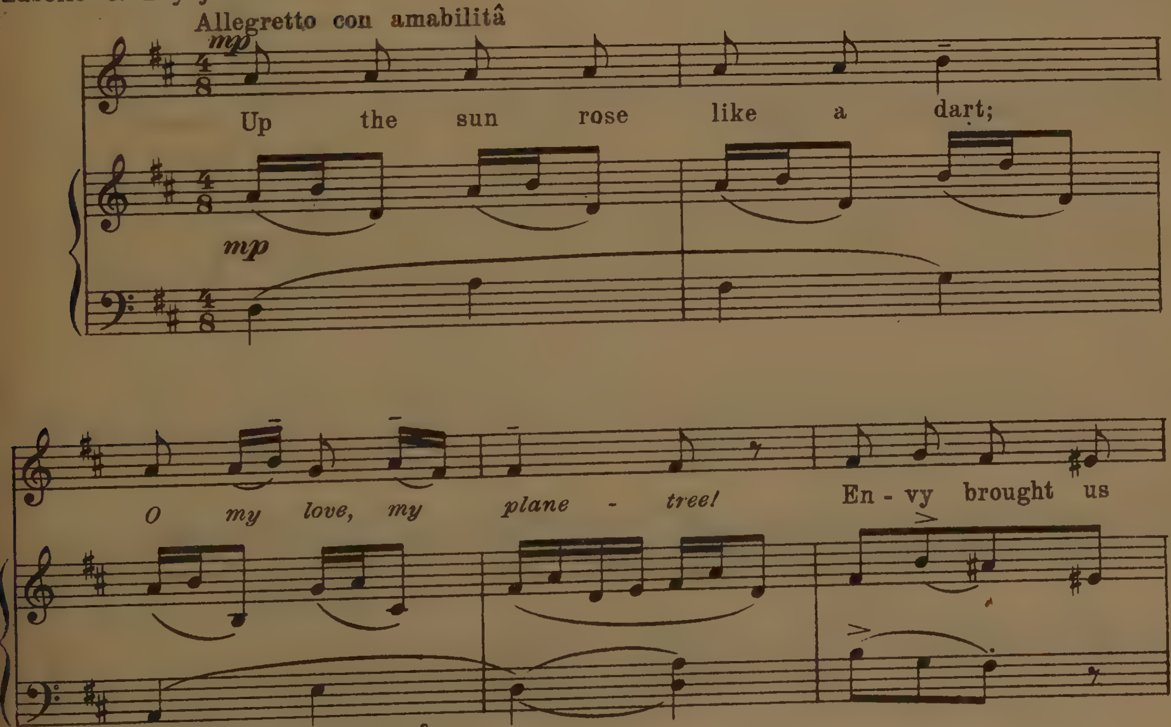
English version by
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

O MY LOVE, MY PLANE-TREE!

(Dance Song)

Translation by
Zabelle C. Boyajian

Arranged by
Gomidas Wardapet



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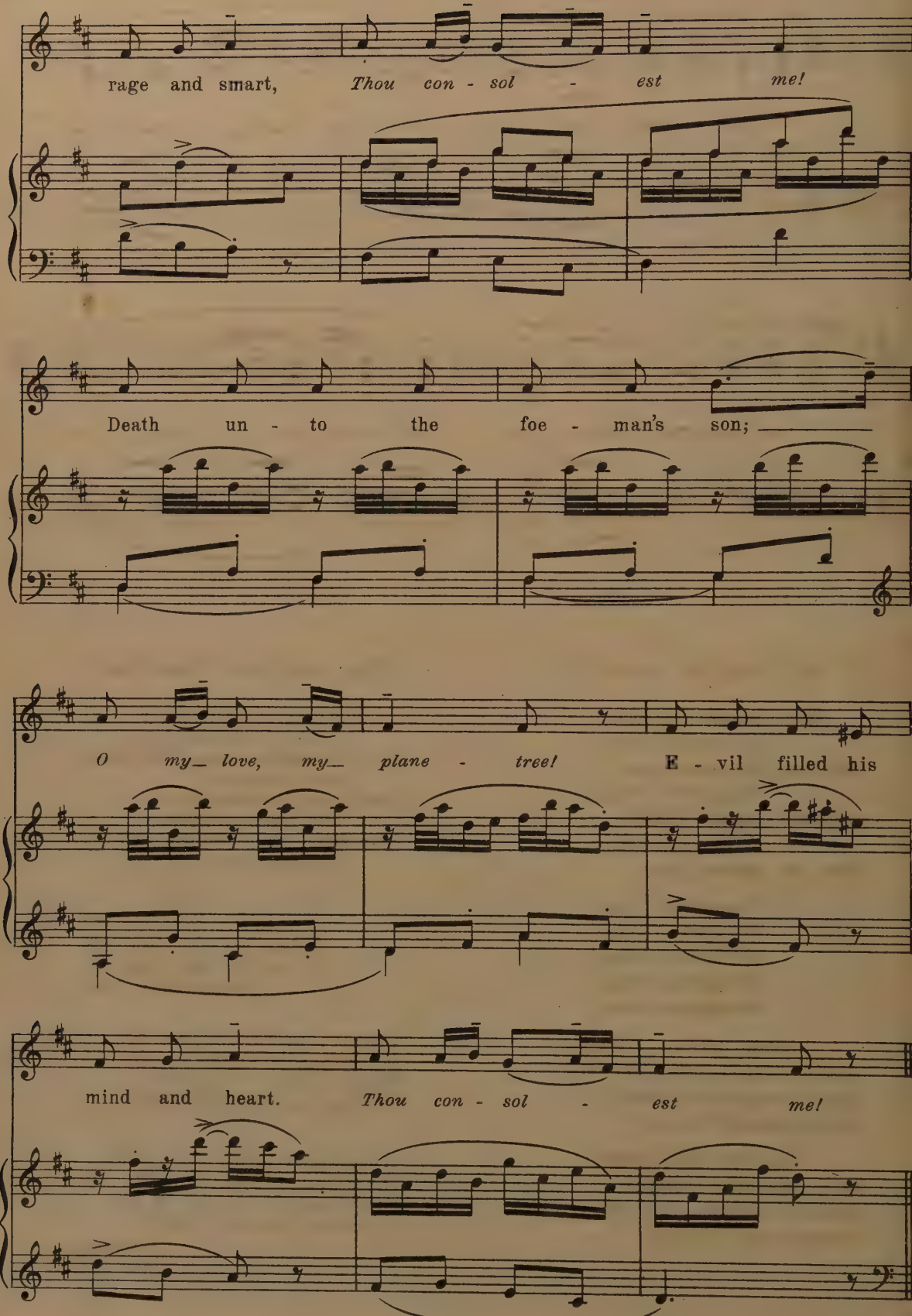
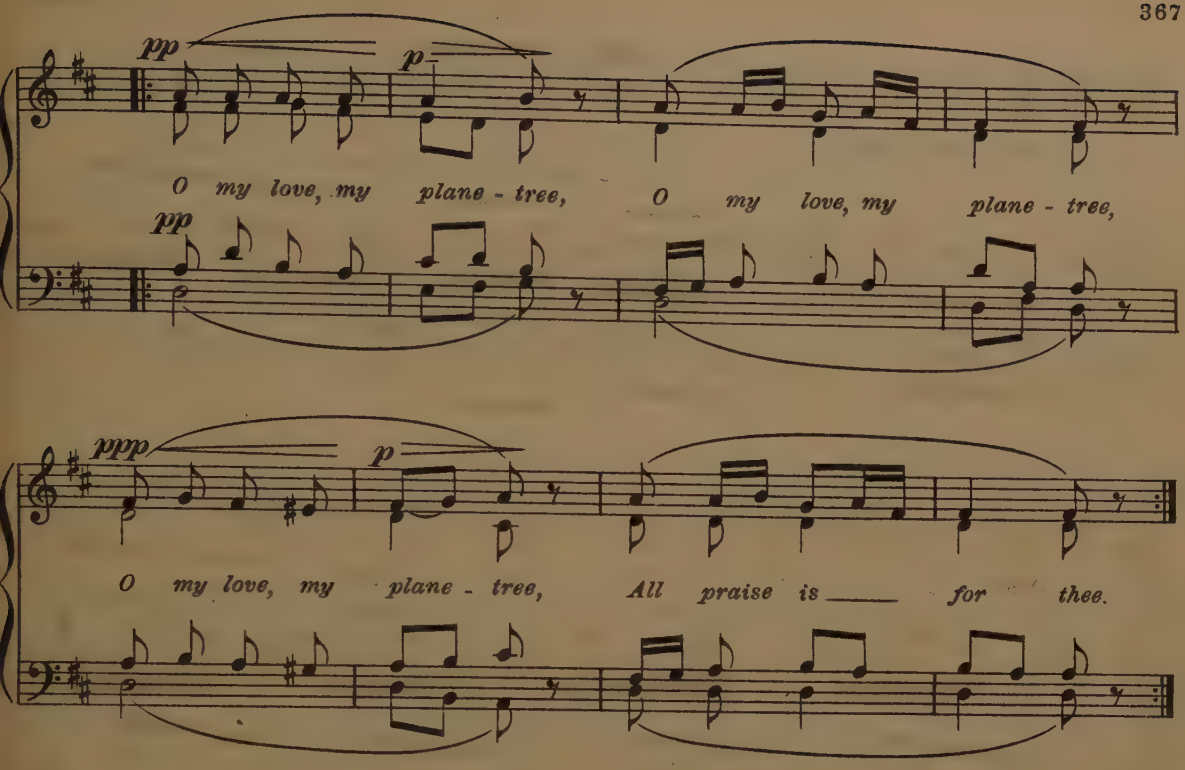

rage and smart, Thou con - sol - est me!
Death un - to the foe - man's son;
O my_ love, my_ plane - tree! E - vil filled his
mind and heart. Thou con - sol - est me!



ԻՄ ՁԻՆԱՐԻ ԵԱՐԸ

Արեւ բրովրոով ելաւ,
Իմ չինարի եարը,
Մեր բանը կրռուով ելաւ·
Դարդիման եարը:
Թըշնամու որդին մեռնի,
Իմ չինարի եարը,
Իրա չար սըրտով ելաւ,

Դարդիման եարը:
Իմ չինարի եարը,
Իմ չինարի եարը,
Իմ չինարի եարը,
Գովական եարը:

Ճըրագը վառայ, վառայ,
Հօր հետ վատամարդ դառայ,
Մէր ու աղբէր բոդ տըւի,
Ես իմ սիրածին առայ:

Քարափի ծէրին կանչի,
Թոդ բըշնամին ամաչի·
Արեւի'դ մեռնեմ, եա'ր ջան,
Չինարի պէս կանանչի':

O My Love, My Plane-Tree!

Up the sun rose like a dart;
O my love, my plane-tree!
Envy brought us rage and smart.
Thou consolest me!
Death unto the foeman's son;
O my love, my plane-tree!
Evil filled his mind and heart.
Thou consolest me!

O my love, my plane-tree,
O my love, my plane-tree,
O my love, my plane-tree,
All praise is for thee.

Light the candle, light the light;
I have fled my brother's sight.
Father, mother I have left;
With my love I took my flight.

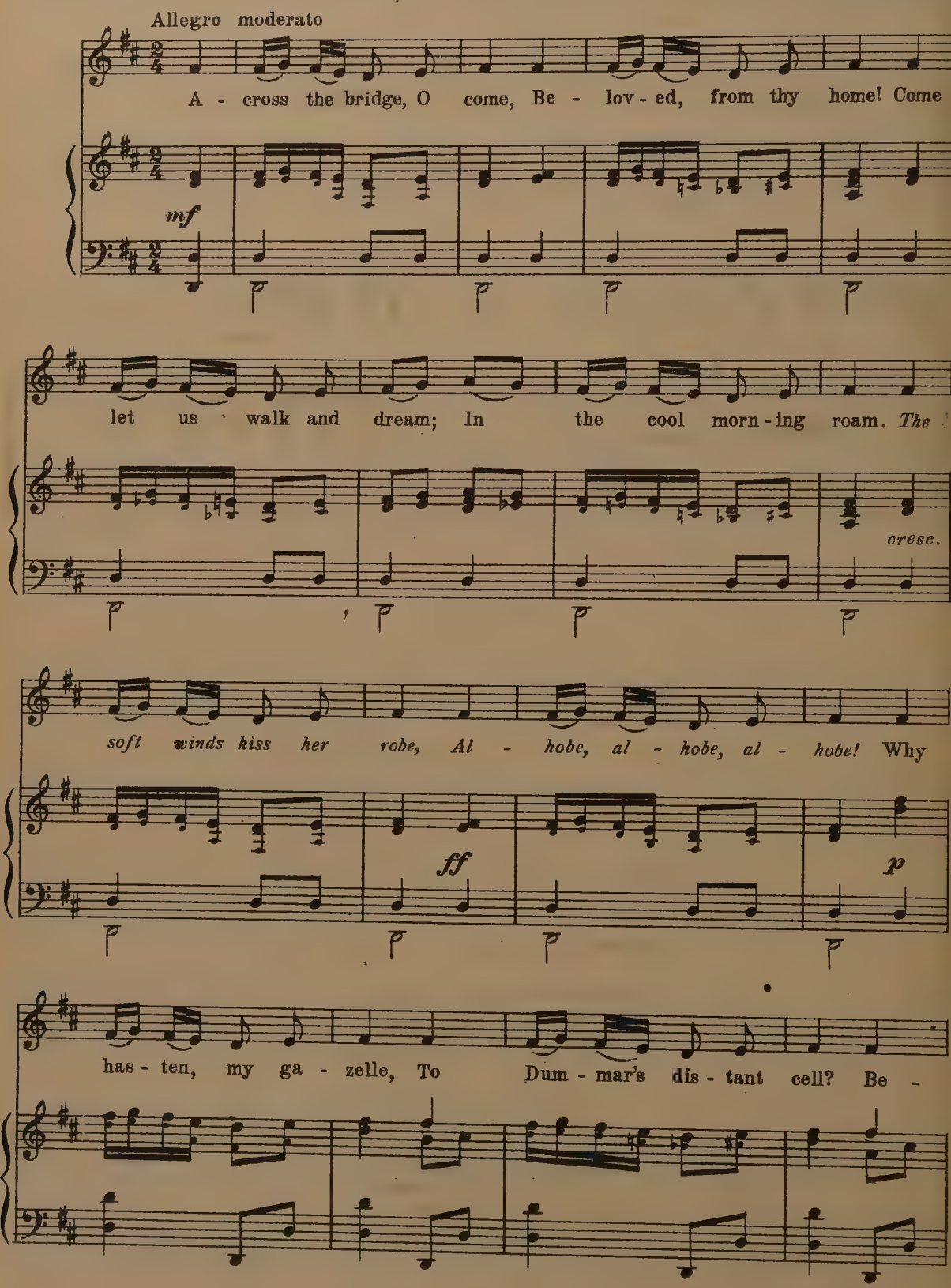
From the mountains call to me;
Shamefaced, let the rival flee;
Sweet love, for thy sun I'd die;
Green my plane-tree ever be!

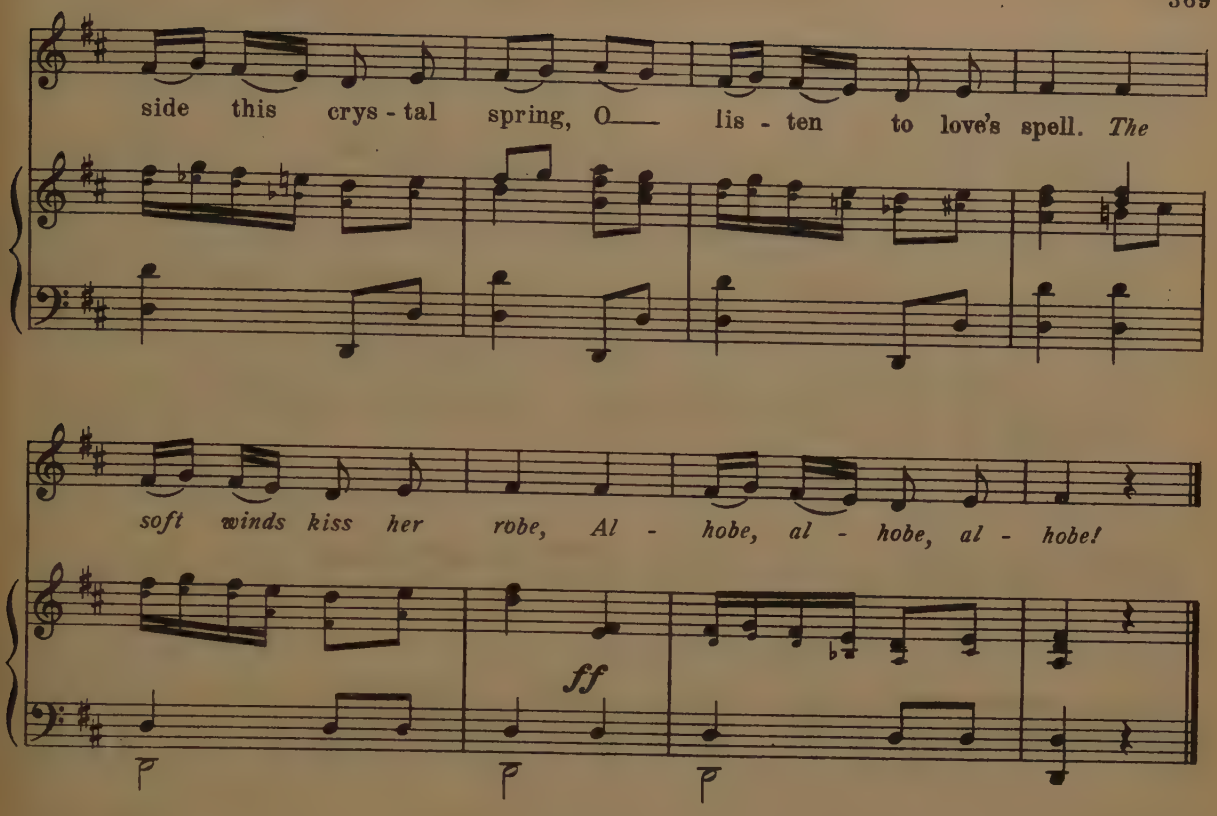
Translation by
ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN

ACROSS THE BRIDGE, O COME

Translation by
Ameen Rihani

Arranged by
Anis Fuliehan


Allegro moderato
A - cross the bridge, O come, Be - lov - ed, from thy home! Come
mf
let us walk and dream; In the cool morn - ing roam. The
cresc.
soft winds kiss her robe, Al - hobe, al - hobe, al - hobe! Why
ff
p
has - ten, my ga - zelle, To Dum - mar's dis - tant cell? Be -



الدبكه

١

يا رايحه على الجسري ويا جايي من الجسري
قم يا حبيبي تسري عـالبارد قبـل الثوب
هالهوب الهوب الهوب والهوا شق الثوب

٢

يـا رايحـه على دمر ويـا جـايي من دمر
قم يا حبيبي تخمر تحت ظـل الثوب
هالهوب الهوب الهوب والهوا شق الثوب

Across the Bridge, O Come

Across the bridge, O come,
Beloved, from thy home!
Come let us walk and dream;
In the cool morning roam.

The soft winds kiss her robe,
Al-hobe, al-hobe, al-hobe!

Why hasten, my gazelle,
To Dummar's* distant cell?
Beside this crystal spring,
O listen to love's spell.

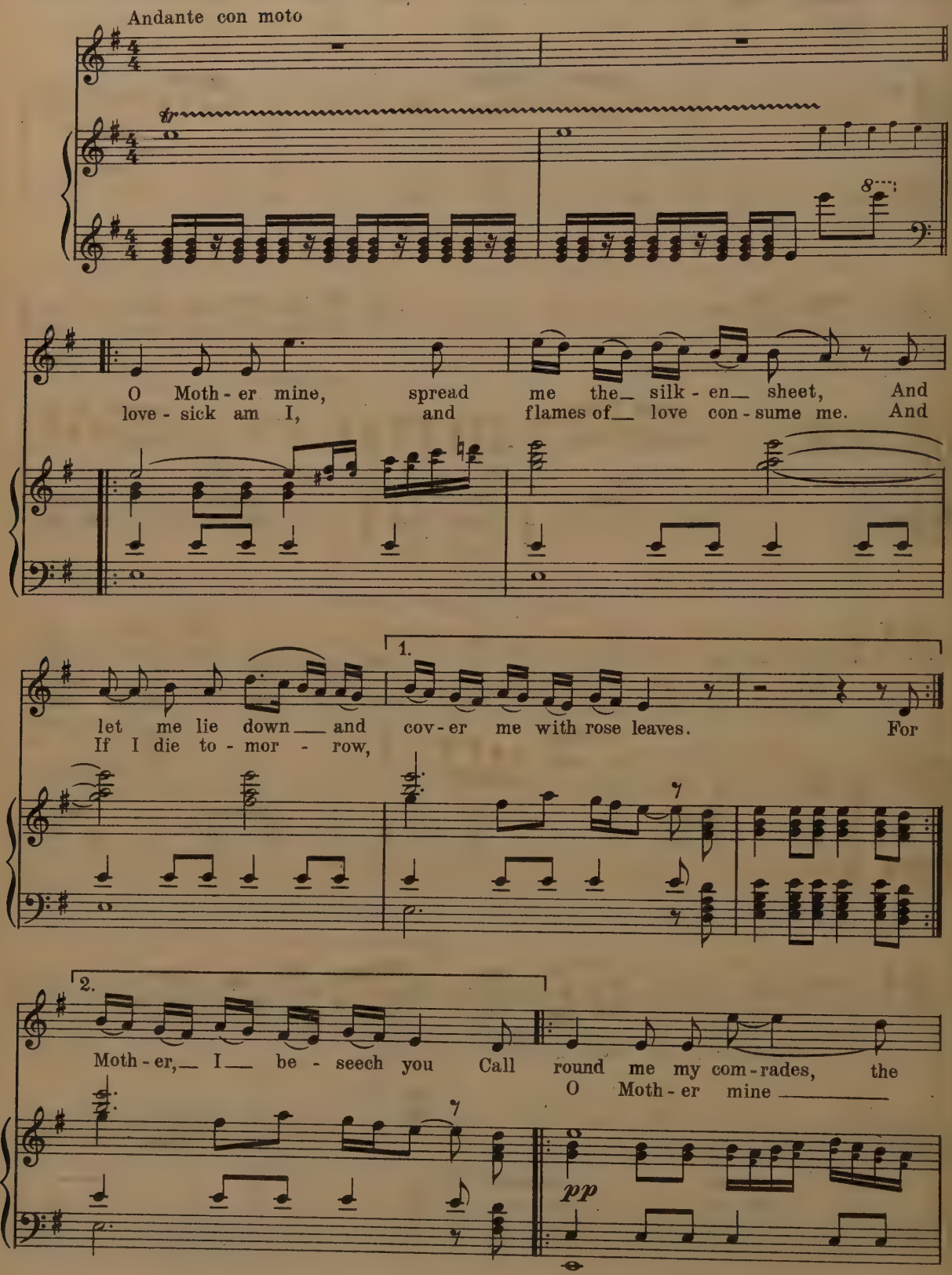
Translation by
AMEEN RIHANI

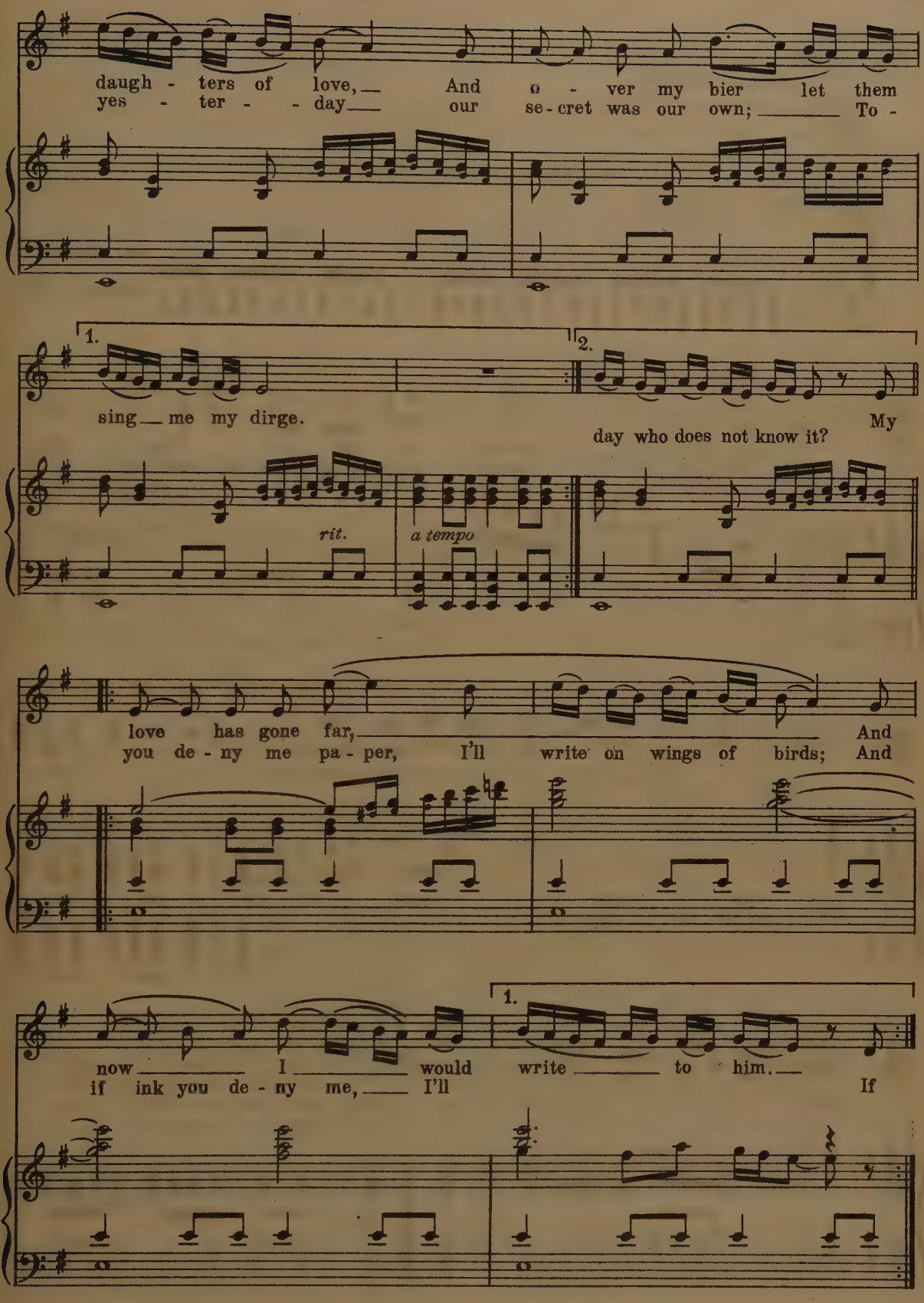
*Dummar—a Convent.

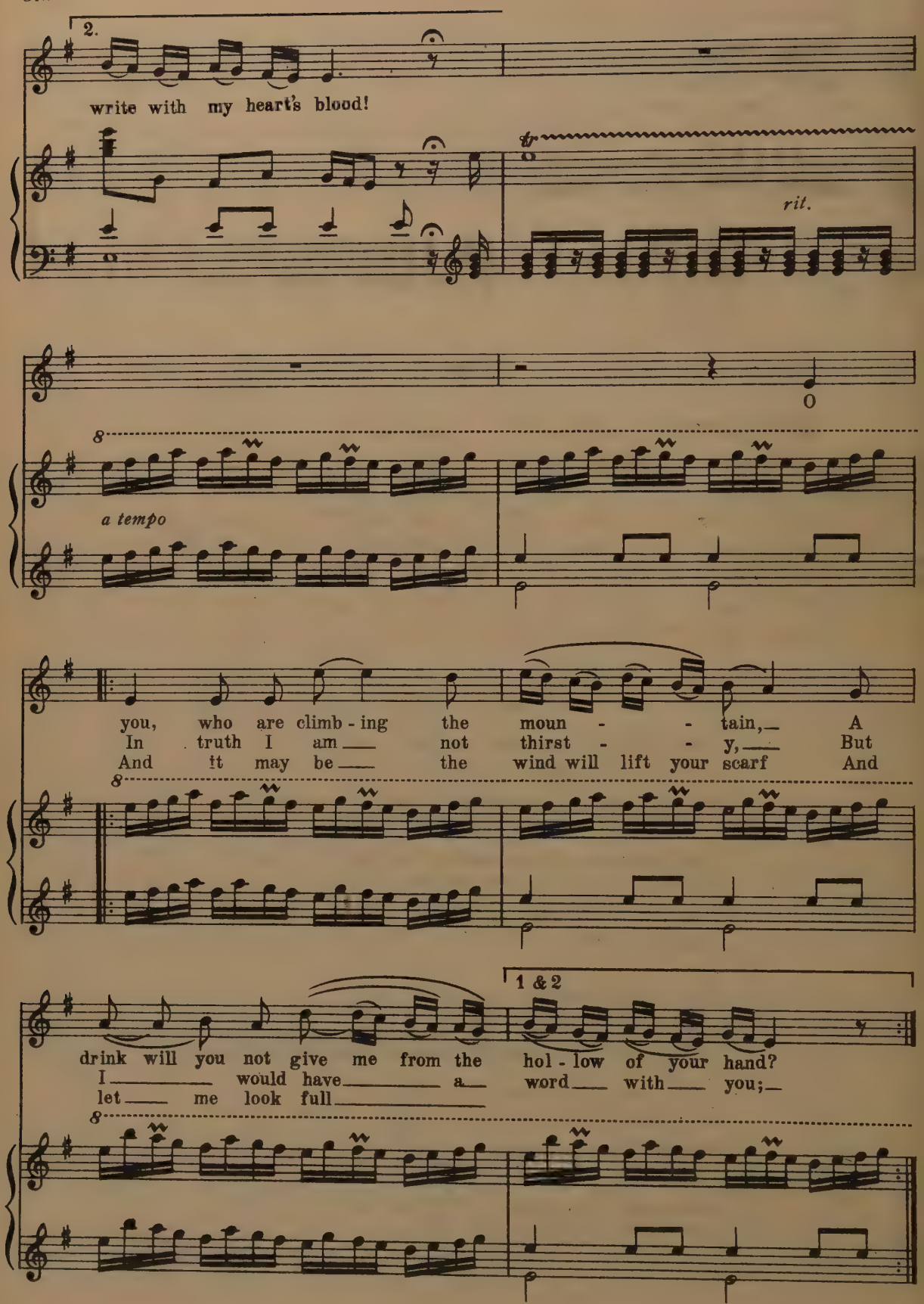
O MOTHER MINE

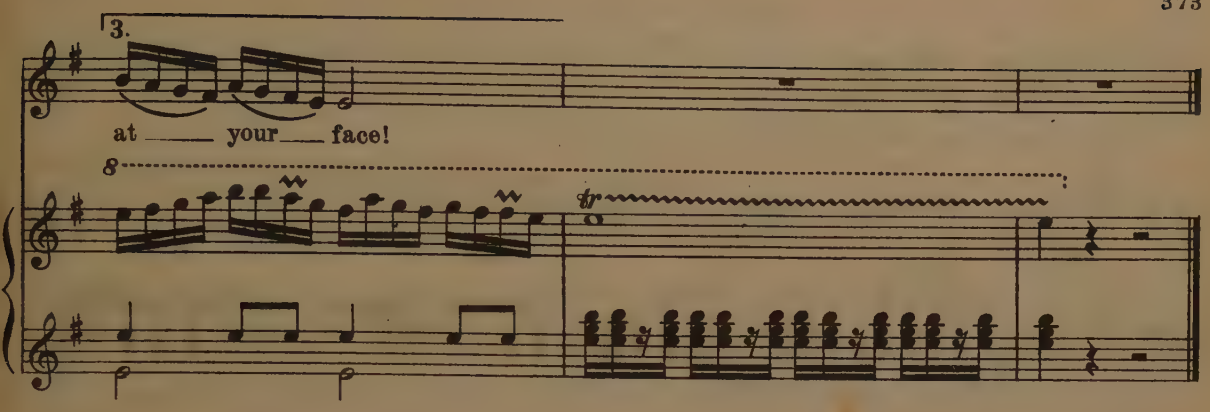
Translation by
Kahlil Gibran

Arranged by
Anis Fuliehan


Andante con moto
O Moth - er mine, spread me the_ silk - en_ sheet, And
love - sick am I, and flames of_ love con - sume me. And
1.
let me lie down_ and cov - er me with rose leaves. For
If I die to - mor - row,
2.
Moth - er,_ I_ be - seech you Call round me my com - rades, the
O Moth - er mine
pp


daugh - ters of love, And o - ver my bier let them
yes - ter - - day our se-cret was our own; To -
1.
2.
sing me my dirge.
My
day who does not know it?
rit.
a tempo
love has gone far, And
you de - ny me pa - per, I'll write on wings of birds; And
1.
now I would write to him.
if ink you de - ny me, I'll
If


2.
write with my heart's blood!
tr
rit.
a tempo
you, who are climb - ing the moun - - tain, A
In truth I am not thirst - - y, But
And it may be the wind will lift your scarf And
1 & 2
drink will you not give me from the hol - low of your hand?
I would have a word with you;
let me look full



موليا

١

يا امي افرشي لي الحرير بالورد غطيني انا قتيل الهوا ونـاره بتكويني
وان مت في حيكم بالله تنادوني وجيبوا بنات الهوى تندب حوالي

٢

يا امي حبيبي رحل ان شالله يعود بالخير والسر ما بيننا واليوم صار للغير
وان كان ما في ورق لاكتب عاجانح الطير وان كان ما في حبر من دم عيني

٣

يا طالعه عالجبل واسقيني براحاتك ماني بشان العطش قصدي محاكاتك
والله نسمة هوا وتميل لثماتك وبيان وجه لك وانظر بعيني

O Mother Mine

O Mother mine, spread me the silken sheet,
And let me lie down and cover me with rose leaves.

For love-sick am I, and flames of love consume me.
And if I die tomorrow, Mother, I beseech you

Call round me my comrades, the daughters of love,
And over my bier let them sing me my dirge.

O Mother mine, yesterday our secret was our own;
Today who does not know it?

My love has gone far,
And now I would write to him.

If you deny me paper, I'll write on wings of birds;
And if ink you deny me, I'll write with my heart's blood!

O you, who are climbing the mountain,
A drink will you not give me from the hollow of your hand?

In truth, I am not thirsty,
But I would have a word with you;

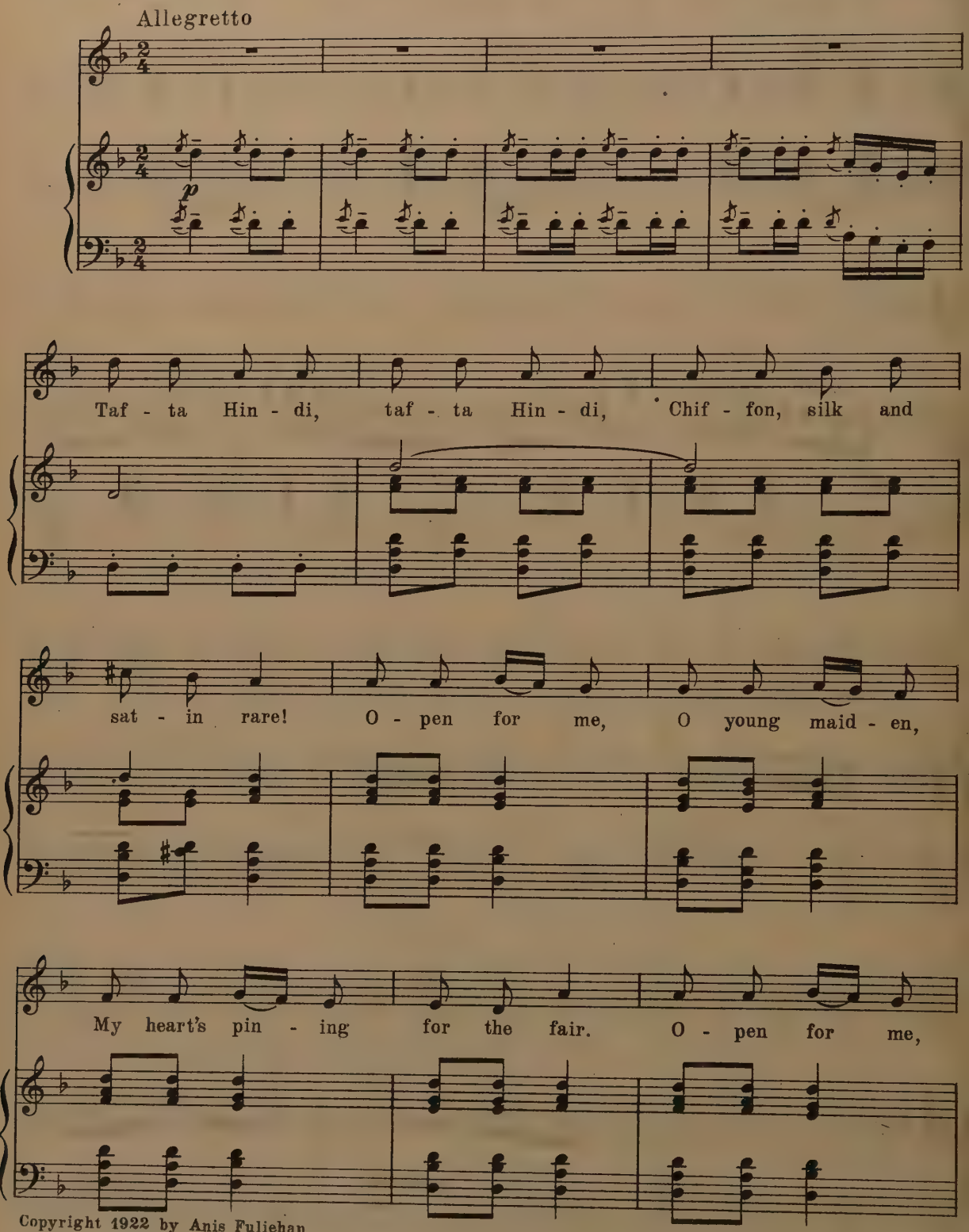
And it may be the wind will lift your scarf
And let me look full at your face!

Translation by
KAHLIL GIBRAN

INDIAN TAFFETA

Translation by
Ameen Rihani

Arranged by
Anis Fuliehan


Allegretto
p
Taf - ta Hin - di, taf - ta Hin - di, Chif - fon, silk and
sat - in rare! O - pen for me, O young maid - en,
My heart's pin - ing for the fair. O - pen for me,

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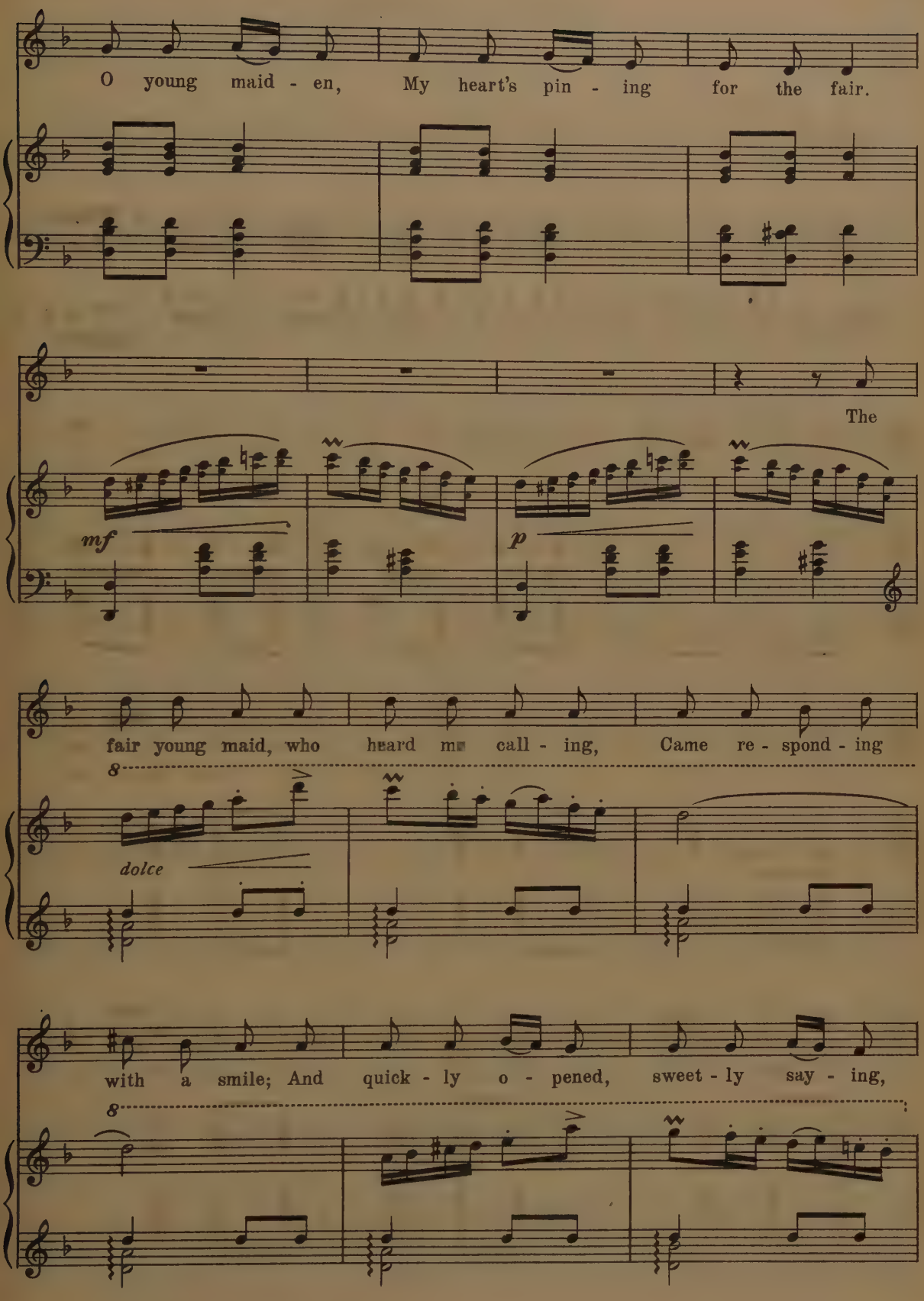
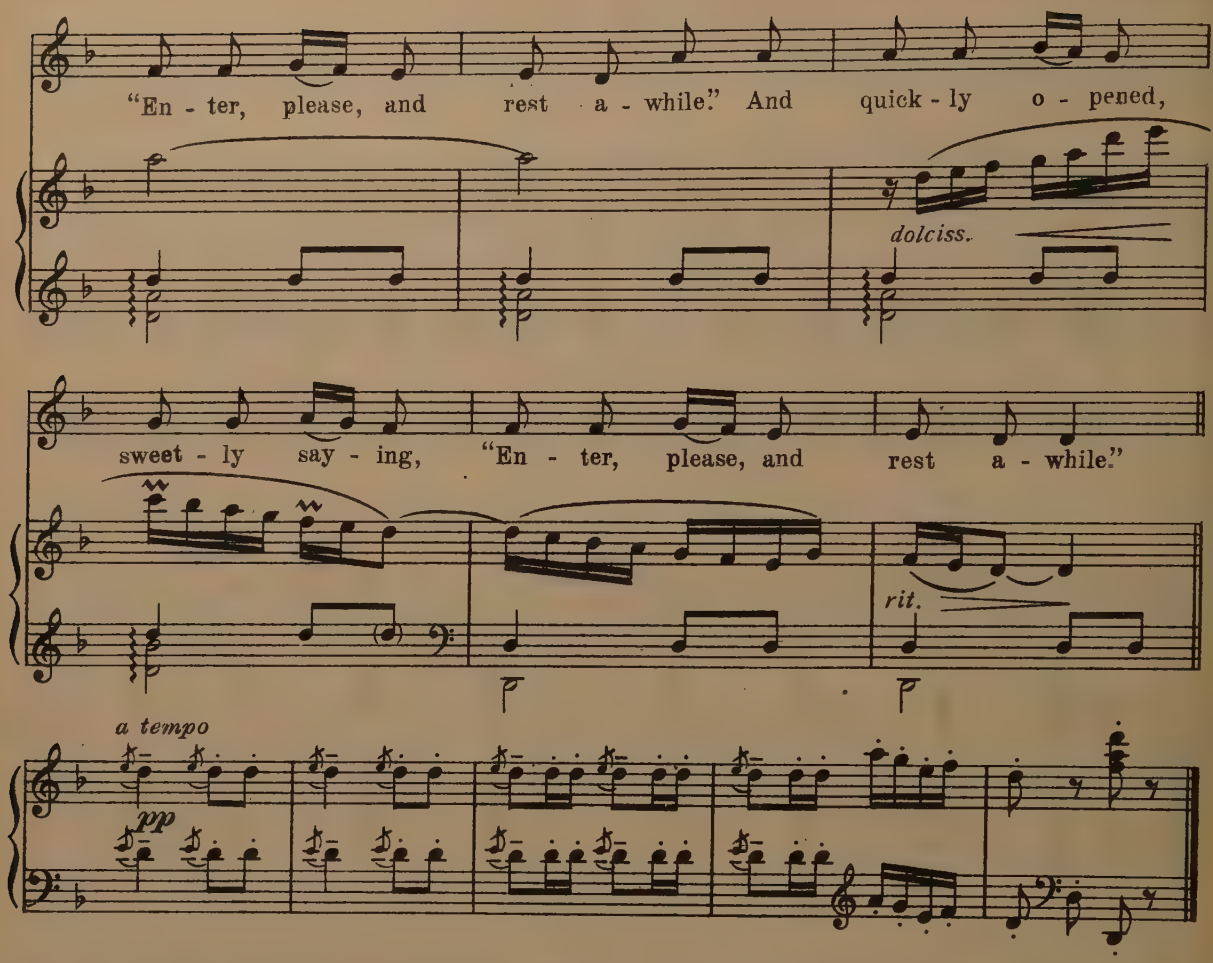

O young maid - en, My heart's pin - ing for the fair.
The
mf
p
fair young maid, who heard me call - ing, Came re - spond - ing
8
dolce
with a smile; And quick - ly o - pened, sweet - ly say - ing,
8



تفتا هندي

١

تفتا هندي تفتا هنـدي شاش حرير يـا بنات
افتحي لـي يـا صبيـه قلبـي مولع بـالبنـات

٢

الصبيه سمعتني وباسمه لي هي جـات
فتحت لي وقـالت لـي خش وبات خش وبات

Indian Taffeta

Tafta Hindi, tafta Hindi,
Chiffon, silk and satin rare!
Open for me, O young maiden,
My heart's pining for the fair.

The fair young maid, who heard me calling,
Came responding with a smile;
And quickly opened, sweetly saying,
"Enter, please, and rest awhile."

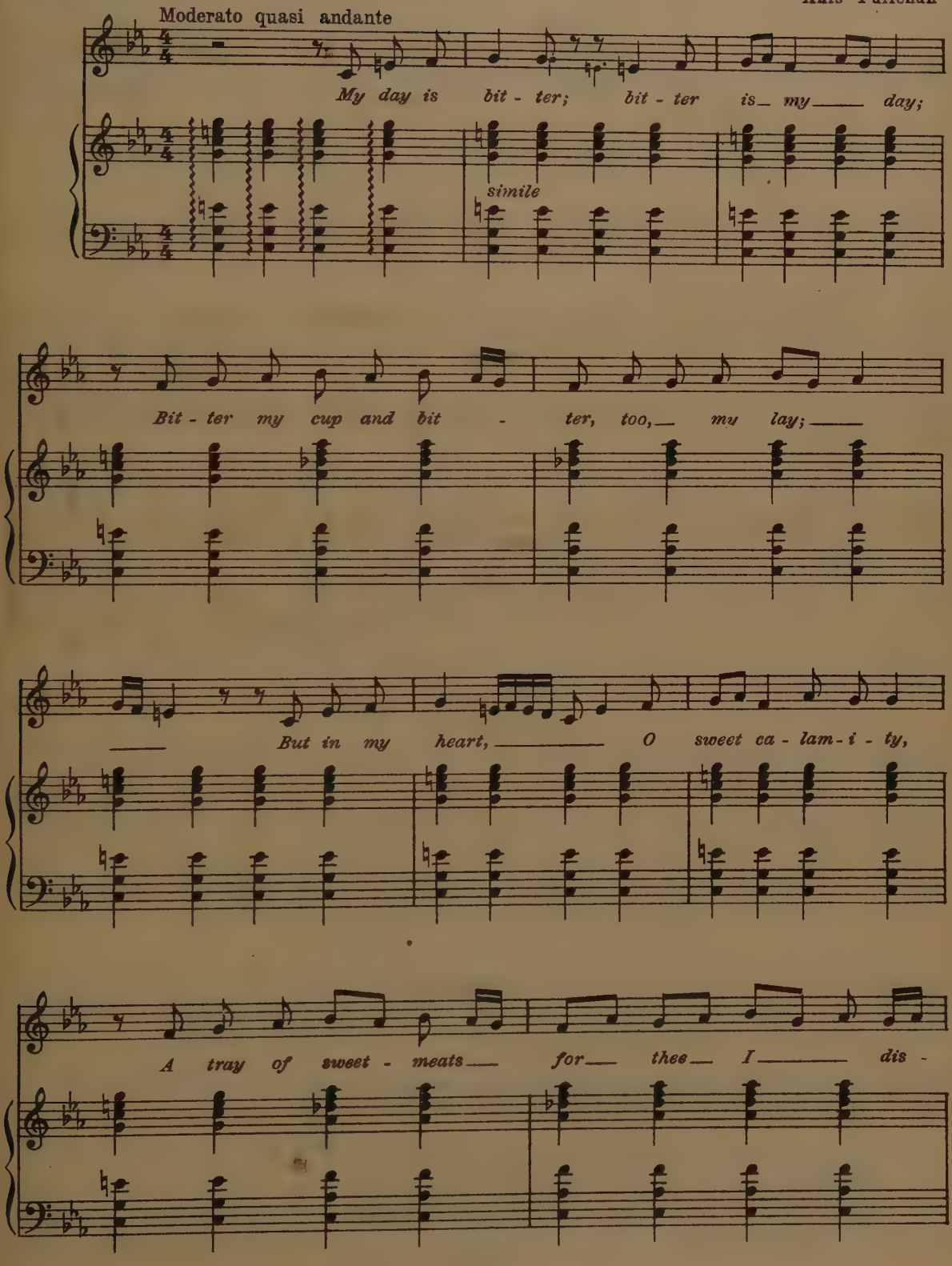
*Indian Taffeta.

Translation by
AMEEN RIHANI

MY DAY IS BITTER

Translation by
Ameen Rihani

Arranged by
Anis Fuleihan


Moderato quasi andante
My day is bit - ter; bit - ter is my day;
simile
Bit - ter my cup and bit - ter, too, my lay;
But in my heart, O sweet ca - lam - i - ty,
A tray of sweet - meats for thee I dis -

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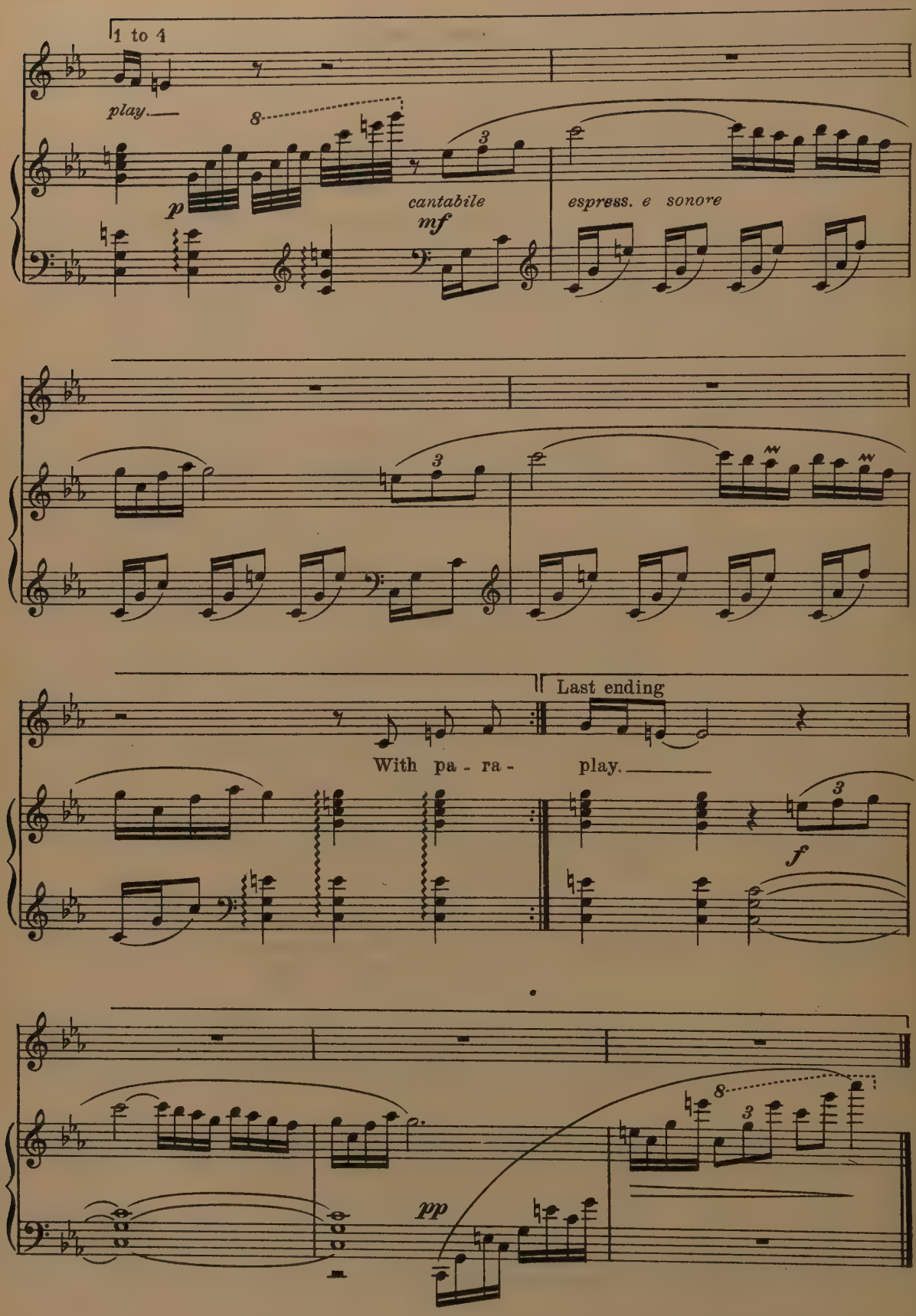

1 to 4
play.
8
p
cantabile
mf
espress. e sonore
3
Last ending
With pa - ra -
play.
f
pp

مرمر زماني

١

مرمر زمـاني وما سقاني مرمر قلبي تولع في هواك يـا اسمر
مرمر زماني يا زمـاني مرمر مرمرتني يا ابن الحرام تمرمر

٢

شوف الحليوه حامله الشمسيـه بيضا وظريفـه والعيون عسليه
دخلك يا امي ان ما اخذتي لي هي لاعمل عمايل مـا عملها عنتر

٣

يا رايحه للبستان خذيني معاك لاحملك السله وسير وايـاك
ان كان ابوك ماعطاني اياك لاعمل عمايل تنكتب بالدفتر

٤

راحت للصايغ قالتلو يا خـالي عندك اساور من ذهب الغالي
قال لها الصايغ يا حلوه تعالي ايش ما طلبت من الدكان بيحضر

٥

قسيس يا قسيس لا تحاكيها هذي البنيه والجهل عاميهـا
وان كان ياقسيس ما بتصليها لادعي علي* قلوستـك تتكسر

My Day Is Bitter

**My day is bitter; bitter is my day;*
Bitter my cup and bitter, too, my lay;
But in my heart, O sweet calamity,
A tray of sweetmeats for thee I display.

With parasol in hand, behold her passing,
Her brow, the dawn; her cheek, the rose, surpassing.
O mother, if I win her not, amassing
The gifts of love, e'en Antar I'll surprise.

O thou who goest early to the garden,
Thy heart to love's appeal, O do not harden!
A word, a smile, a glance, a moment, pardon
The victim of the arrows of thine eyes.

O take me with thee, fair one; Allah guide thee!
Thy basket I will bear and walk beside thee;
And if thy father will not let me bride thee,
I'll startle e'en the foolish and the wise.

She sought the jeweler's shop her gold to squander,
"I want a ring that will make mortals wonder."
The jeweler said, "My heart is thine to plunder
And thine the jewels too, that I most prize."

O monk, be thou indulgent; do not blame her;
She's young and fair, and love has come to tame her.
O monk, if thou'lt not marry and proclaim her
My bride, I'll tear thy cowl and priestly guise.

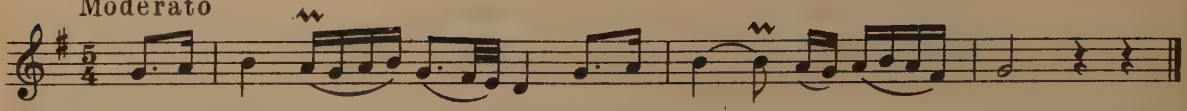
Translation by
AMEEN RIHANI

* This stanza is repeated after each of the succeeding stanzas.

I WANDERED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Translation by
Kahlil Gibran

Moderato



This melody should be sung freely, adapting the note values to the demands of the verse, in the manner of a chant.

سأل دمعي

١

واطلعت راس الجبل فتش على طيري والقيت طيري يـا امي في قفص غيـري
خشخشت لو بالذهب قـلت لو يـا طيري قـال لي زمـانك مضى فتش على غيري

٢

قالوا حبيبـك سخن والفـد راح يموت وانزلت سوق الخشب وصي عـلى تـابوت
وسكره من ذهب ومفتـاحها يـاقوت واستعجبت المملكـه شخصين في تـابوت

٣

لابس قميص الشعر اسود على حله بيشوك الجسم لا يرحم ابو الحله
لا روح لريس ديرو وبحكيلو وبقله شوفه من الحبيب بتسوى ديركم كله

٤

من هو الذي ما عشق من هو الذي ما حب من هو الذي ما مشى في وسط قلبه الرب
شوفوا رمان البساتين متلان حب حتى نجوم السما من بعضها بتنحب

٥

يا قلب حاجي بكي يا قلب وسليهم هم سلوك يا قلب وروح وسليهم
وان كن يا قلب عندك قصد تسليهم لاشلعك من صديري كرامة بعينيهم

٦

يا اسمر السمر يا ما عيروني فيك وكلما عيروني زاد غرامي فيك
انت الورد عالطبق وانا الندى بسقيك وانت قميص الملس وانا الهوى برميك
وانت الثريا وانا الميزان سايق فيك وانت القمر بالسما وانا النجوم برعيك

I Wandered Among the Mountains

I wandered among the mountains searching for my lark,
And I found him, but alas! in another maiden's cage.
With the tinkling of gold I sought to allure him into my cage;
But he sang and said, "Go your way. Your day is forever by!"

They said to me, "Your love is ill and wasted, and tomorrow he will die."
Then to a carpenter I went and ordered a coffin
Whose lock is of gold, and whose key of a ruby carved;
And tomorrow, how astonished the kingdom will be
When they behold two youths in but a single coffin!

My love now wears a black shirt woven of hair,
Like thorns it wounds his skin.
Luckless may the weaver be;
And restless, the dyer!
Some day I shall seek the head of that monastery
And plead for my love;
Then I shall tell him that one glimpse of love
Is holier than all monasteries.

Who among you has not loved?
In what heart does God not walk?
See how close are the pomegranate seeds;
And behold the stars how near and loving!

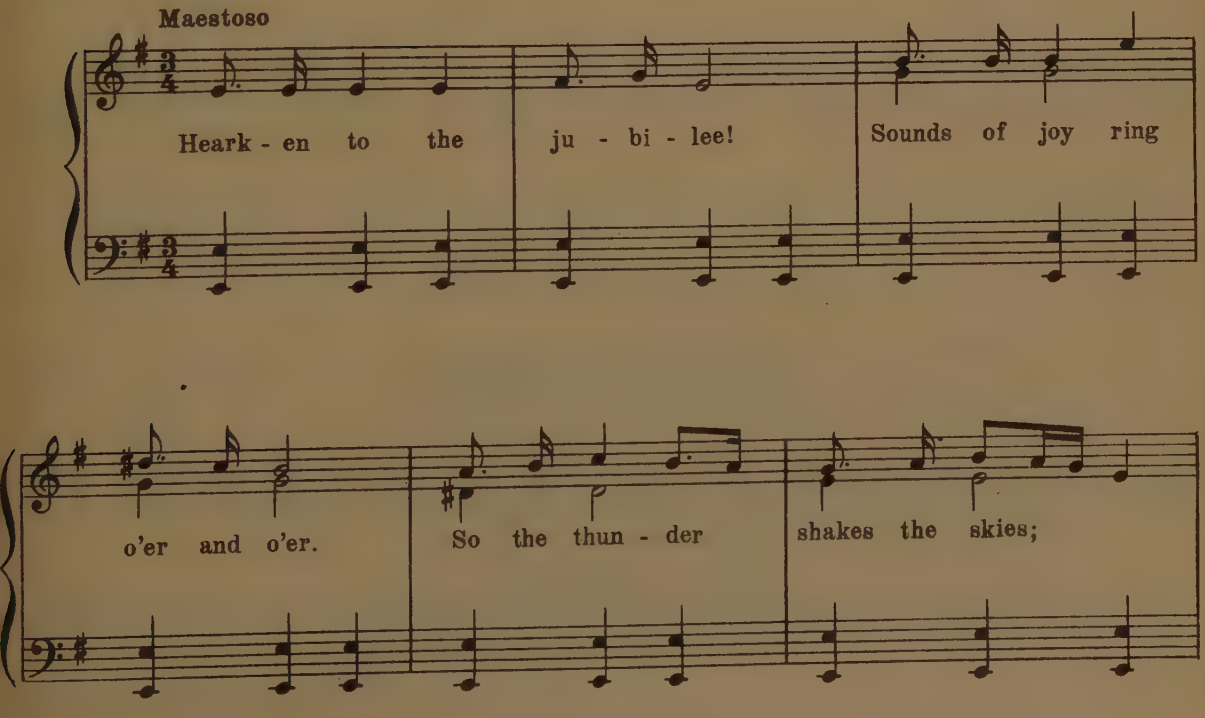
Be quiet, my heart, and weep no more.
He has forgotten you;
Forget him too. But should you forget him,
Then will I tear you out of my bosom!

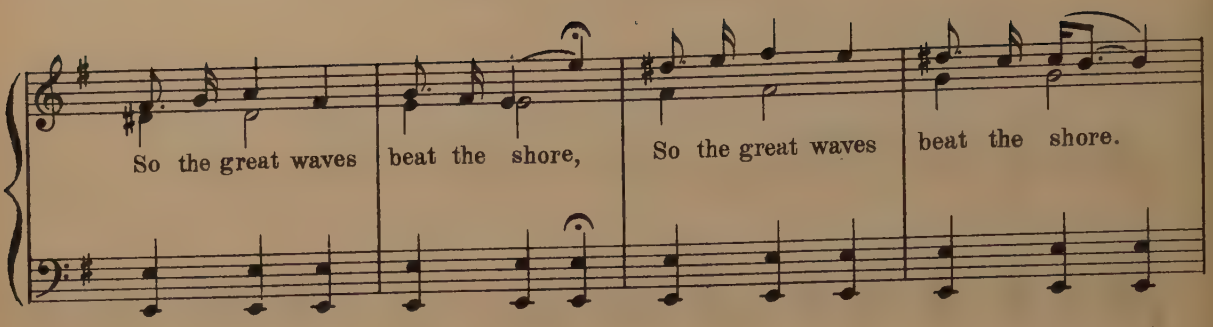
O dark one, how often have I been blamed for your sake;
And each time I am blamed, my love grows stronger.
You are the rose, and I, the dew that refreshes you;
You are the silken garments and I, the wind that moves you;
You are the Pleiades, and I, Orion, following you;
You are the moon, and I, the stars that watch over you.

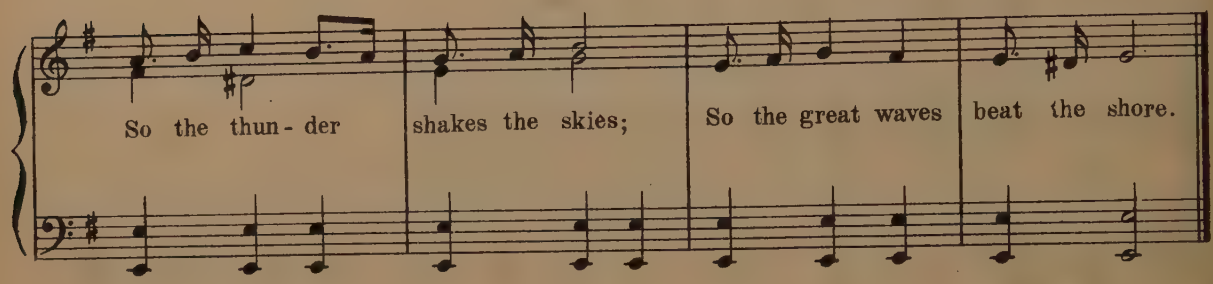
Translation by
KAHLIL GIBRAN

HEARKEN TO THE JUBILEE

English version by
Alice Stone Blackwell







الترنيمة الثلاث المئة والرابعة عشرة

١

صوت يوبيل اسمعوا انه صوت السرور
كرعود الجو او لجج فوق الصخور

٢

هللويا ربنا ذو اقتدار سيسود
ليرن الصوت في كل اقطار الوجود

٣

هليلويا فاسمعوا بلغ الصوت العلى
صوت الحان السما للاراضي قد ملا

Hearken to the Jubilee

Hearken to the jubilee!
Sounds of joy ring o'er and o'er.
So the thunder shakes the skies;
So the great waves beat the shore.

Hallelujah! God is great!
Strong is He, and He shall reign.
Let the sound ring o'er the earth,
Over mountain, sea and plain!

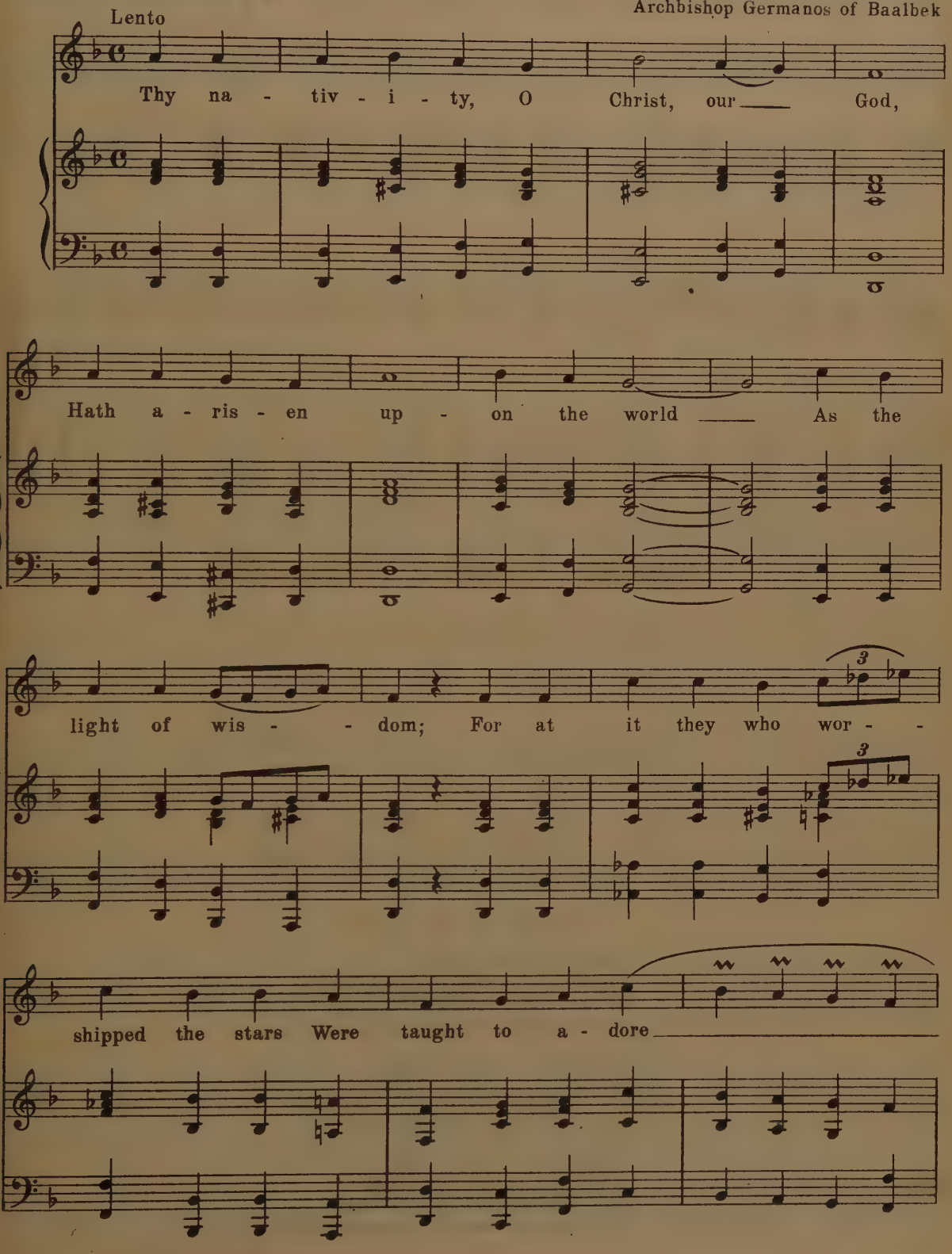
Hallelujah! List, the song
Thrills the highest ether blue!
Now the heavenly music's voice
Fills the whole world, through and through!

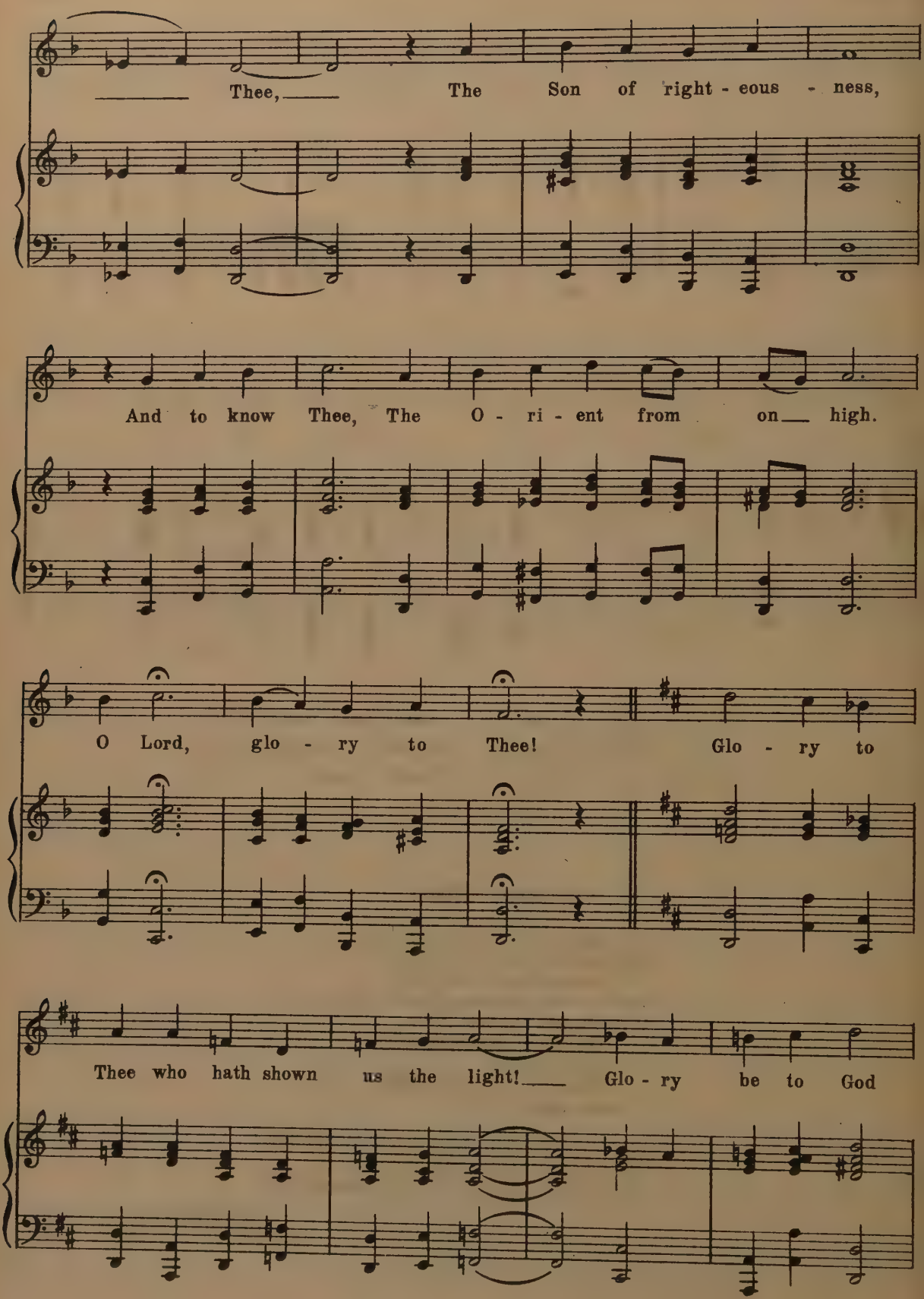
English version by
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

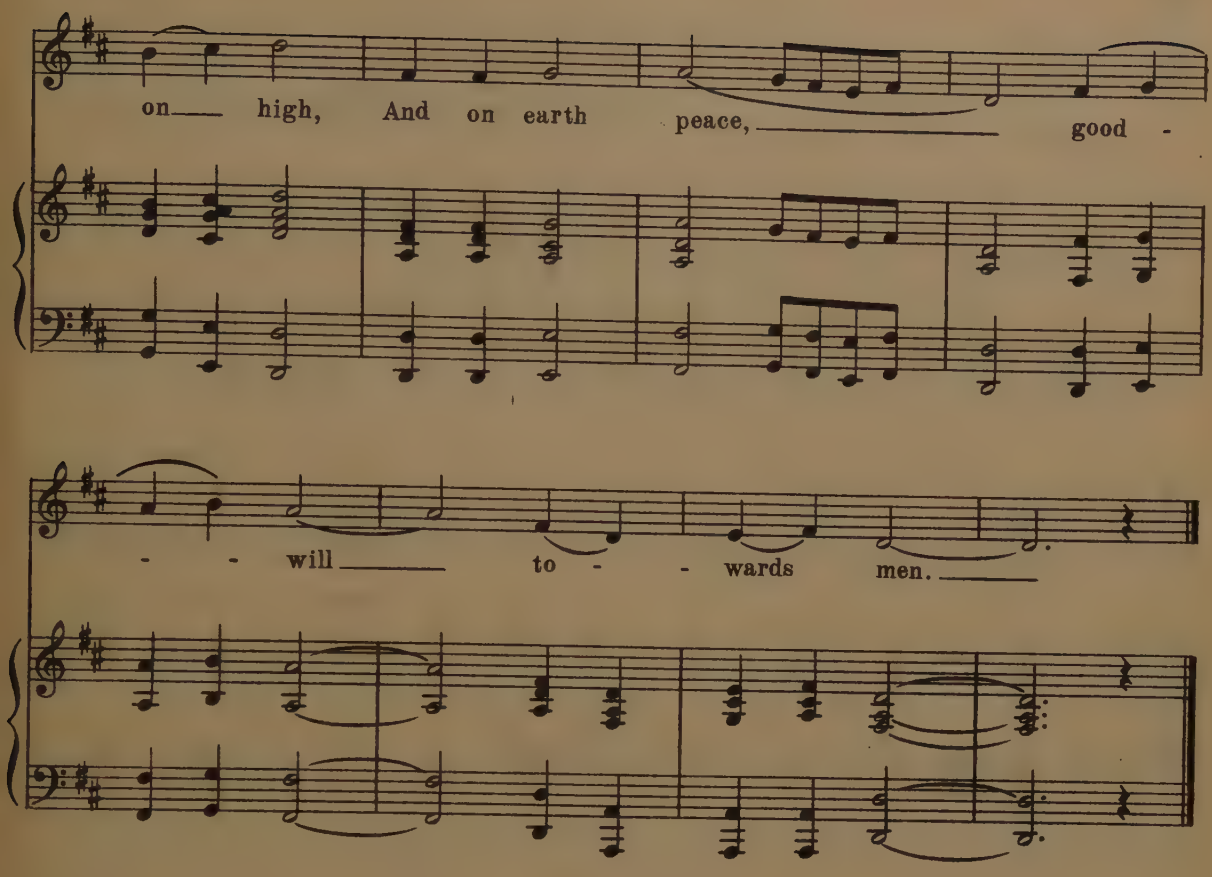
CHRISTMAS CHANT

Translation by
Archbishop Germanos

From the Byzantine Orthodox Church service, as sung by His Grace, Archbishop Germanos of Baalbek


Lento
Thy na - tiv - i - ty, O Christ, our God,
Hath a - ris - en up - on the world As the
light of wis - dom; For at it they who wor -
shipped the stars Were taught to a - dore


Thee, The Son of right - eous - ness,
And to know Thee, The O - ri - ent from on high.
O Lord, glo - ry to Thee! Glo - ry to
Thee who hath shown us the light! Glo - ry be to God



ميلادك ايها المسيح الهنا قد اطلع نور المعرفة للعالم
لان الساجدين للكواكب به تعلموا من الكواكب السجود
لك يا شمس العدل وان يعرفوك انك من مشارق العلو
انت يارب المجد

Christmas Chant

Thy nativity, O Christ, our God,
Hath arisen upon the world
As the light of wisdom;
For at it they who worshipped the stars
Were taught to adore Thee,
The Son of righteousness,
And to know Thee,
The Orient from on high.
O Lord, glory to Thee!

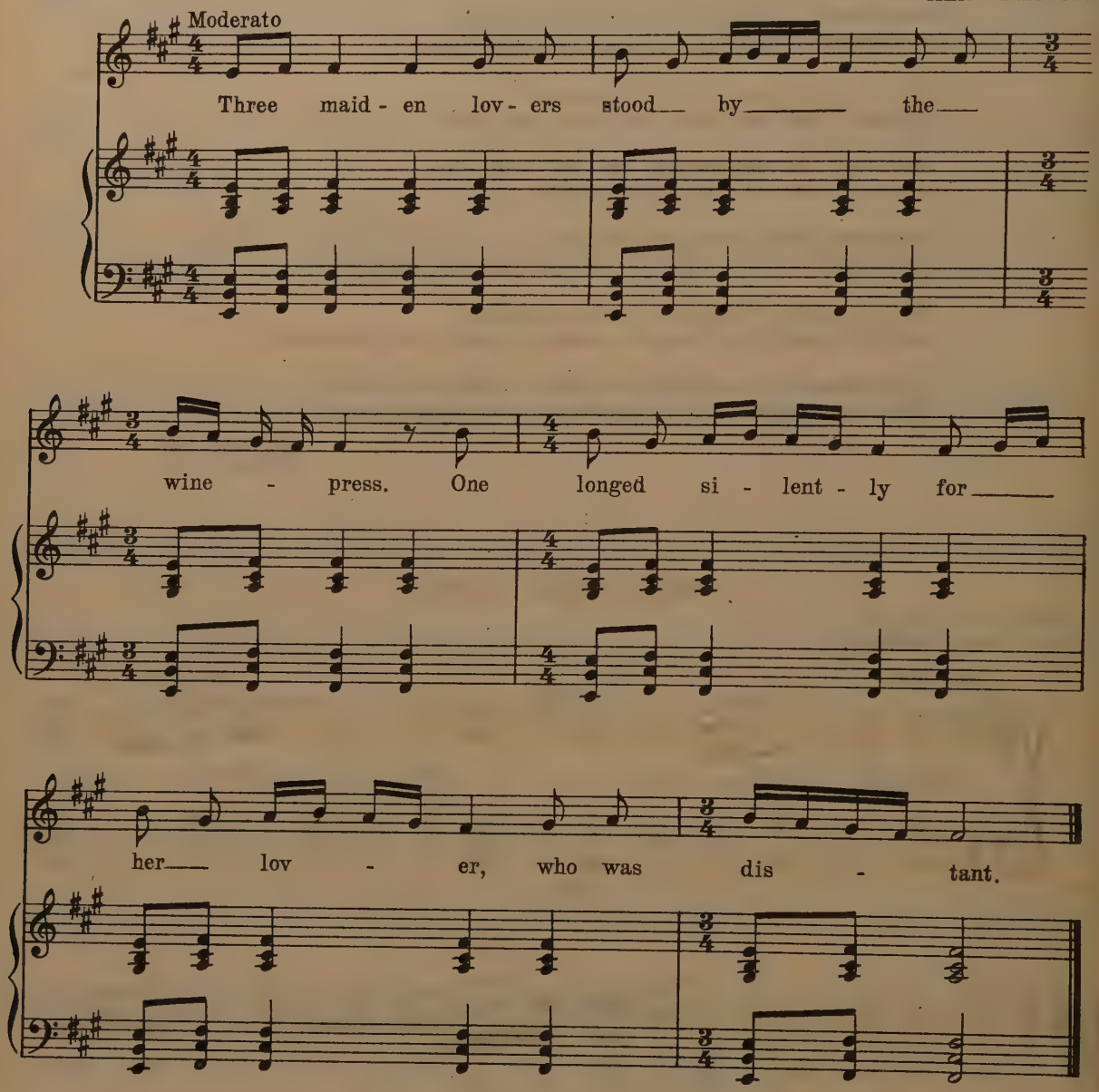
Glory to Thee who hath shown us the light!
Glory be to God on high,
And on earth peace, good-will towards men.

Translation by
ARCHBISHOP GERMANOS

THREE MAIDEN LOVERS

Translation by
Kahlil Gibran

Arranged by
Anis Fuliehan



ميجانا

١

شفت ثلاث بنات حول المعصره والاولي على فراق حبها محسره
والثانية بتقول الدعوي ميسره والثـالثـة بتقـول لربي انـا

٢

شفلت الرفيقة بالمسا تقطف ذرى والهوا بيشعرها بيتبخترا
معتر ومسكين يا لمالك مرا نبيذك الحصرم وخبزك زيوانا

٣

حملت الإرطل وراحت عالسليق برمت الضيعة وما لقيت رفيق
رميت الارطل وقالت للحريق ولهبتك بخور تلحق ربنا

Three Maiden Lovers

Three maiden lovers stood by the wine-press.
One longed silently for her lover, who was distant

The second one said, "All will be well."
"Ah well," said the third, "but is not love God?"

Yester-eve she was reaping with me in the corn,
And in her hair the wind played gaily.

O ye poor, pitiful, mate-less things!
Your bread is but thistles and sour grapes, your wine!

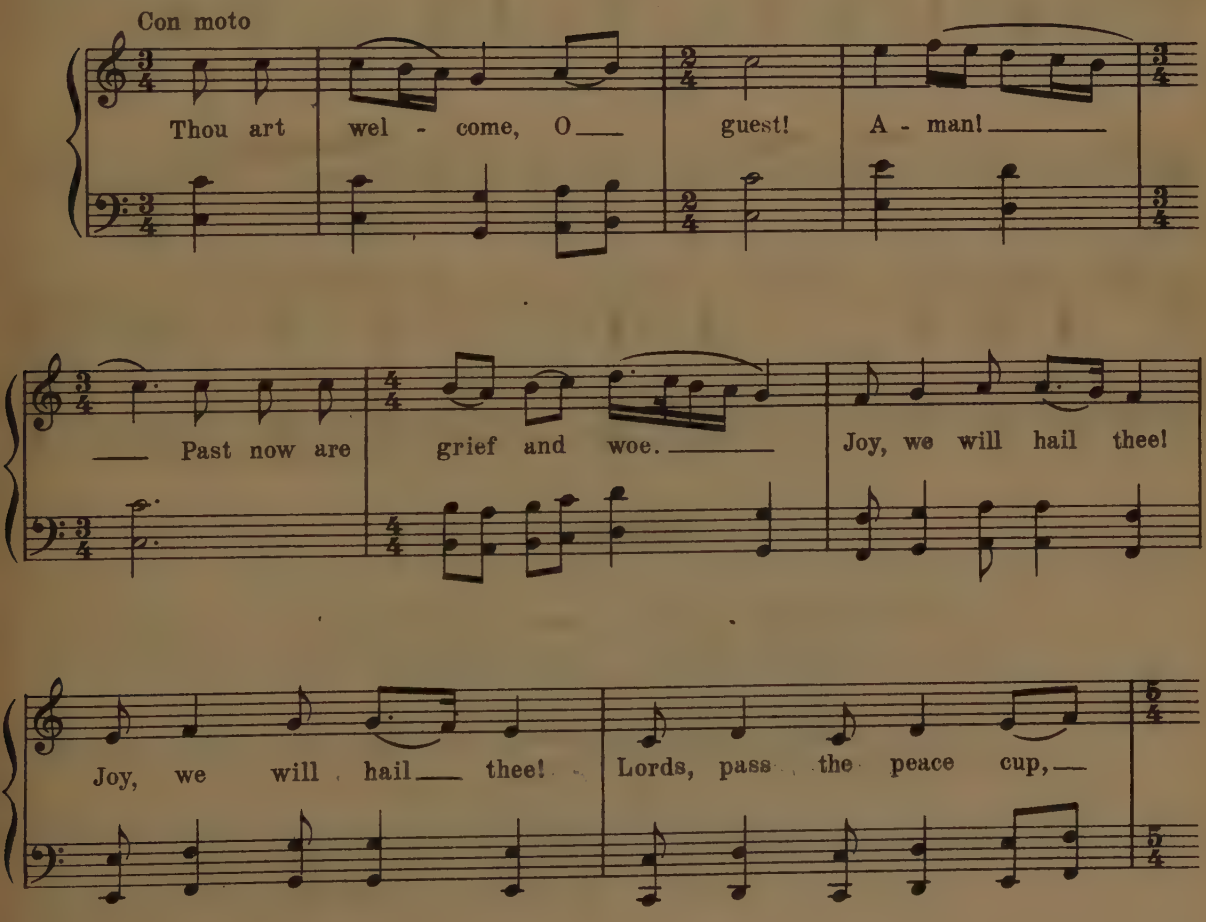
My love took her basket to gather the herbs,
And all through the village she sought her mate for a companion;

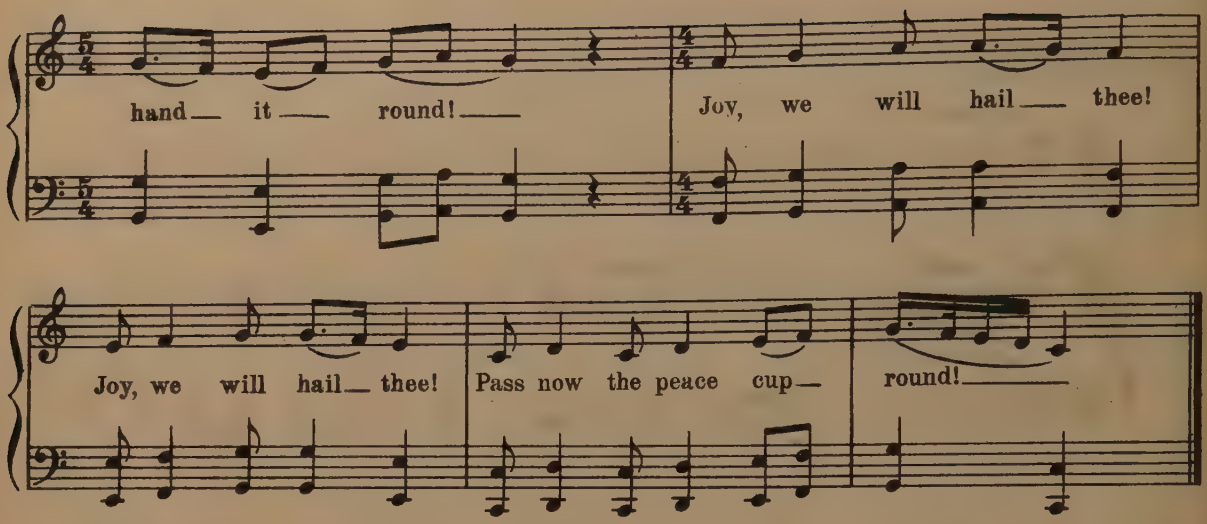
And finding him not, she threw down her basket and said,
"Burn thou up, and let thy flames rise, a sacrifice to God!"

Translation by
KAHLIL GIBRAN

WELCOME SONG

English version by
Alice Stone Blackwell


Con moto
Thou art wel - come, O guest! A - man!
Past now are grief and woe. Joy, we will hail thee!
Joy, we will hail thee! Lords, pass the peace cup,



اهلا بمن قد زار

١

اهلا بمن قد زار والويل عنا صار
فالتعس يرحل و السعدا قبل كاس الصفا قد دار
يا اسياد

٢

هيا بنا يا صاح نشدو بذي الافراح
في كل يوم شكرا لقوم منهم بدا الاصلاح
يا اسياد

٤

بعودكم قد عاد يا ايها الاسياد
عاد السرور تم الجبور وحلت الاسعاد
يا اسياد

Welcome Song

Thou art welcome, O guest! Aman!
Past now are grief and woe.
Joy, we will hail thee! Joy, we will hail thee!
Lords, pass the peace cup, hand it round!
Joy, we will hail thee! Joy, we will hail thee!
Pass now the peace cup round!

Come now, comrades, O come! Aman!
Let us all sing these joys!
Thanks to the people! Daily we'll thank them!
Through them came freedom; theirs, the praise!
Thanks to the people! Daily we'll thank them!
Through them came freedom sweet!

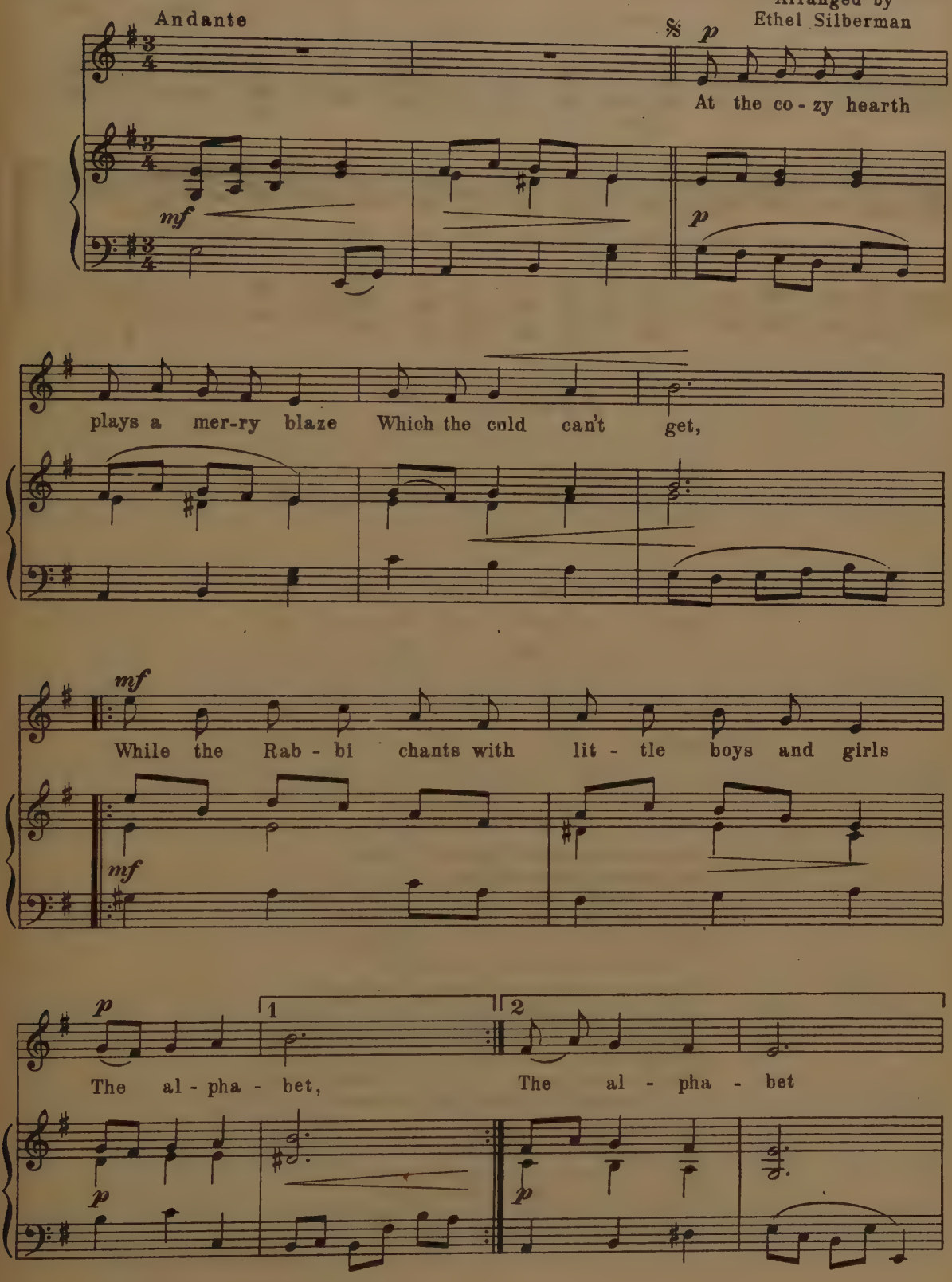
Your returning, O guests! Aman!
Has brought back happiness!
Joy now is with us; joy now is with us;
Hail to good fortune, hail all hail!
Joy now is with us; joy now is with us;
Hail to good fortune, hail!

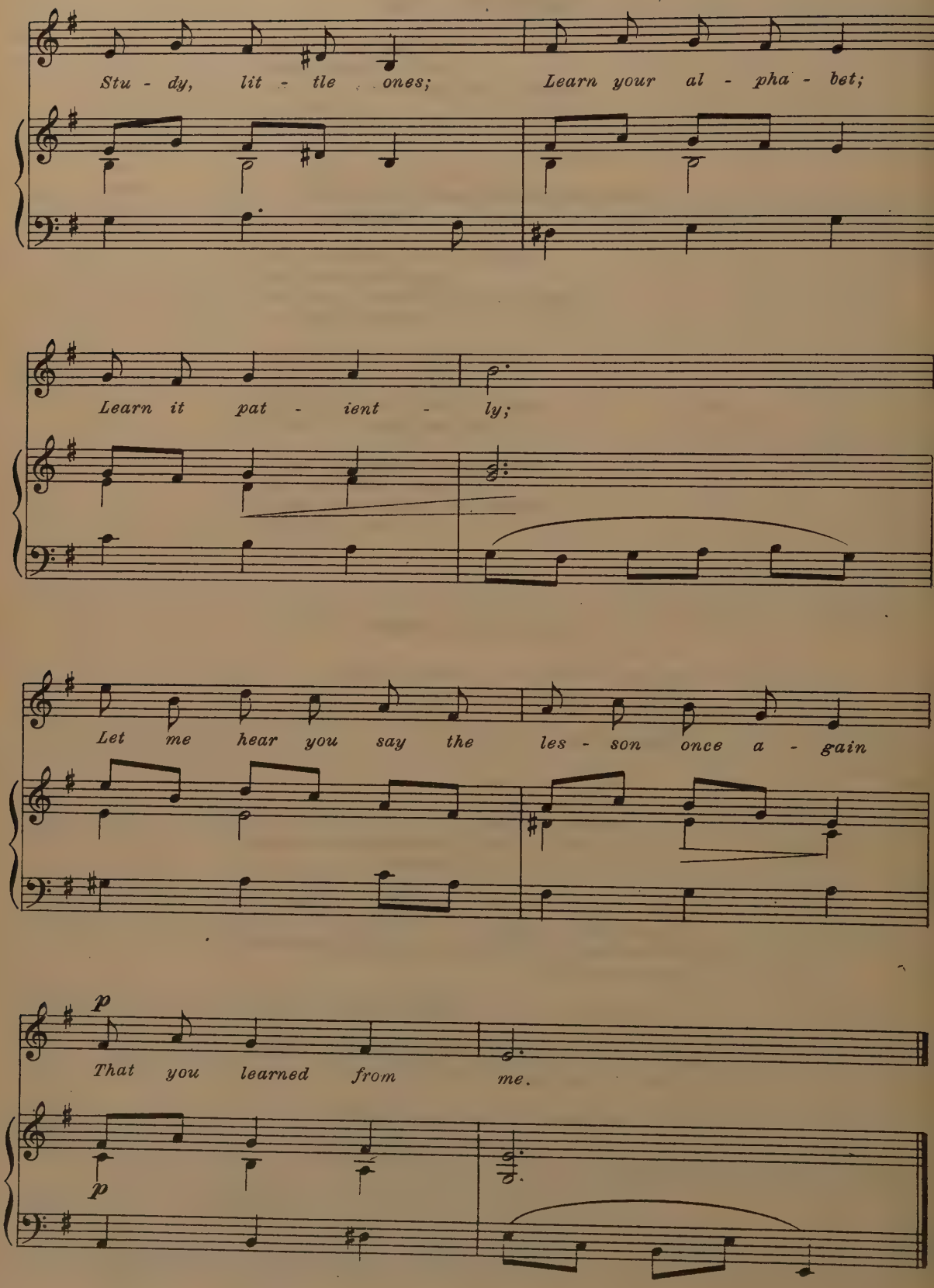
English version by
ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

AT THE COZY HEARTH

Translation by
Elias Lieberman

Air by M. Warshavsky
Arranged by
Ethel Silberman




Stu - dy, lit - tle ones; Learn your al - pha - bet;
Learn it pat - ient - ly;
Let me hear you say the les - son once a - gain
p
That you learned from me.
p

אויפֿן פֿריפּעטשאָק

אויפֿן פֿריפּעטשאָק ברענט א פֿייערל
און אין שטוב איז היים
און דער רבי לעהרענט קלייניע קינדערלעך
דעם אלף בית.

זעהט־זשע קינדערלעך, נעדענקט־זשע טייערע,
ווען איהר לעהרענט דאָ,
זאָגט־זשע נאָך אמאָל און טאָקע נאָך אמאָל
קמץ אלף אָ.

לעהרענט קינדער מיט נרויס חשק—
אזוי זאָג איך אייך אָן.
ווער ס'וועט ניכער פֿון אייך קענען עברי
דער בעקומט א פּאָהן.

לעהרענט קינדער, האָט ניט מורא,
יעדער אָנהויב איז שווער,
נליקליך דער ווען האָט נעלעהרענט תורה,
צו דאַרף דער מענש נאָך מעהר?

אז איהר וועט קינדער עלטער ווערען
וועט איהר אליין פֿערשטעהן,
וויפֿיעל אין די אותיות לינען טרערען
און וויפֿיעל נעווייַן.

At The Cozy Hearth

At the cozy hearth plays a merry blaze
Which the cold can't get;
While the Rabbi chants with little boys and girls
The alphabet.

Study, little ones;
Learn your alphabet;
Learn it patiently;
Let me hear you say the lesson once again
That you learned from me.

Con your lesson well, boys and girls of mine,
Do not shirk or lag;
He who learns to read his Hebrew Prayer Book
Gets a little flag.

Con your lessons well, though the start be hard;
This is sacred lore.
Blest is he who knows the Holy Book of God;
Need a Jew know more?

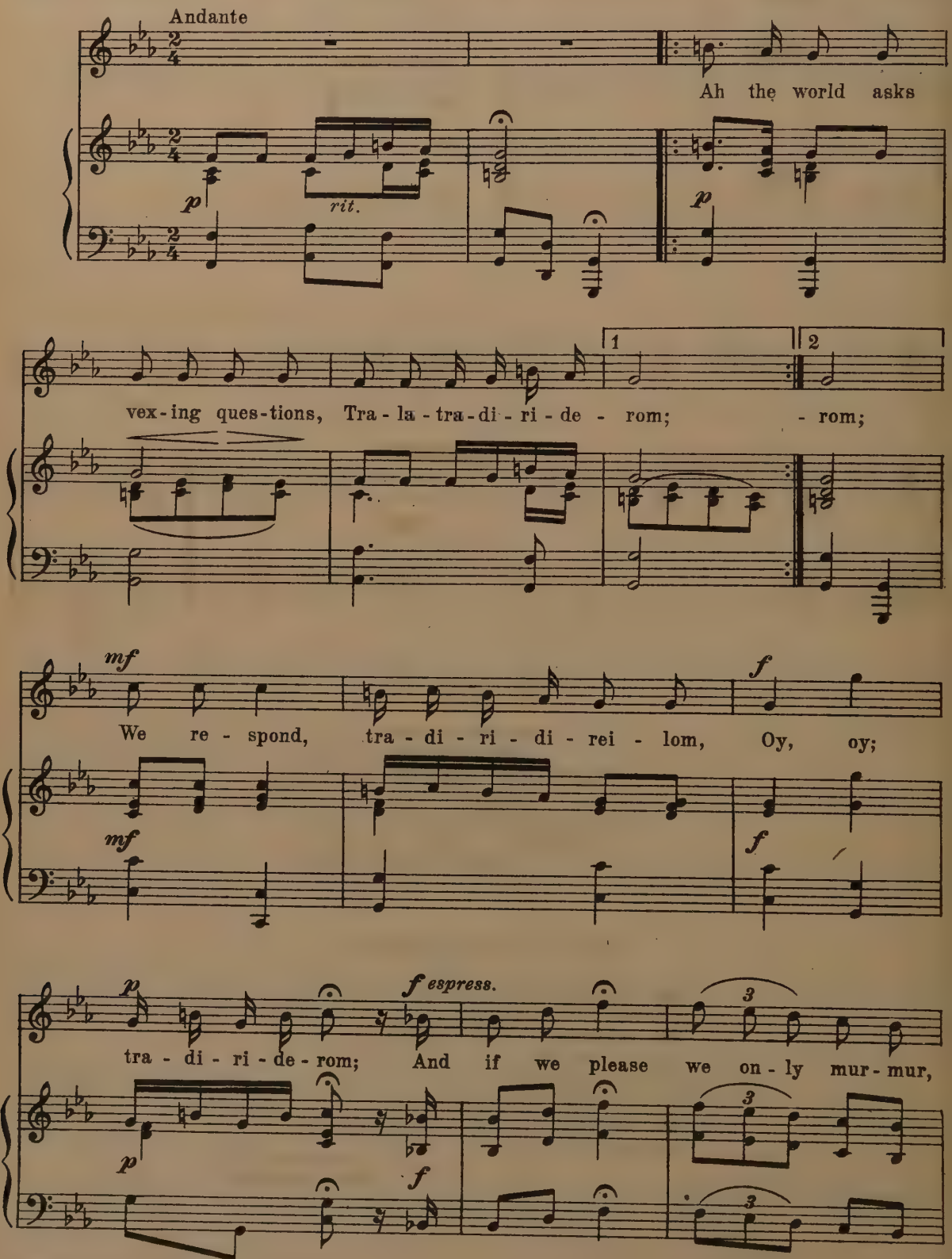
As you older grow, little boys and girls,
You will learn full well
All the tears they cost and all the woe they brought
Patient Israel.

Translation by
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

THE OLD, OLD QUESTIONS

Translation by
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by
Henry Lefkowitch



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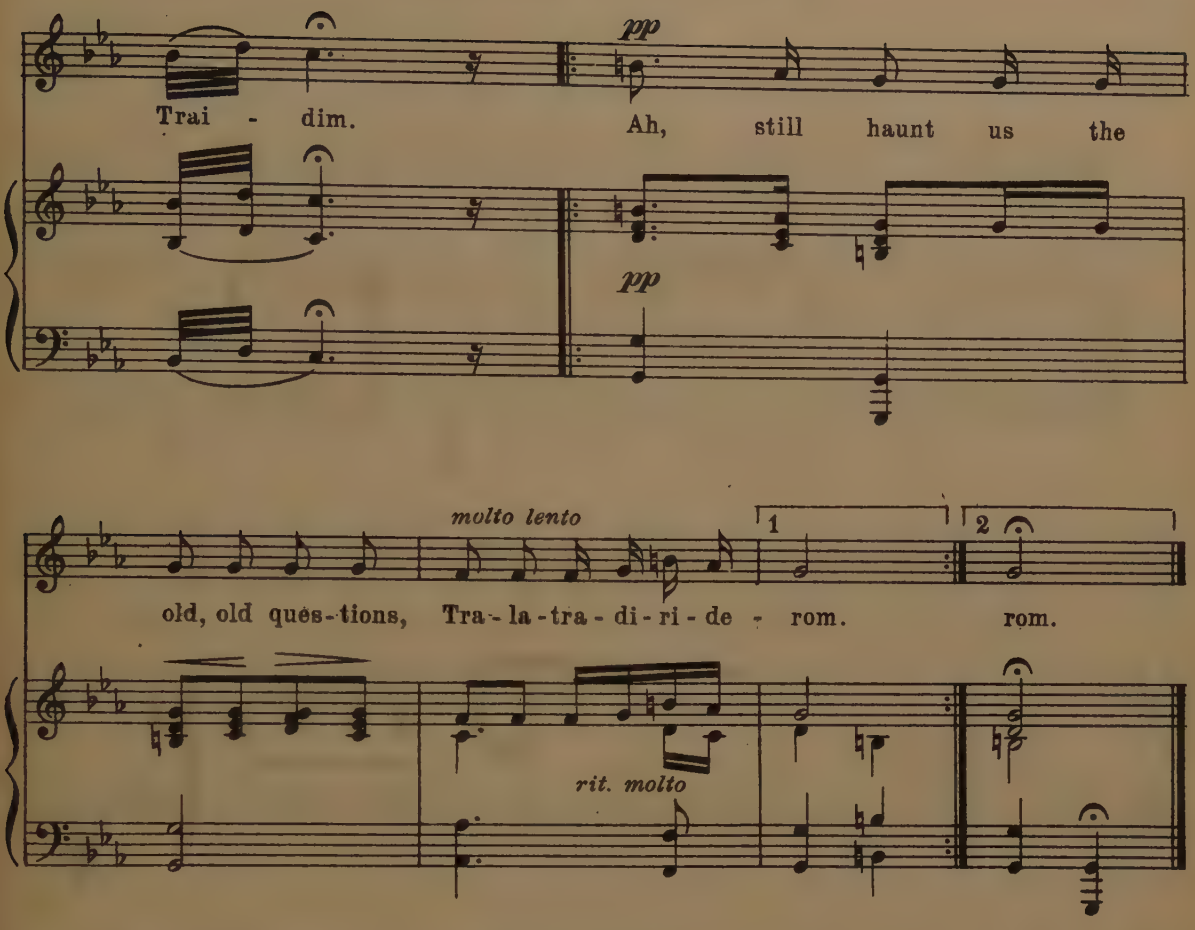


די אלטע קשיה

פרענט די וועלט אן אלטע קשיה
טרא־לא, טרא־די־רי־דע־רא.
ענטפערט מען טרא־די־רי־דע־רעי־לאם
אוי, אוי, טרא־די־רי־דע־רא,
און אז מען וויל קען מען דאך זאגען טראי־דים
בלייבט דאך וויטער די אלטע קשיה
טרא־לא־טרא־די־רי־דע־רא.

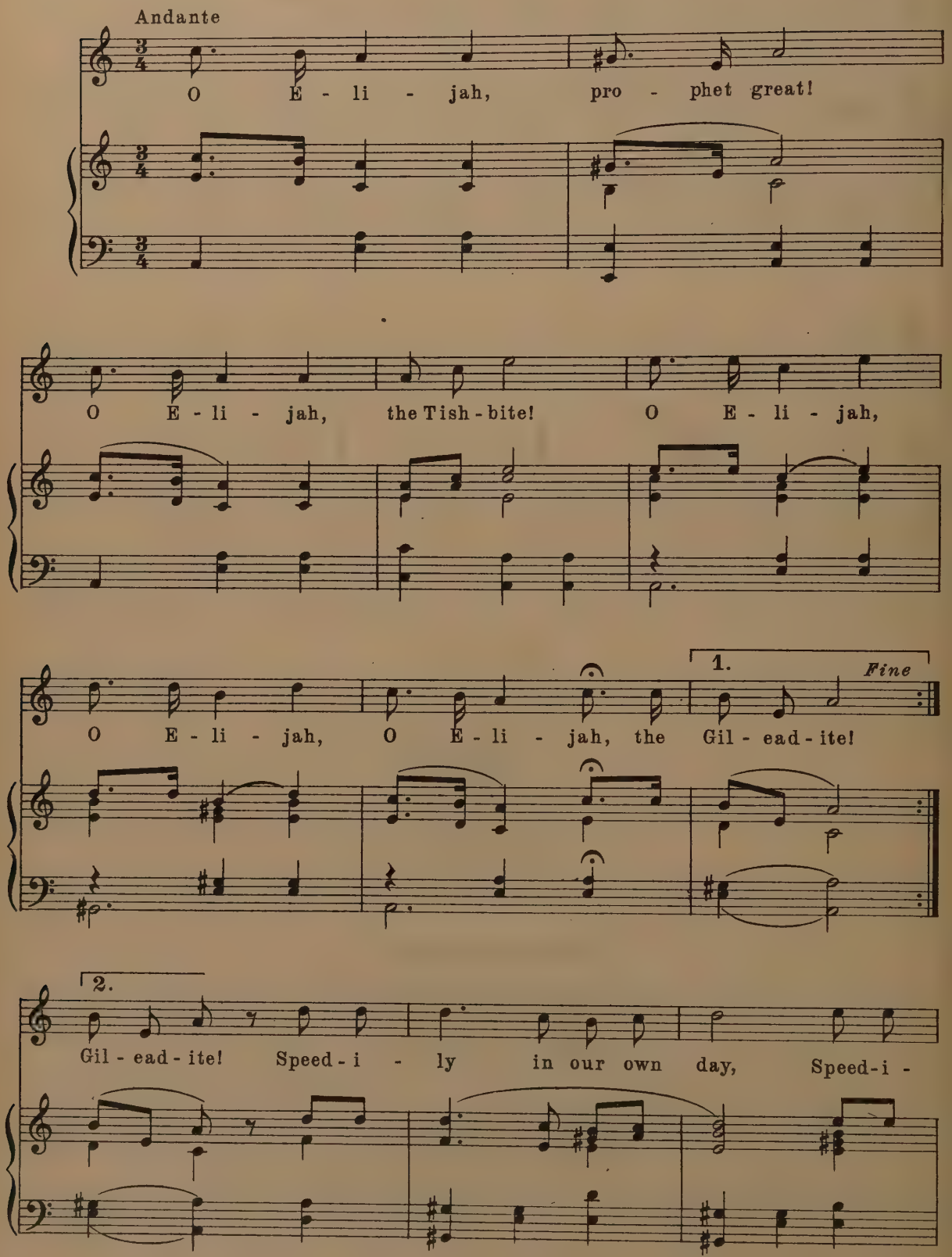
The Old, Old Questions

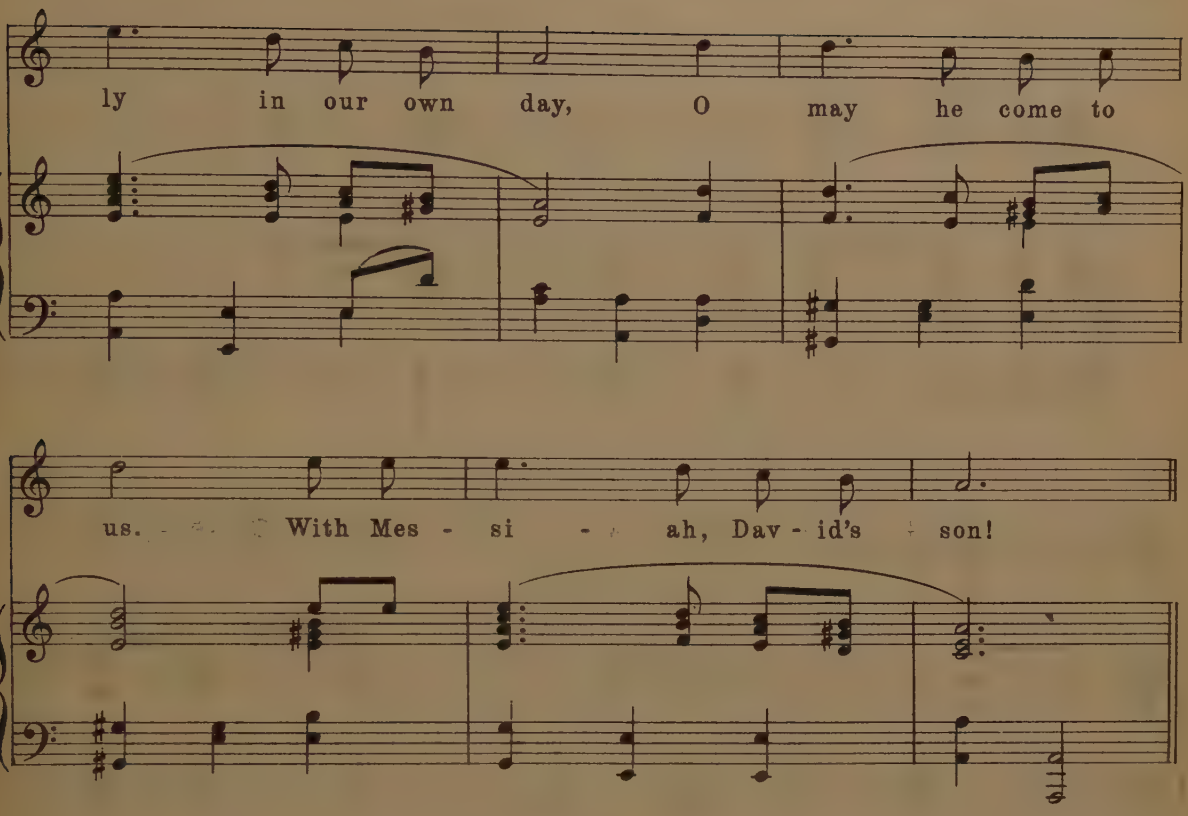
Ah, the world asks vexing questions,
Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom;
We respond, Tra-di-ri-di-rei-lom,
Oy, oy; tra-di-ri-de-rom;
And if we please
We only murmur, Trai-dim.
Ah, still haunt us the old, old questions,
Tra-la-tra-di-ri-de-rom.

Translation by
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

ELIJAH THE PROPHET

English version by
B. H.


Andante
O E - li - jah, pro - phet great!
O E - li - jah, the Tish - bite! O E - li - jah,
O E - li - jah, O E - li - jah, the Gil - ead - ite!
1.
Fine
2.
Gil - ead - ite! Speed - i - ly in our own day, Speed - i -



אליהו הנביא
(ניגון יחודי)

אליהו הנביא,
אליהו התשבי
אליהו, אליהו,
אליהו הגלעדי.
במהרה בימינו,
במהרה בימינו,
יבוא אלינו
עם משיח בן דוד.

Elijah the Prophet

O Elijah, prophet great!
O Elijah, the Tishbite!
O Elijah, O Elijah,
O Elijah, the Gileadite!

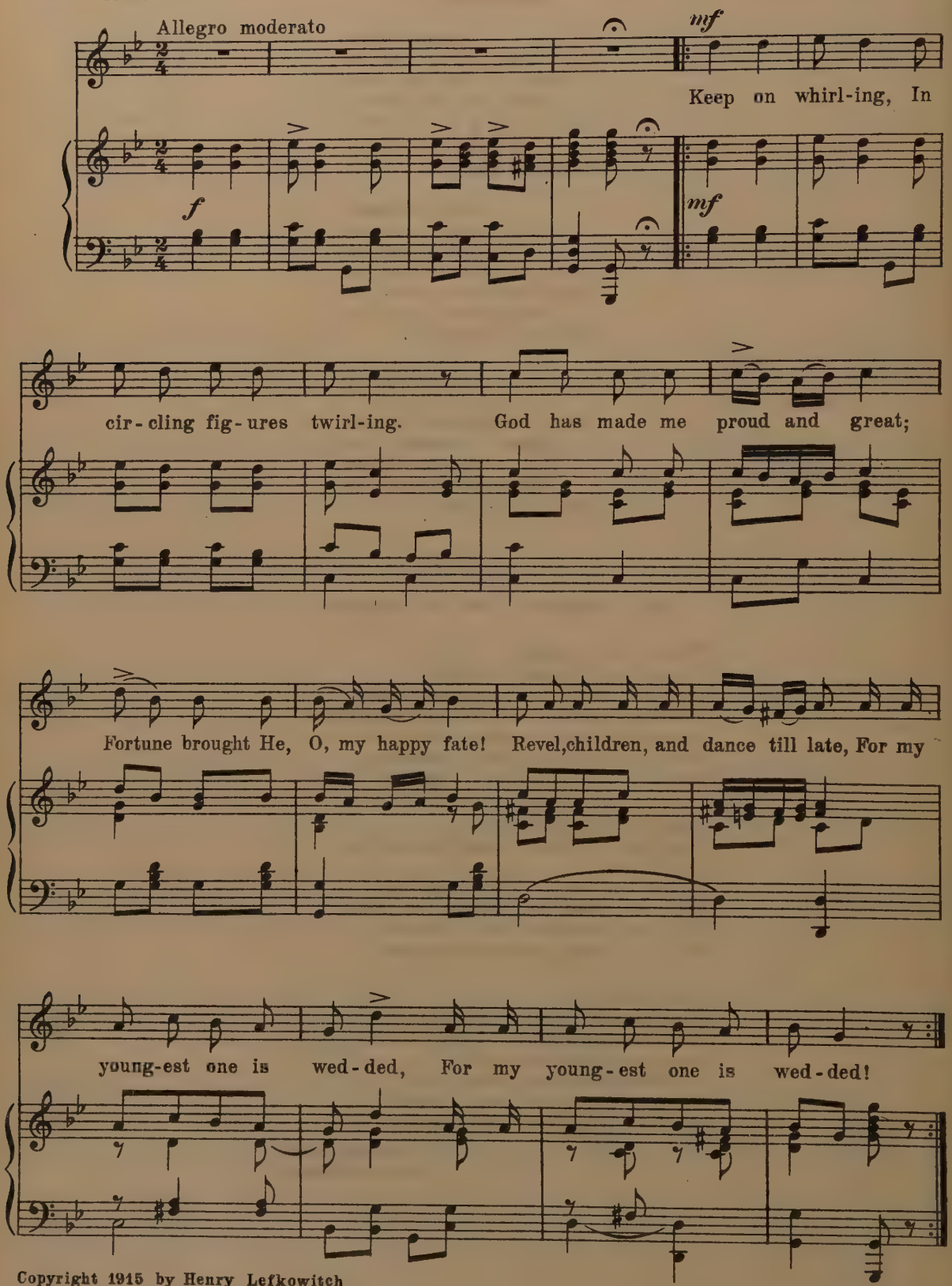
Speedily in our own day,
Speedily in our own day,
O may he come to us
With Messiah, David's son!

English version by
B. H.

MY YOUNGEST ONE IS WEDDED

Translation by
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by
Henry Lefkowitch


Allegro moderato
mf
Keep on whirl-ing, In
f
mf
cir-cling fig-ures twirl-ing. God has made me proud and great;
Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate! Revel,children, and dance till late, For my
young-est one is wed-ded, For my young-est one is wed-ded!

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די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען

(פֿאלקס-ליעד)

העכער, בעסער,
די ראָד, די ראָד, מאַכט גרעסער
גרויס האָט מיך גאָט געמאַכט
גליק האָט ער מיר געבראַכט.
הוליעט קינדער א גאנצע נאַכט:
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

שטאַרקער, פֿרייליכער
דו די מלכה, איך דער מלך
אוי, אוי, איך אליין
האָב מיט מיינע אויגען געזעהן
ווי גאָט האָט מיר מצליח געווען
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען,
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

אייזיק מוזיק
די באבע געהט א קאזיק
אָהן עין הרע, זעהט נאָר, זעהט
ווי זי טופּעט ווי זי טרעט,
אוי א שמחה, אוי א שרייד
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען
די מעזינקע אויסגעגעבען.

My Youngest One Is Wedded

Keep on whirling,
In circling figures twirling.
God has made me proud and great;
Fortune brought He, O, my happy fate!
Revel, children, and dance till late,
For my youngest one is wedded,
For my youngest one is wedded!

Join the ring, dear;
Tonight we're queen and king, dear,
O, O even I
Know the grace of Him on high;
He has raised my soul to the sky,
For my youngest one is wedded,
For my youngest one is wedded!

Isaac dances;
And grandma hops and prances;
Goodness gracious, watch and see
How she capers merrily!
O, what happiness, what glee!
For my youngest one is wedded,
For my youngest one is wedded!

Translation by
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

Ten Brothers

Ten brothers were we altogether,
And the trade we plied was in wine.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only nine.

Oy, Schmer'l take your fiddle out,
Tevye, your bassoon;
Comrades, come into the street
And play for me a tune.
Oy—oy—oy—oy—oy—oy!
Comrades, come into the street
And play for me a tune.

Nine brothers were we altogether,
And the trade we plied was in freight.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only eight.

Eight brothers were we altogether,
And the trade we plied was in leaven.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only seven.

Seven brothers were we altogether,
And the trade we plied was in bricks.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only six.

Six brothers were we altogether,
Trading in sweets from the hive.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only five.

Five brothers were we altogether,
And we plied our trade in our store.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only four.

Four brothers were we altogether,
And the trade we plied was in tea.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only three.

Three brothers were we altogether,
And the trade we plied was in glue.
One of us, alas, he died;
We were only two.

Two brothers were we altogether,
And we plied our trade with a gun.
One of us, alas, he died;
Now there is but one.

One brother only now remaining,
Sitting all alone in the sun.
He is dying night and day:
Soon there will be none.

Paraphrase by
BABETTE DEUTSCH

צעהן ברידער

צעהן ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ליין;
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען ניין.

אי! שמערל מיט דער פידעלע,
טביה מיט'ן באס,
שפּיעלט זשע מיר א ליעדעלע
אויפ'ן מיטען גאס!
אי—אי—אי—אי—אי—אי,
שפּיעלט זשע מיר א ליעדעלע
אויפ'ן מיטען גאס!

ניין ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט פראכט,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען אכט.

אכט ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ריבען,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען זיבען.

זיבען ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ג'בעקס,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען זעקס.

זעקס ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט שטרימפ,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען פינף.

פינף ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ביער,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען פיער.

פיער ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט בליי,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען דריי.

דריי ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט היי,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען צוויי.

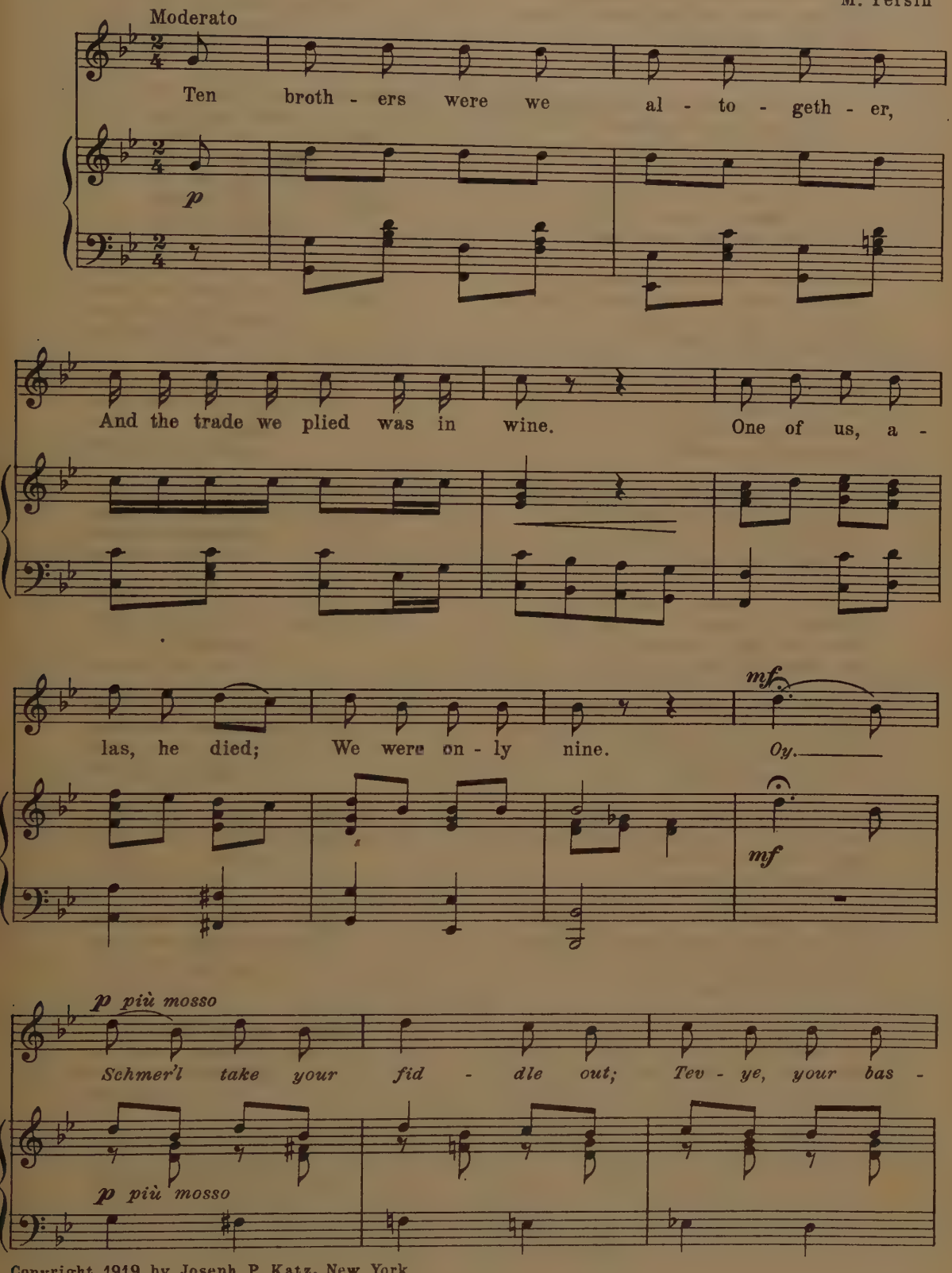
צוויי ברידער זיינען מיר געווען,
האָבען מיר געהאנדעלט מיט ביינער,
איינער איז געשטאָרבען,
איז נעבליבען איינער.

איין ברודער בין איך מיר געווען,
האָב איך געהאנדעלט מיט ליכט,
שטאָרבען טהו איך יעדען טאָג,
וויי? עסען האָב איך ניכט.

TEN BROTHERS

Paraphrase by
Babette Deutsch

Arranged by
M. Persin


Moderato
Ten broth - ers were we al - to - geth - er,
p
And the trade we plied was in wine. One of us, a -
las, he died; We were on - ly nine. Oy.
mf
mf
p più mosso
Schmer'l take your fid - dle out; Tev - ye, your bas -
p più mosso

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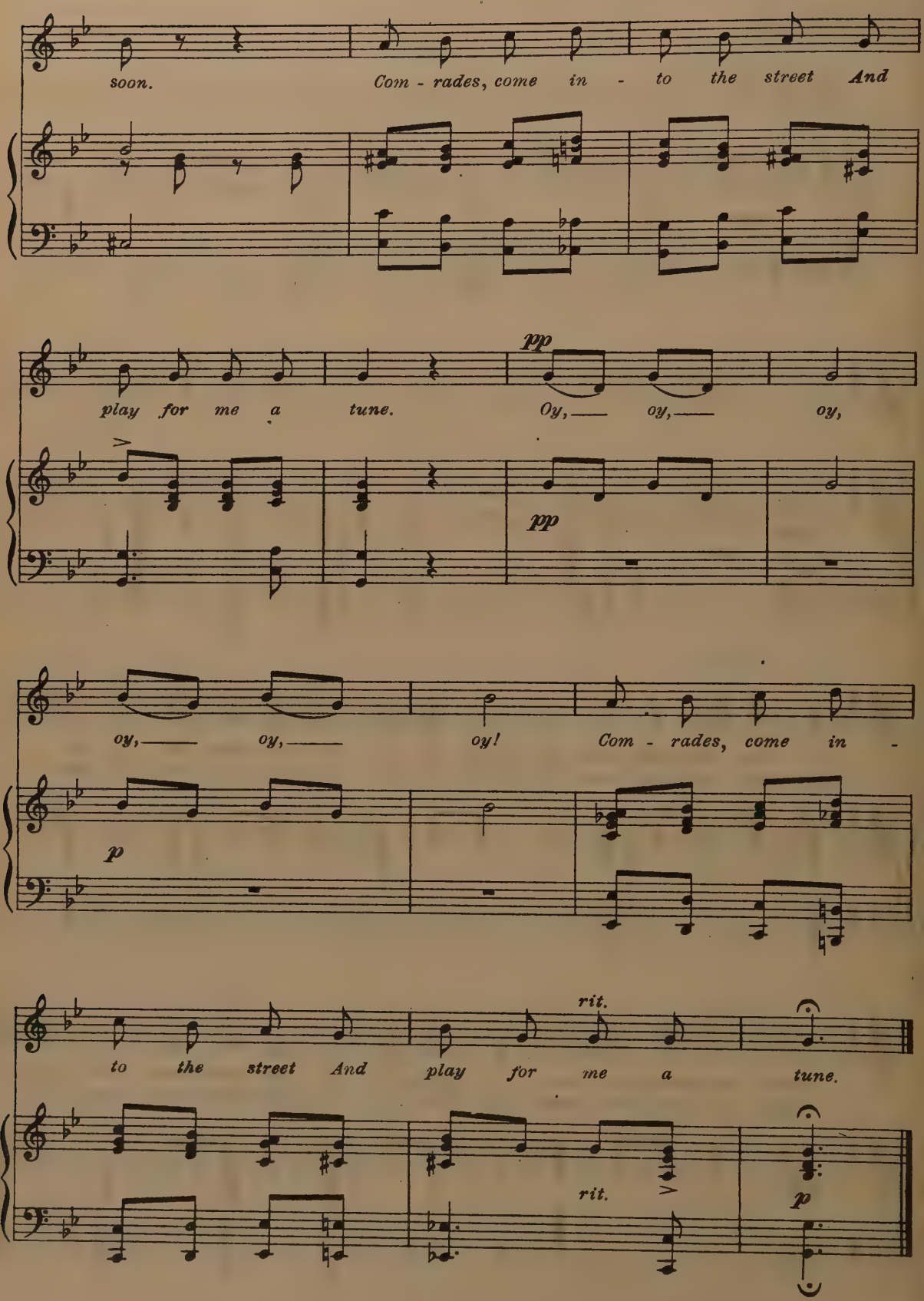
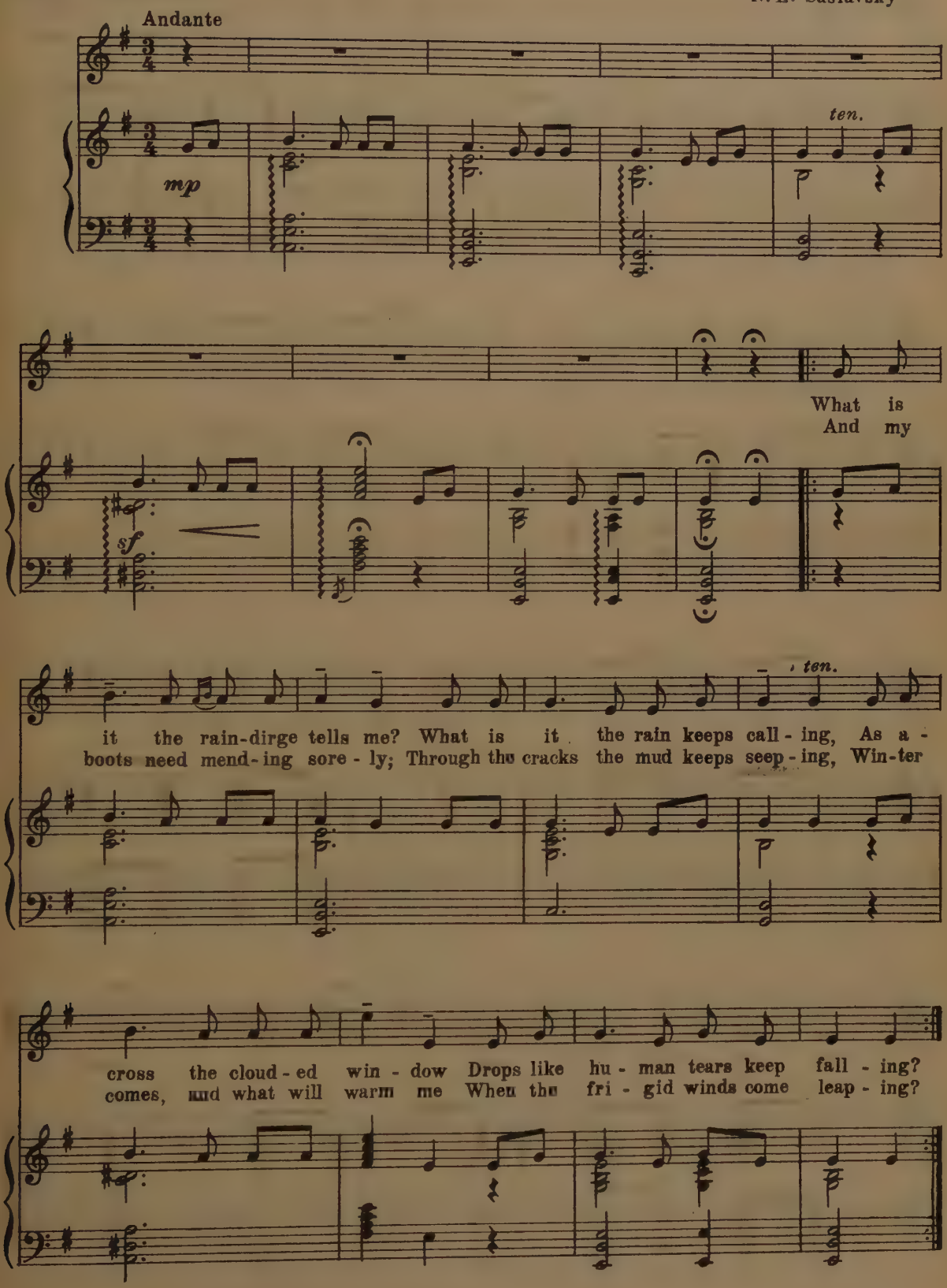
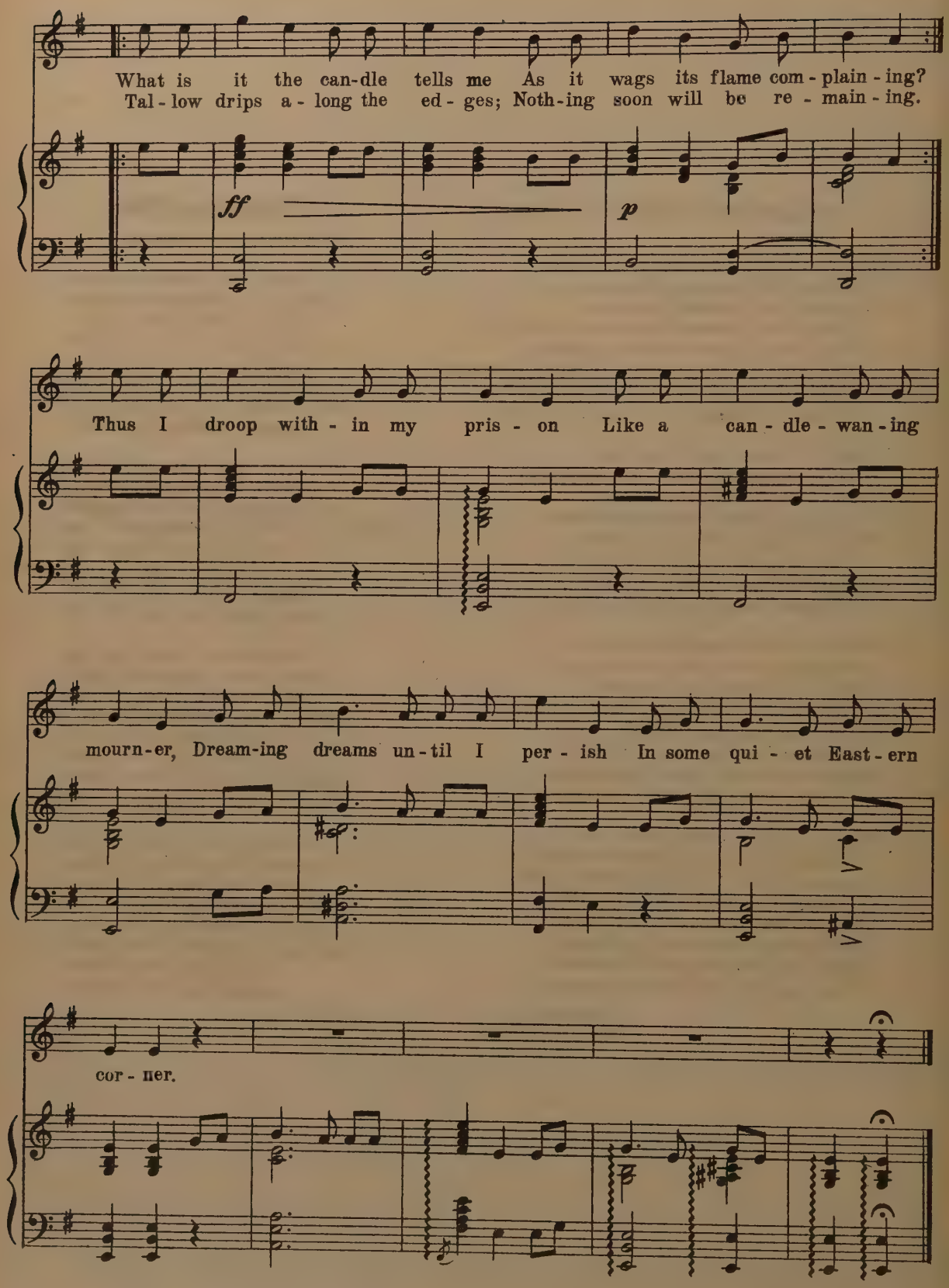

soon.
Com - rades, come in - to the street And
play for me a tune.
pp
Oy, — oy, — oy,
pp
oy, — oy, — oy!
Com - rades, come in -
p
to the street And
play for me a tune.
rit.
rit.
p

A TALMUDICAL STUDENT'S LAMENT

Translation by
Elias Lieberman

Recorded and arranged by
N. L. Saslavsky


Andante
mp
ten.
What is
And my
sf
ten.
it the rain-dirge tells me? What is it the rain keeps call - ing, As a -
boots need mend - ing sore - ly; Through the cracks the mud keeps seep - ing, Win - ter
cross the cloud - ed win - dow Drops like hu - man tears keep fall - ing?
comes, and what will warm me When the fri - gid winds come leap - ing?


What is it the can-dle tells me As it wags its flame com-plain-ing?
Tal-low drips a-long the ed-ges; Noth-ing soon will be re-main-ing.
ff
p
Thus I droop with-in my pris-on Like a can-dle-wan-ing
mourn-er, Dream-ing dreams un-til I per-ish In some qui-et East-ern
cor-ner.

מאי קא משמע־לן ?

(א מאנאלאג פון א ישיבח־בחור)

מאי קא משמע־לן דער רעגען ?
וואס'זשע לאזט ער מיר צו הערען ?
זייגע טראפענס אויף די שויבען
קויקלען זיך ווי די טריעבע טרעהרען
און די שטיוועל איז צוריסלען,
און עס וועדט אין נאס א בלאטע ;
באלד וועט אויך דער ווינטער קומען
כ'האב קיין וואדעמע קאפאטע...

מאי קא משמע־לן דאס ליכטעל ?
וואס'זשע לאזט עס מיר צו הערען ?
ס'קאפעט און עס טריפט איהר חלב
און ס'וועט באלד פון איהר נישט וועדען ;
אזוי צאנק איך דא אין קלייזעל,
ווי א ליכטעל, שנואך און טינקעל,
ביז איך וועל אזוי מיר אויסגעהן,
אין דער שטיל, אין מזרח ווינקעל...

מאי קא משמע־לן דער זייגער ?
וואס'זשע לאזט ער מיר צו הערען ?
מיט זיין נעלבען ציפער־בלעטעל,
מיט זיין קלינגען מיט זיין שווערען ?
ס'איז איין אנגעשטעלטע כלי,
ס'האט קיין לעבען קיין נעפיהלען
קומט די שעה : דאן מוז ער שלאגען,
אהן זיין רצון, אהן זיין ווילען...

מאי קא משמע־לן מיין לעבען ?
וואס'זשע לאזט עס מיר צו הערען ?
זוילען, וועלקען אין דער יוגענד,
פאר דער צייט פערעלטערט וועדען.
„עסען טעג" און שלינגען טרערען
שלאפען אויפ'ן פוסט דעם האדטען
טויטען דא די „עולם הזה"
און אויף עולם הבא וואדטען...

פון אברהם רויזען.

A Talmudical Student's Lament

What is it the rain-dirge tells me?
What is it the rain keeps calling,
As across the clouded window
Drops like human tears keep falling?
And my boots need mending sorely,
Through the cracks the mud keeps seeping;
Winter comes, and what will warm me
When the frigid winds come leaping?

What is it the candle tells me
As it wags its flame complaining?
Tallow drips along the edges;
Nothing soon will be remaining.
Thus I droop within my prison
Like a candle-waning mourner,
Dreaming dreams until I perish
In some quiet Eastern corner.

What is it the time-piece tells me?
What is it the clock rehearses,
With its mocking yellow dial,
With its beat like muttered curses?
It is but a helpless dullard;
Neither life has it nor powers;
It must strike to show the passing
Of its lords and mine, the hours.

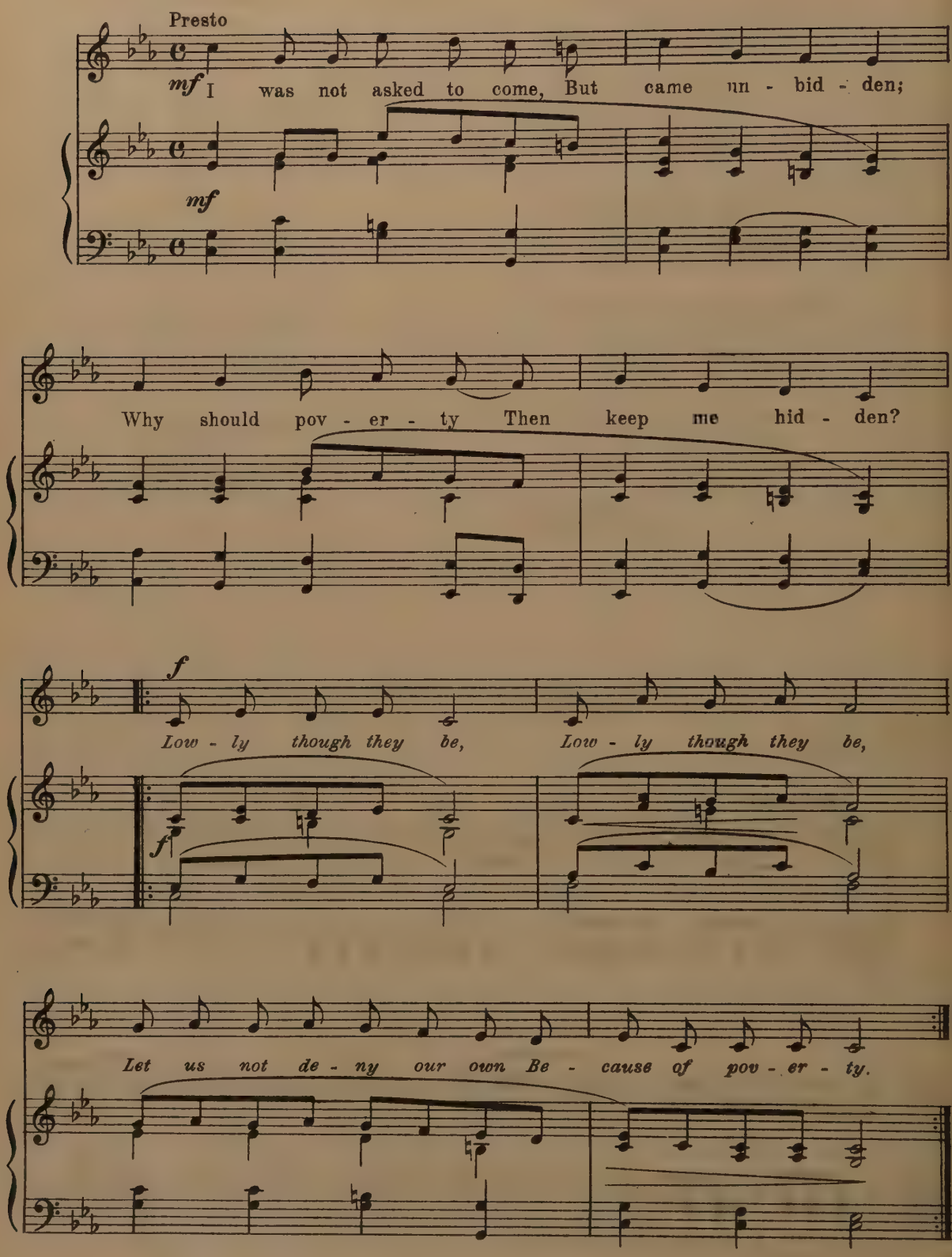
What is it my reason tells me?
What is it my life keeps dooming?
Dawn will turn to shadowed twilight;
I must fade before my blooming.
Stranger-tables, tears of anguish,
Sleep upon the boards of sorrow!
I must lose the joys of this world,
Waiting for the world to-morrow.

Translation by
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

THE UNINVITED AUNT

Translation by
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by
M. Greenwald


Presto
mf I was not asked to come, But came un - bid - den;
mf
Why should pov - er - ty Then keep me hid - den?
f
Low - ly though they be,
Low - ly though they be,
f
Let us not de - ny our own Be - cause of pov - er - ty.

The Uninvited Aunt

I was not asked to come,
But came unbidden;
Why should poverty
Then keep me hidden?

Lowly though they be,
Lowly though they be,
Let us not deny our own
Because of poverty.

Sorele, the Rabbi's wife,
'Twill not be hidden,
Though the bride's own aunt
She came unbidden.

Strike up a dance for me;
This is my party;
For though I am poor
Yet am I hearty.

Come, fiddlers, take the coin
That I can spare;
Play the bride's own aunt
A merry air.

Translation by
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

ניט קיין געבעטענע

(פֿאָלקס-ליעד)

ניט קיין געבעטענע,
אליין נעקומען;
כאָטש אן אָרימע,
פּאָרט א מוהמע.

אָרעם איז ניט גוט,
אָרעם איז ניט גוט,
לאָמיר זיך ניט שעהמען,
מיט אייגענע בלוט.

שרה'לע די רביצין,
די כלה'ס א מוהמע;
ניט קיין געבעטענע,
אליין נעקומען.

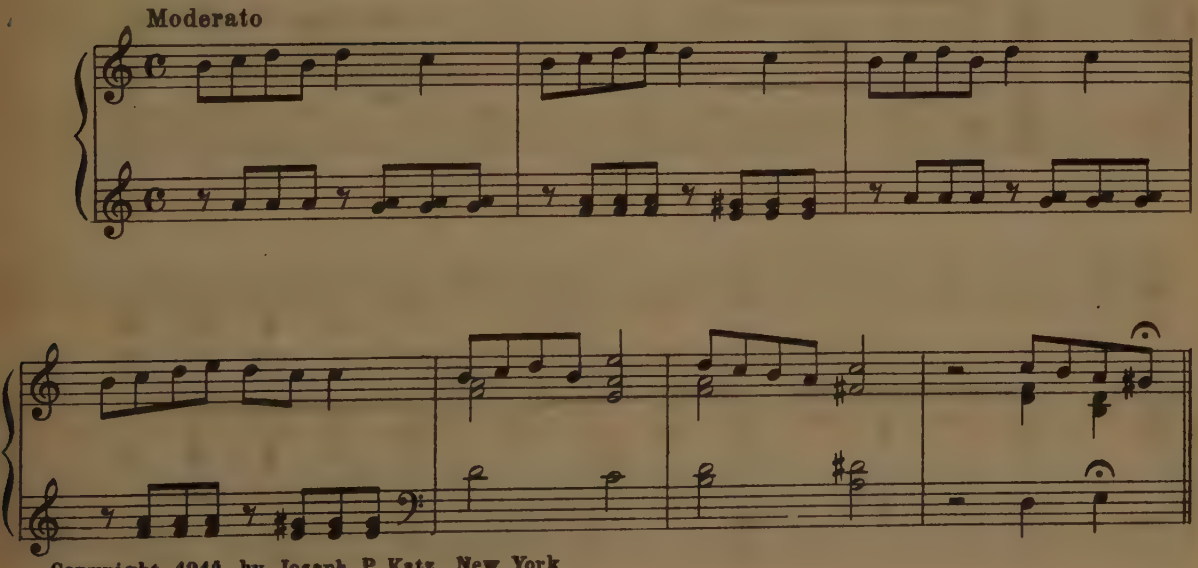
שפּיעלט מיר א סעמעלע,
ניט קיין קאָזאַצקע;
איך בין אן אָרעמע,
אָבער א חוואַטסקע.

געגעבען א פּיימעלע —
צוגענומען;
שפּיעלט מיר א סעמעלע,
פּאר א מוהמען.

A TEAMSTER'S COMPLAINT

Translation by
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by
N. L. Saslavsky



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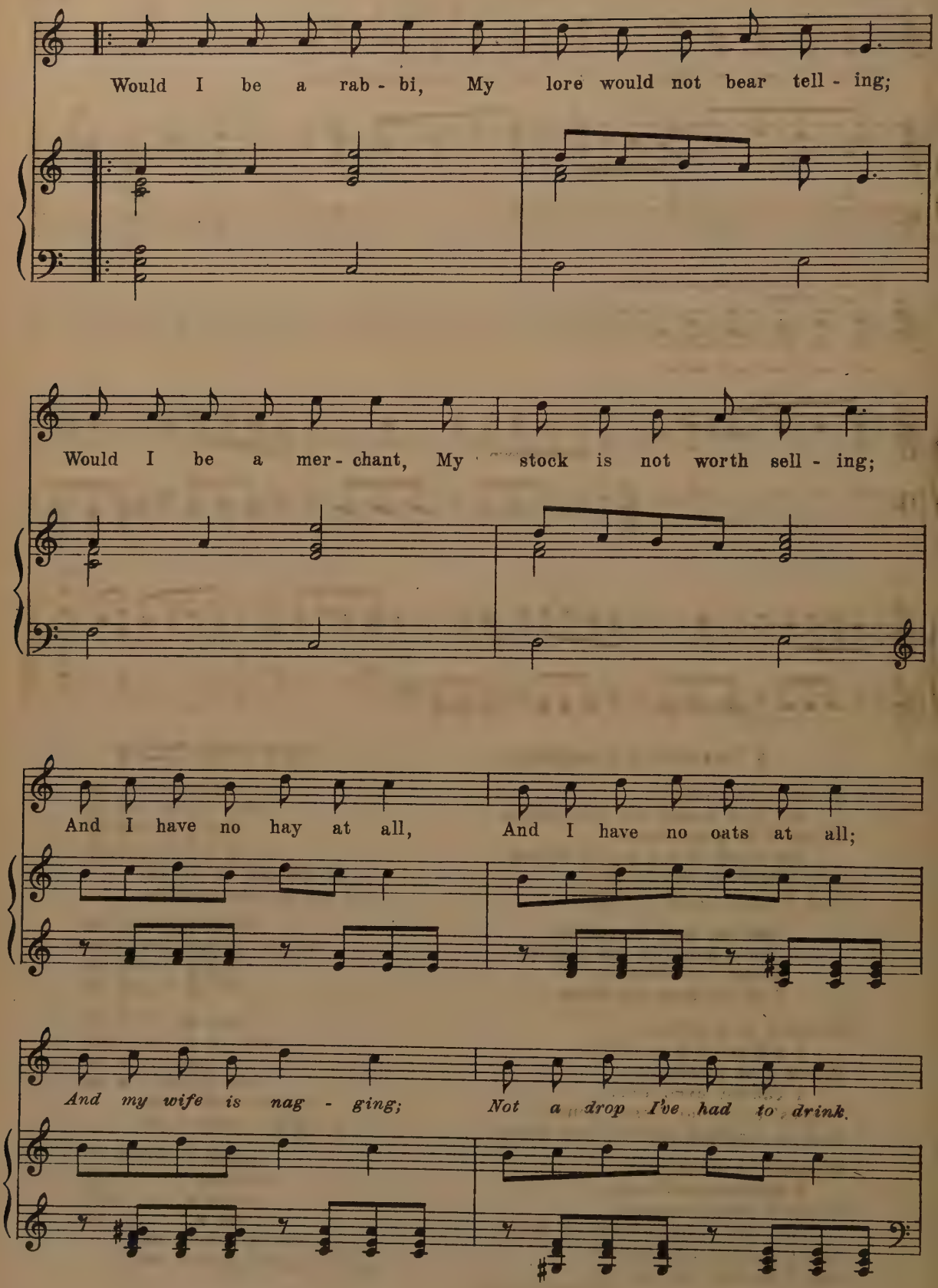
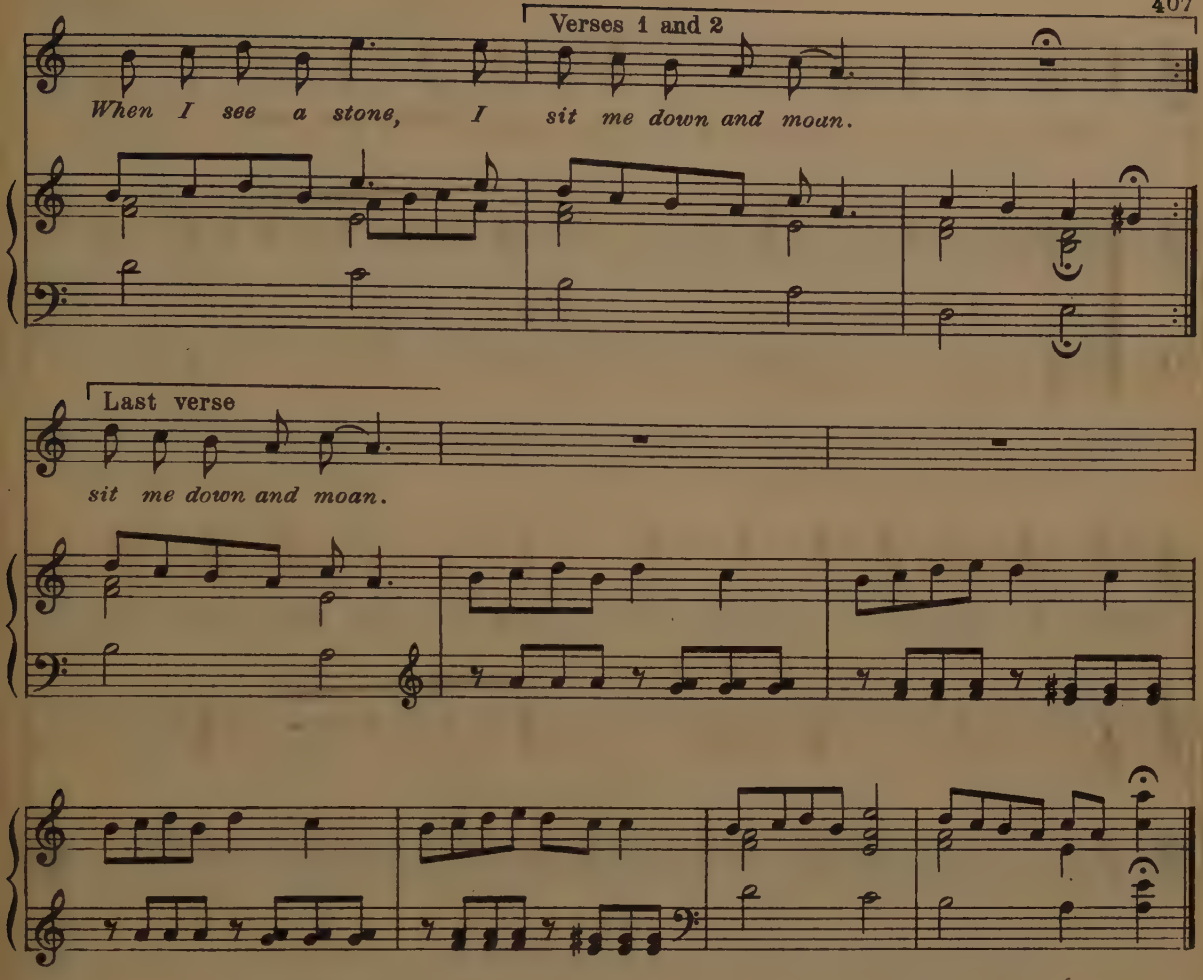

Would I be a rab - bi, My lore would not bear tell - ing;
Would I be a mer - chant, My stock is not worth sell - ing;
And I have no hay at all, And I have no oats at all;
And my wife is nag - ging; Not a drop I've had to drink.



A Teamster's Complaint

Would I be a rabbi,
My lore would not bear telling;
Would I be a merchant,
My stock is not worth selling;
And I have no hay at all,
And I have no oats at all;

And my wife is nagging;
Not a drop I've had to drink.
When I see a stone,
I sit me down and moan.

Would I be a butcher,
I will not kill at need;
Would I be a teacher,
I cannot even read;
Horses' hoofs no longer sound,
And no creaking wheels turn round;

Would I be a blacksmith,
I lack an anvil's aid;
Would I keep a tavern,
My wife would drive off trade;
And I have no hay at all,
And I have no oats at all;

Translation by
ELIAS LIEBERMAN

א בעל עגלה ליעד

זאל איך ווערען א רב
קען איך ניט קיין תורה;
זאל איך זיין א סוחר,
האָב איך ניט קיין סחורה,
און קיין היי האָב איך ניט,
און קיין האָבער האָב איך ניט

און די ווייב שילט זיך,
און א טרונק בראַנטען ווילט זיך,
זעה איך מיר א שטיין,
זעץ איך מיר און וויין.

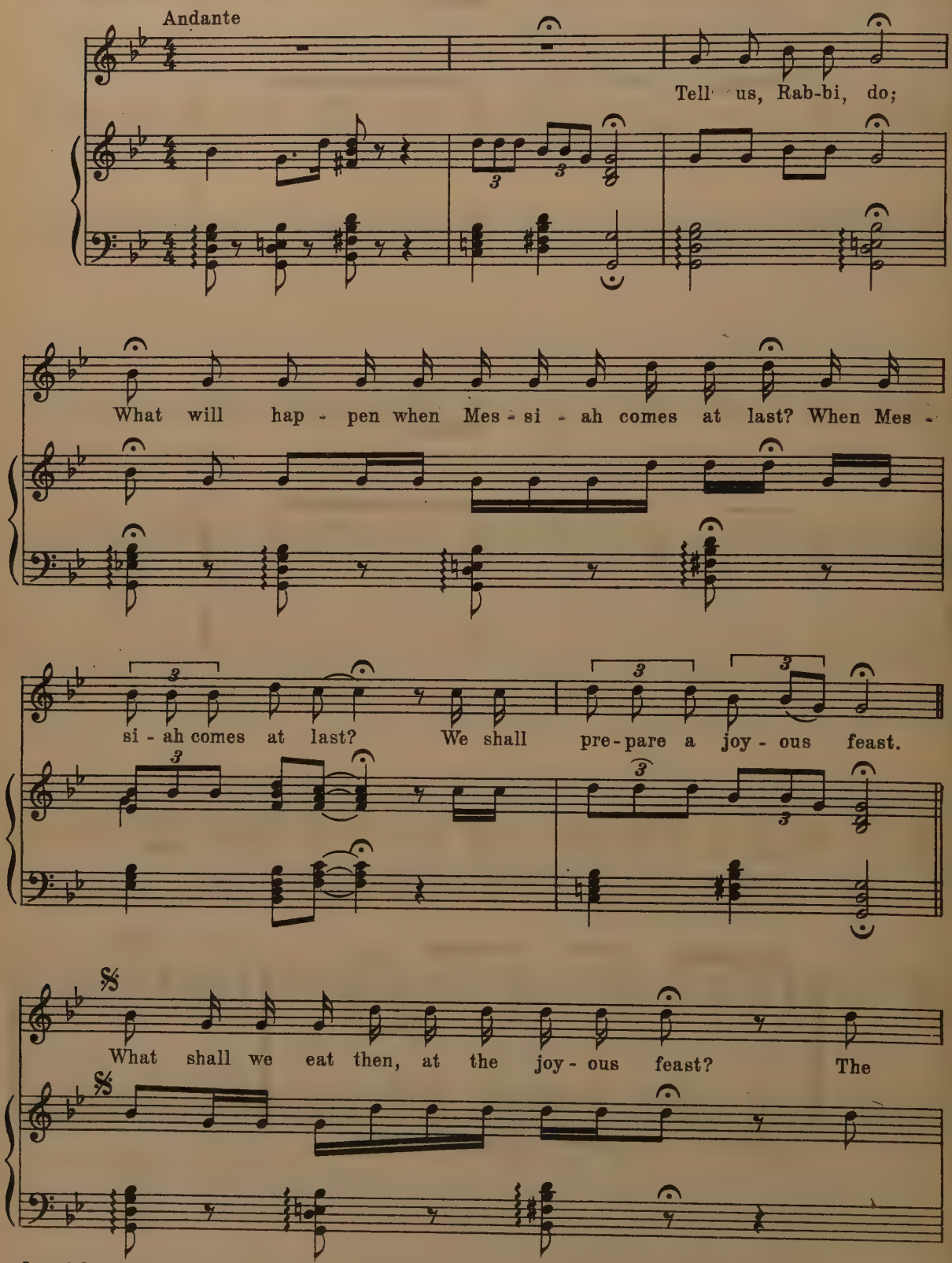
זאל איך זיין א שוחט,
האָלט איך ניט קיין חלף;
זאל איך זיין א מלמד,
קען איך ניט קיין אלף.
און די פערד גיהען ניט,
און די רעדער דרעהען ניט.

וויל איך זיין א קאָוואל,
האָב איך קיין קאָוואדלע;
וויל איך זיין א שיינקער,
איז מיין ווייב א פאדלע,
און קיין היי האָב איך ניט.
און קיין האָבער האָב איך ניט.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN WHEN THE MESSIAH COMES?

Translation by
Elias Lieberman

Arranged by
M. Persin


Andante
Tell us, Rab-bi, do;
What will hap - pen when Mes - si - ah comes at last? When Mes -
si - ah comes at last? We shall pre - pare a joy - ous feast.
What shall we eat then, at the joy - ous feast? The

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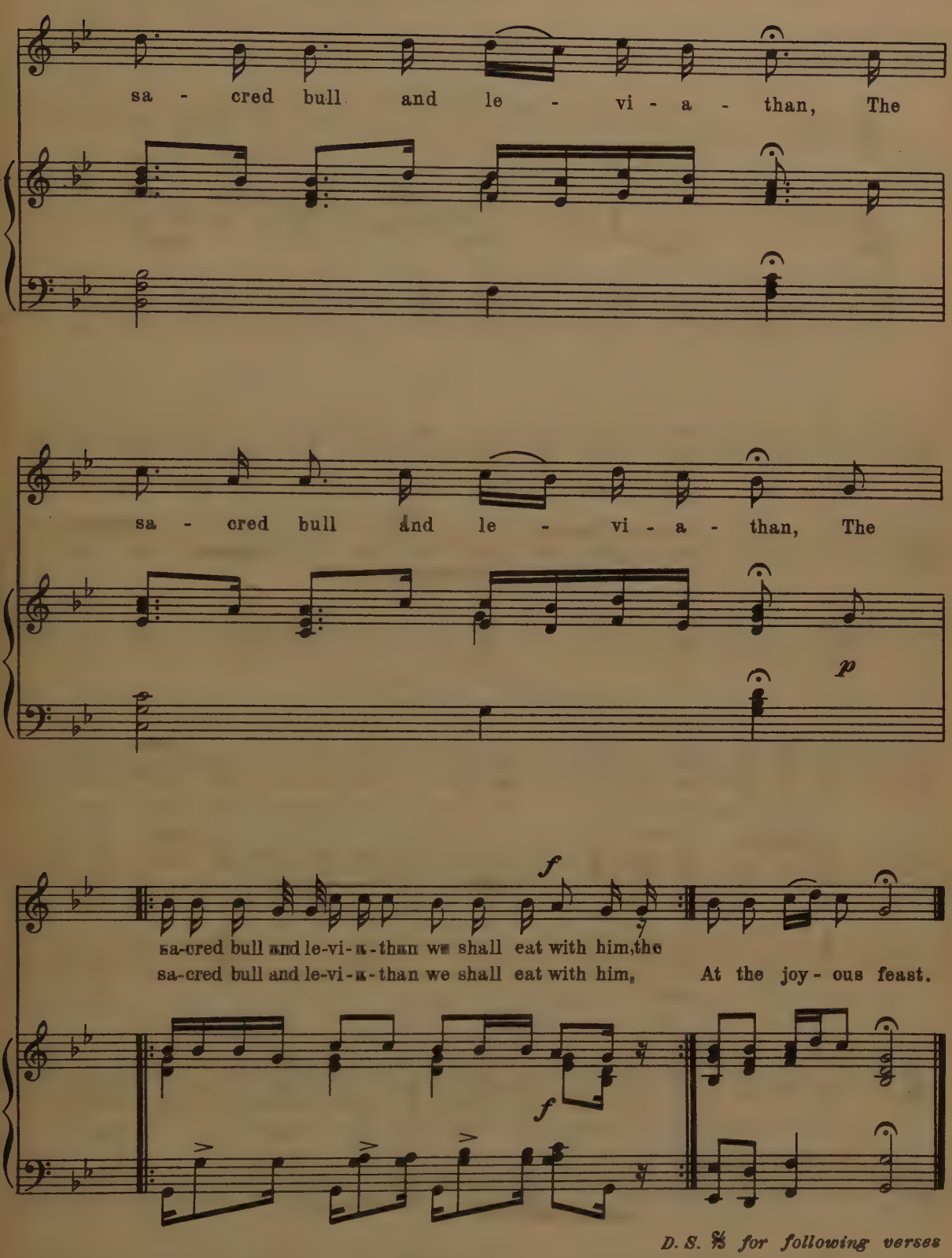

sa - cred bull and le - vi - a - than, The
sa - cred bull and le - vi - a - than, The
p
f
sa-cred bull and le-vi-a-than we shall eat with him, the
sa-cred bull and le-vi-a-than we shall eat with him, At the joy - ous feast.
f
D. S. 𝄋 for following verses

וואָם וועט זיין, אַז משיח וועט קומען ?

זאָגט זשע, רבי'ניו, וואָם וועט זיין,
אַז משיח וועט שוין קומען ?
אַז משיח וועט קומען,
וועלען מיר מאכען א סעודה'ניו !
וואָם וועלען מיר עסען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?
דעם שור הבר מיט'ן לויתן ! (2 מאָל)
דעם שור הבר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

וואָם וועלען מיר טרינקען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?
דעם יין המשומר ! (2 מאָל)
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,
דעם שור הבר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

וער וועט אונז תורה זאָגען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?
משה רבינו ! (2 מאָל)
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,
דעם שור הבר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

וער וועט אונז שפּיעלען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?
דוד המלך ! (2 מאָל)
דוד המלך וועט אונז שפּיעלען,
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,
דעם שור הבר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

וער וועט אונז חכמות זאָגען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?
שלמה המלך ! (2 מאָל)
שלמה המלך וועט אונז חכמות זאָגען,
דוד המלך וועט אונז שפּיעלען,
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,
דעם שור הבר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

וער וועט אונז טאַנצען אויף דער סעודה'ניו ?
מרים הנביאה ! (2 מאָל)
מרים הנביאה וועט אונז טאַנצען,
שלמה המלך וועט אונז חכמות זאָגען,
דוד המלך וועט אונז שפּיעלען,
משה רבינו וועט אונז תורה זאָגען,
דעם יין המשומר וועלען מיר טרינקען,
דעם שור הבר מיט'ן לויתן וועלען מיר עסען
אויף דער סעודה'ניו.

What Will Happen When the Messiah Comes?

Tell us, Rabbi, do;
What will happen when Messiah comes at last,
When Messiah comes at last?
We shall prepare a joyous feast.

What shall we eat then, at the joyous feast?
The sacred bull and leviathan,]2
The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,
At the joyous feast.

What shall we drink then at the joyous feast?
The wine we have preserved;]2
The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;
The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,
At the joyous feast.

Who will expound the law at the joyous feast?
Moses, the Master;]2
Moses, the Master, will expound the law;
The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;
The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,
At the joyous feast.

Who will play for us at the joyous feast?
David, the King;]2
David, the King, will play for us;
Moses, the Master, will expound the law;
The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;
The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,
At the joyous feast.

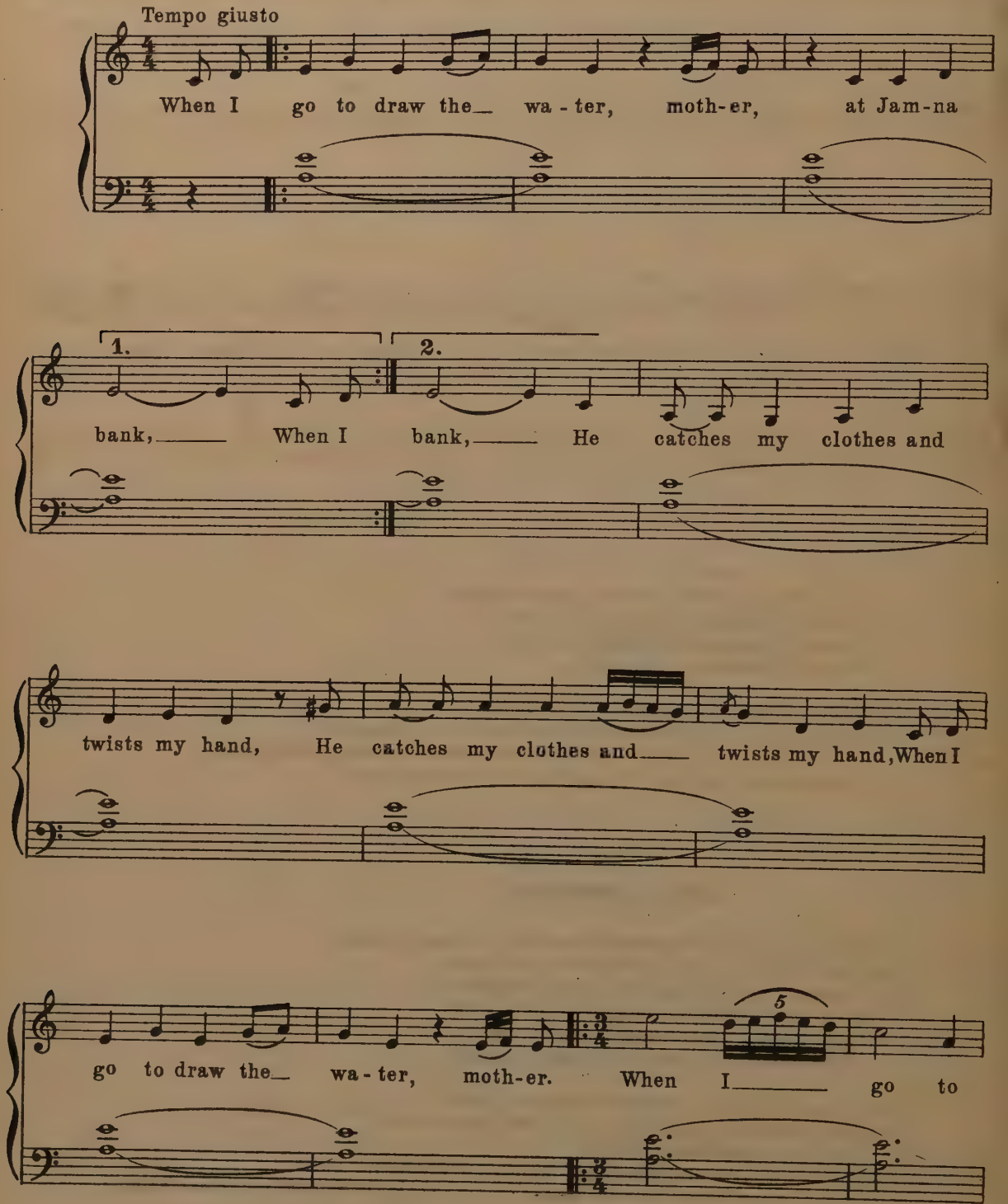
Who will wisely speak to us at the joyous feast?
King Solomon;]2
King Solomon will wisely speak to us;
David, the King, will play for us;
Moses, the Master, will expound the law;
The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;
The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,
At the joyous feast.

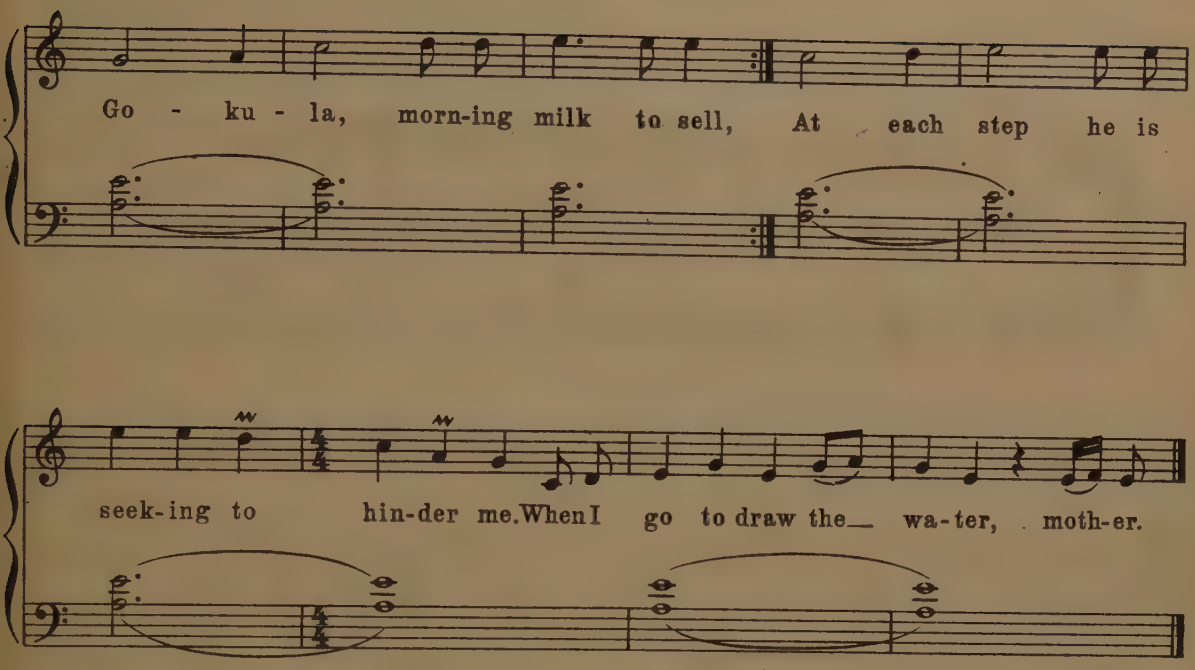
Who will dance for us at the joyous feast?
Prophetess Miriam;]2
Prophetess Miriam will dance for us;
King Solomon will wisely speak to us;
David, the King, will play for us;
Moses, the Master, will expound the law;
The wine we have preserved we shall drink with him;
The sacred bull and leviathan we shall eat with him,
At the joyous feast.

GOPI'S COMPLAINT

Translation by
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by
Ratan Devi


Tempo giusto
When I go to draw the_ wa - ter, moth-er, at Jam-na
1.
2.
bank,_____ When I bank,_____ He catches my clothes and
twists my hand, He catches my clothes and_____ twists my hand, When I
5
go to draw the_ wa - ter, moth-er. When I_____ go to



Jala bharna chalī rī māʾī jamanā ghāta
Anchara pakara mora marōrat hāth,
Haun jo jāta gokula dudha bhechena
Bāta ghāta muse karatarāra.

Aiso langar dhītwa mora kyā kahūn
Bāra bāra āvat jāvat ye to kāhe ko karat yi nauhara
Bhuj pakarat morā mukh mīndatkar pakarat mohe girhūn lagāve
Jā pukānūn rājā kans ke age nā dar manūngi torā.

Gopi's Complaint

When I go to draw the water, mother, at Jamna bank,
He catches my clothes and twists my hand,
When I go to draw the water, mother.
When I go to Gokula, morning milk to sell,
At each step he is seeking to hinder me.
When I go to draw the water, mother.

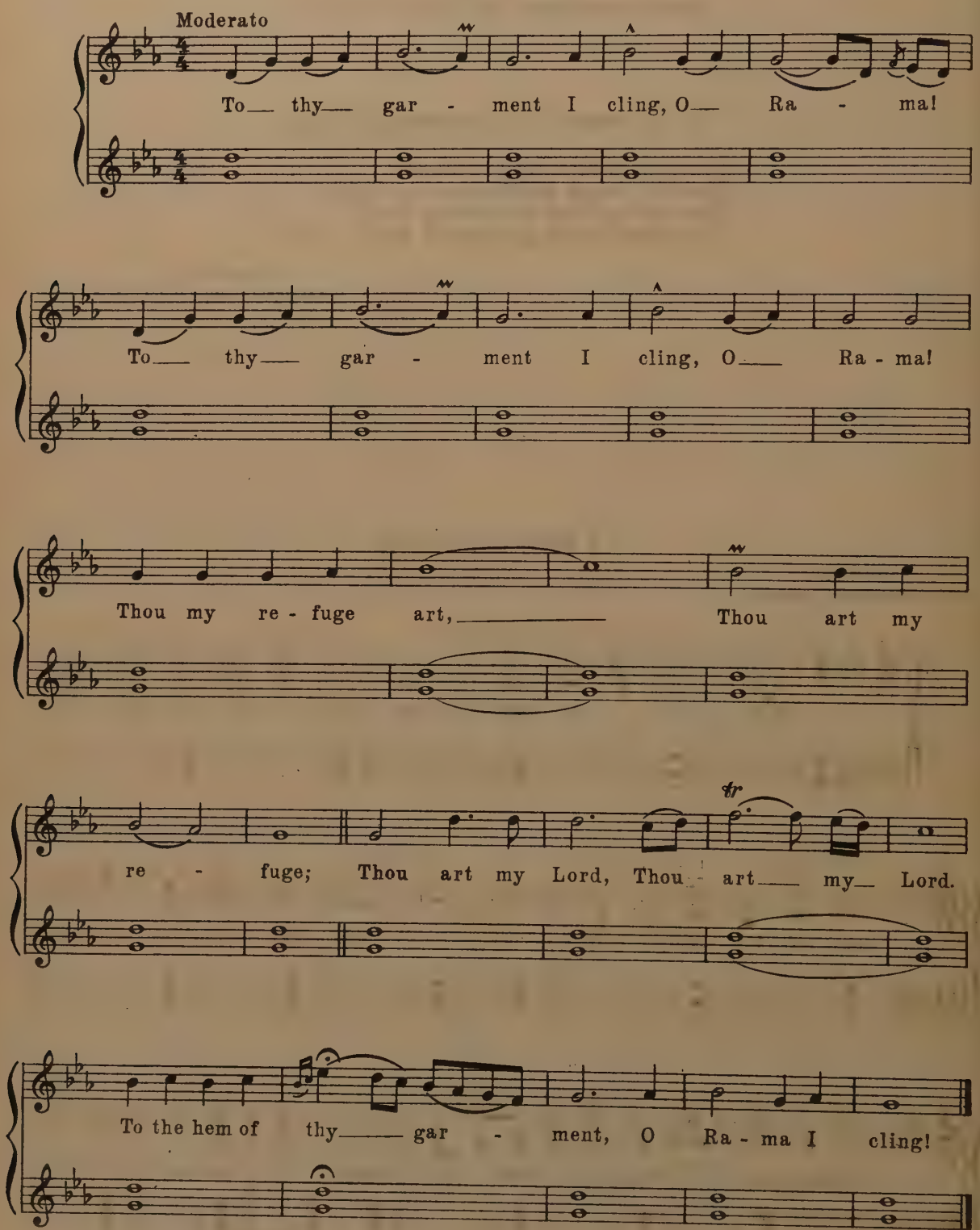
He is so obstinate, mother, what can I say?
He ever comes and goes, mother; why does he so?
He is so obstinate, mother.
He seizes my arm and shuts my mouth and holds me close.
I will make my complaint to Kans Raja; I shall then have no fear of thee!
He is so obstinate, mother.

Translation by
ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

TO THE HEM OF THY GARMENT I CLING

Translation by
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by
Ratan Devi


Moderato
To thy gar - ment I cling, O Ra - ma!
To thy gar - ment I cling, O Ra - ma!
Thou my re - fuge art, Thou art my
re - fuge; Thou art my Lord, Thou art my Lord.
To the hem of thy gar - ment, O Ra - ma I cling!

Main to tore dāman wāh lagun mere rām,
Sarana parhe ki lage tumhikko,
Tum ho mere maha rāja,
Main to tore dāman wāh lagun mere rām,

To the Hem of Thy Garment I Cling

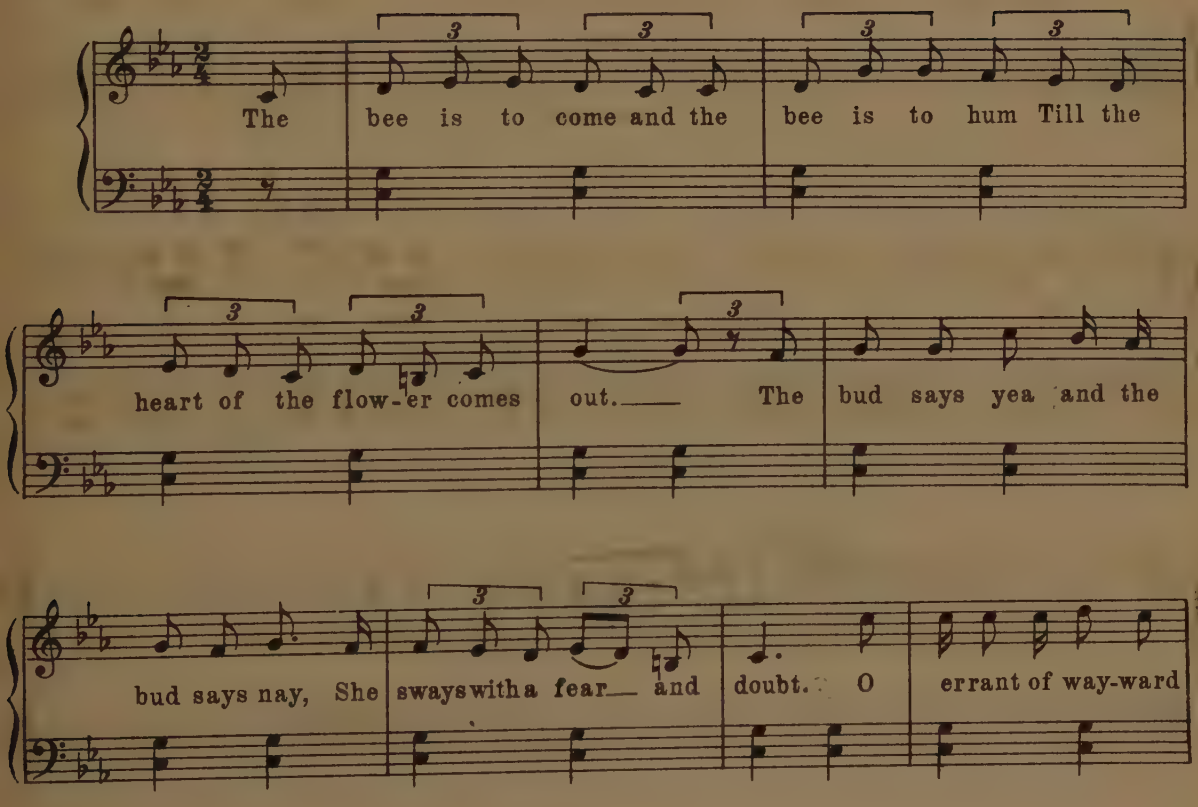
To thy garment I cling, O Rama!
Thou my refuge art, thou art my refuge;
Thou art my Lord, thou art my Lord.
To the hem of thy garment, O Rama, I cling!

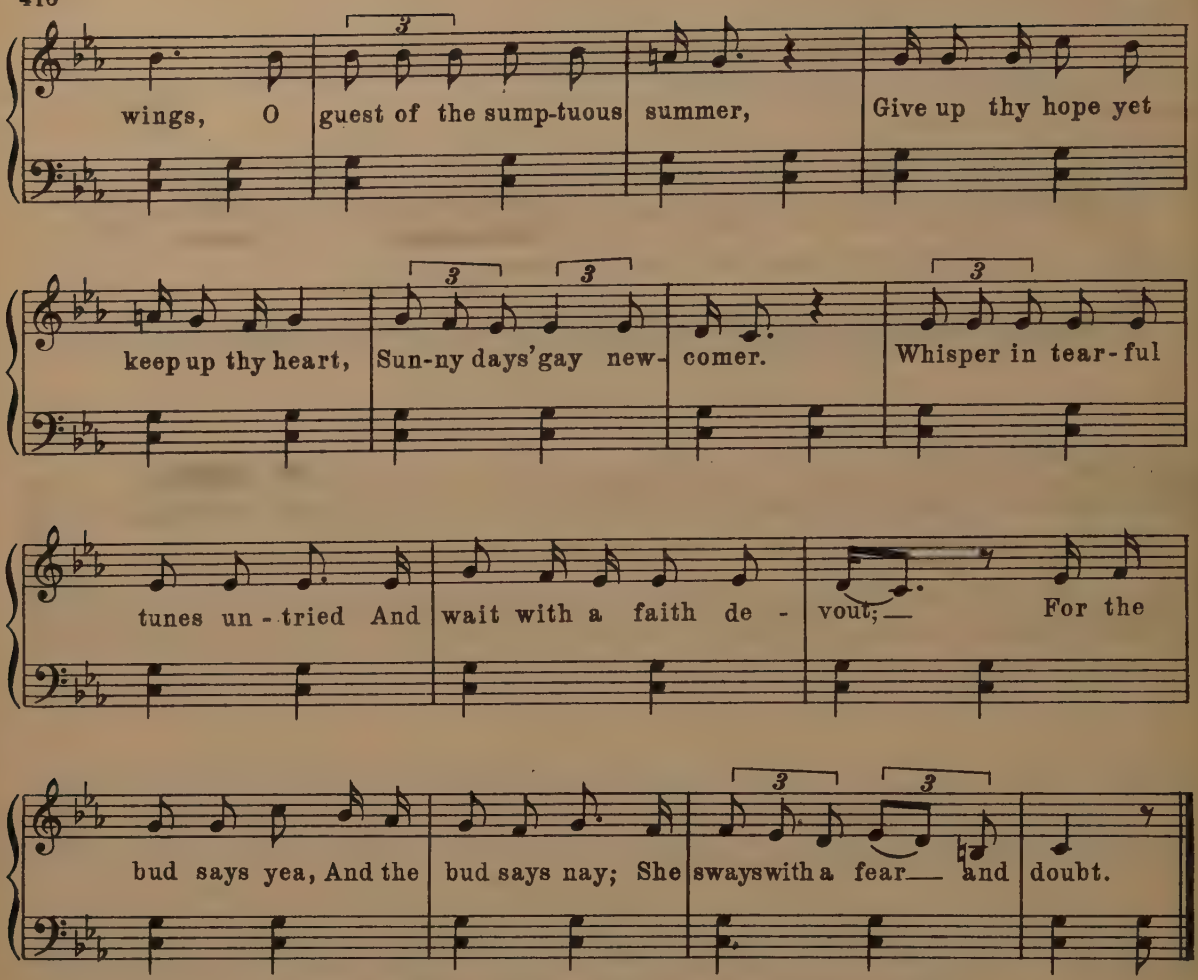
Translation by
ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

AMINA'S SONG

(Song of a Burmese girl)

Words by
Rabindranath Tagore


The bee is to come and the bee is to hum Till the
heart of the flow-er comes out. The bud says yea and the
bud says nay, She sways with a fear and doubt. O errant of way-ward


wings, O guest of the sump-tuous summer, Give up thy hope yet
keep up thy heart, Sun-ny days' gay new- comer. Whisper in tear-ful
tunes un-tried And wait with a faith de- vout; For the
bud says yea, And the bud says nay; She swayswith a fear and doubt.

Amina's Song

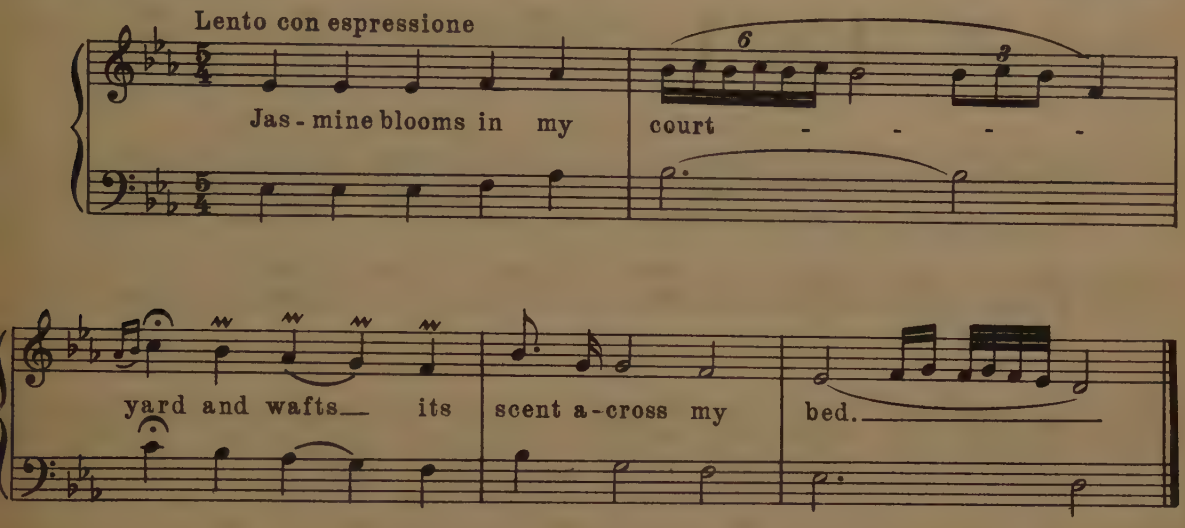
The bee is to come and the bee is to hum
Till the heart of the flower comes out.
The bud says yea and the bud says nay,
She sways with a fear and doubt.
O errant of wayward wings,
O guest of the sumptuous summer,
Give up thy hope yet keep up thy heart,
Sunny days' gay newcomer.
Wnisper in tearful tunes untried
And wait with a faith devout;
For the bud says yea, and the bud says nay;
She sways with a fear and doubt.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

JASMINE BLOOMS IN MY COURTYARD

Translation by
Ananda K. Coomaraswamy

Recorded by
Ratan Devi



Angan phūlī chamba mālatī khat nāl ūe chhorī bāsa,
Jamūān dī karnī pyariā chākrī, Kashmīr āń dī pa'ī mahīm,
Chiṭṭhiān bhej dā koī nahīn āondā terā sukha sānd.
Angan phūlī chamba mālatī khat nāl ūe chhorī bāsa.

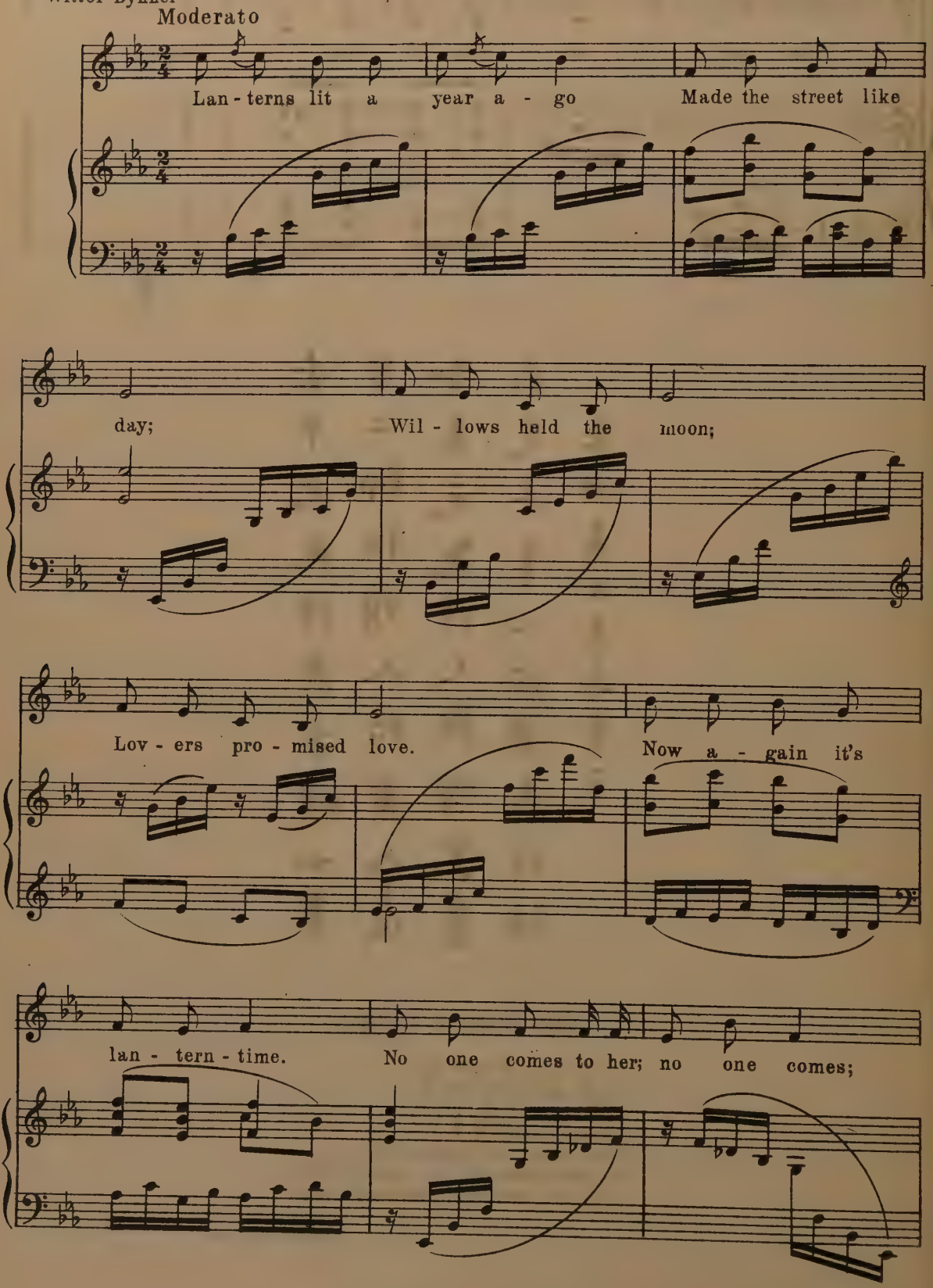
Jasmine Blooms In My Courtyard

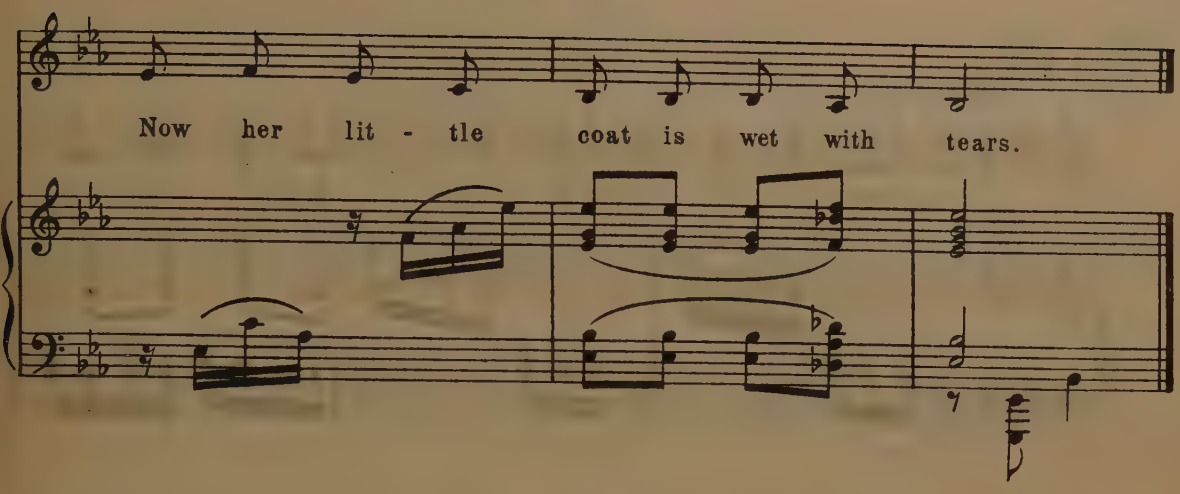
Jasmine blooms in my courtyard, and wafts its scent across my bed!
In Jammu thy service, my beloved, but now art thou gone to far Kashmir:
How many letters I have sent, beloved! Not one comes back to tell of thee.
Jasmine blooms in my courtyard, and wafts its scent across my bed!

Translation by
ANANDA K. COOMARASWAMY

English version by
Witter Bynner

Moderato


Lan - terns lit a year a - go Made the street like
day; Wil - lows held the moon;
Lov - ers pro - mised love. Now a - gain it's
lan - tern - time. No one comes to her; no one comes;



去年元夜時花市燈如晝
月上柳梢頭人約黃昏後
今年元夜時人與燈依舊
不見去年人淚濕青衫袖

朱淑真女史生查子

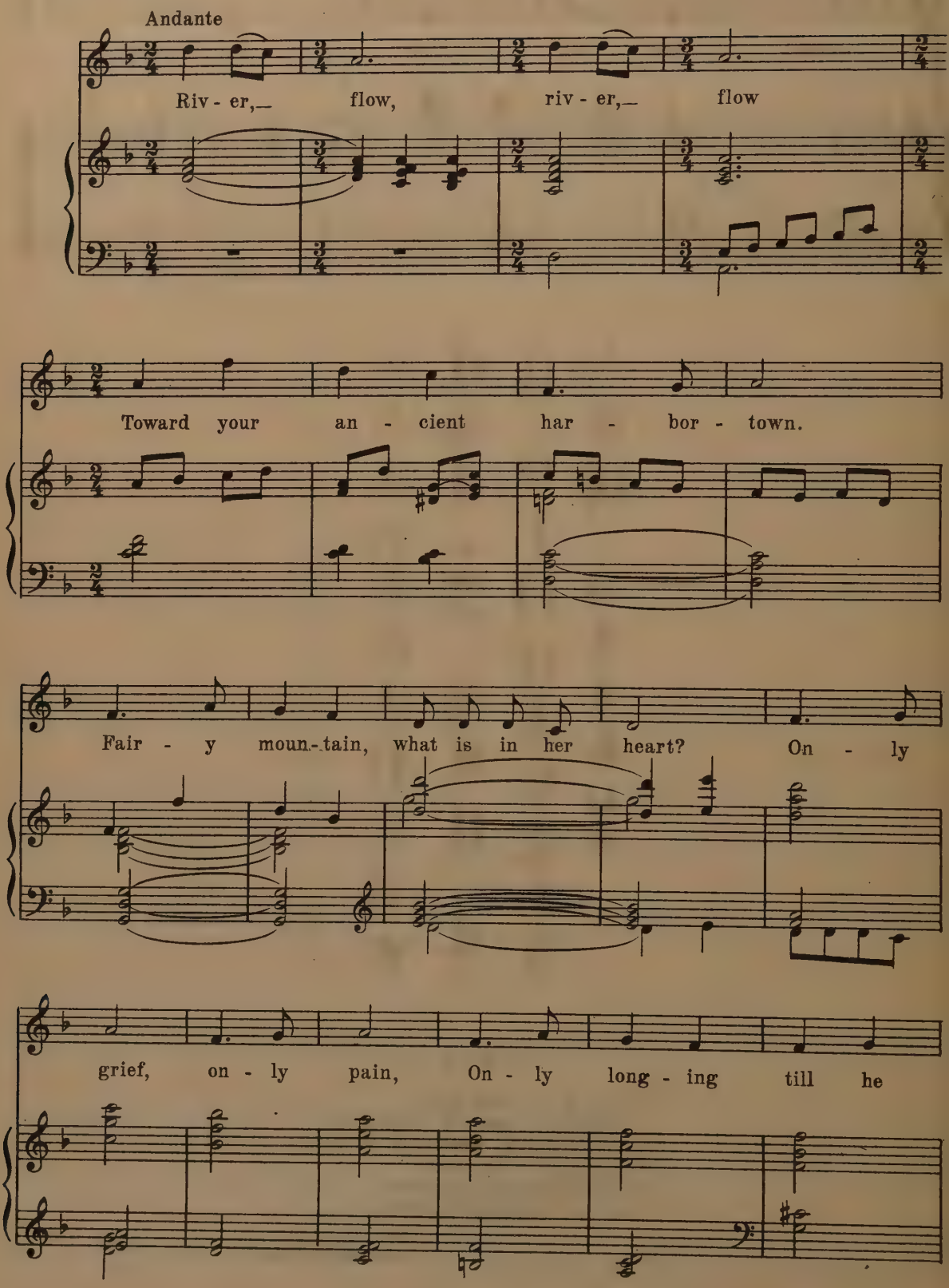
The Feast of Lanterns

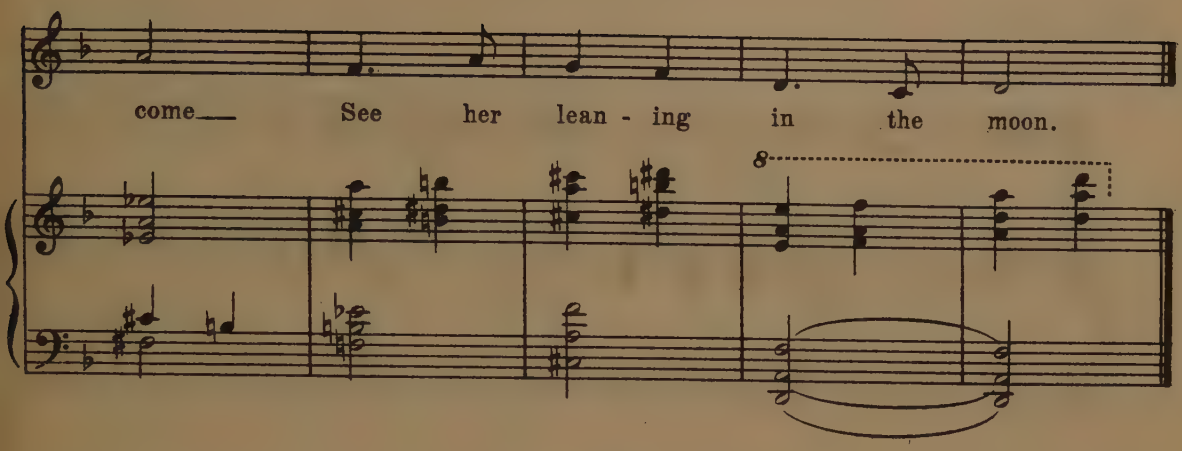
Lanterns lit a year ago
Made the street like day;
Willows held the moon;
Lovers promised love.
Now again it's lantern-time.
No one comes to her; no one comes;
Now her little coat is wet with tears.

English version by
WITTER BYNNER

LONGING

English version by
Witter Bynner


Andante
Riv - er,— flow, riv - er,— flow
Toward your an - cient har - bor - town.
Fair - y moun-tain, what is in her heart? On - ly
grief, on - ly pain, On - ly long - ing till he



汴水流泗水流流到瓜州古
渡頭吳山點點愁思悠悠恨
悠悠恨到歸時方休休月明
人倚樓 白居易長相思

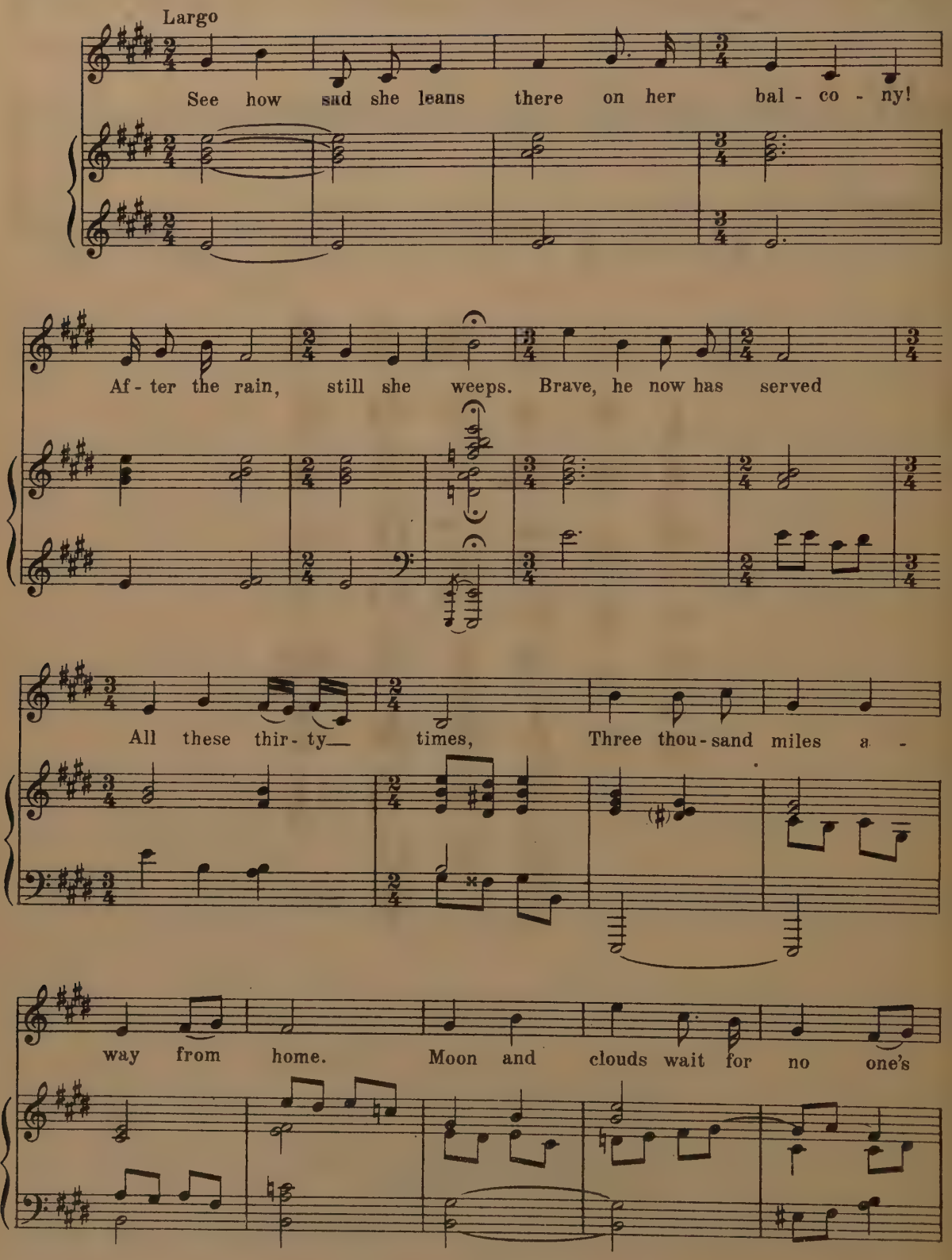
Longing

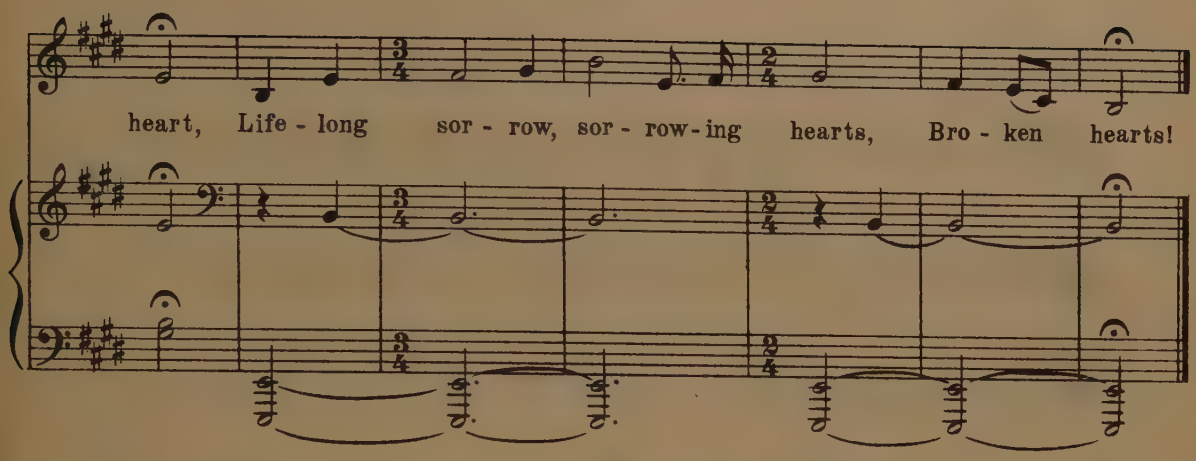
River, flow; river, flow
Toward your ancient harbor-town.
Fairy-mountain, what is in her heart?
Only grief, only pain,
Only longing till he come—
See her leaning in the moon.

English version by
WITTER BYNNER

YOH - WU - MO

English version by
Witter Bynner


Largo
See how sad she leans there on her bal - co - ny!
Af - ter the rain, still she weeps. Brave, he now has served
All these thir - ty— times, Three thou - sand miles a -
way from home. Moon and clouds wait for no one's



怒髮衝冠憑欄處瀟
歇抬望眼仰天長嘯壯懷
激烈三十功名塵與土八
千里路雲和月莫等閑白
了少年頭空悲切

岳飛滿江紅詞上闋

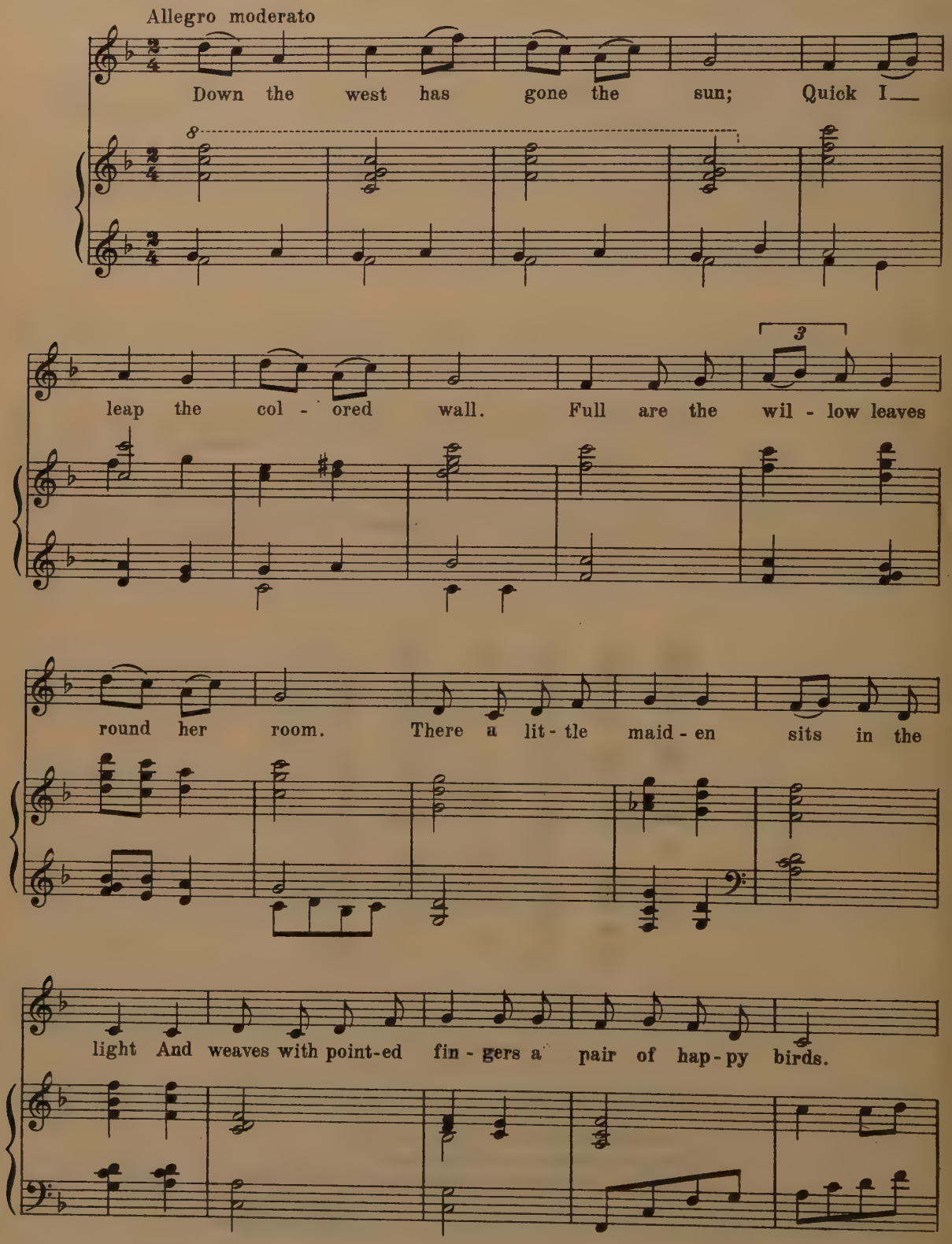
Yoh-Wu-Mo

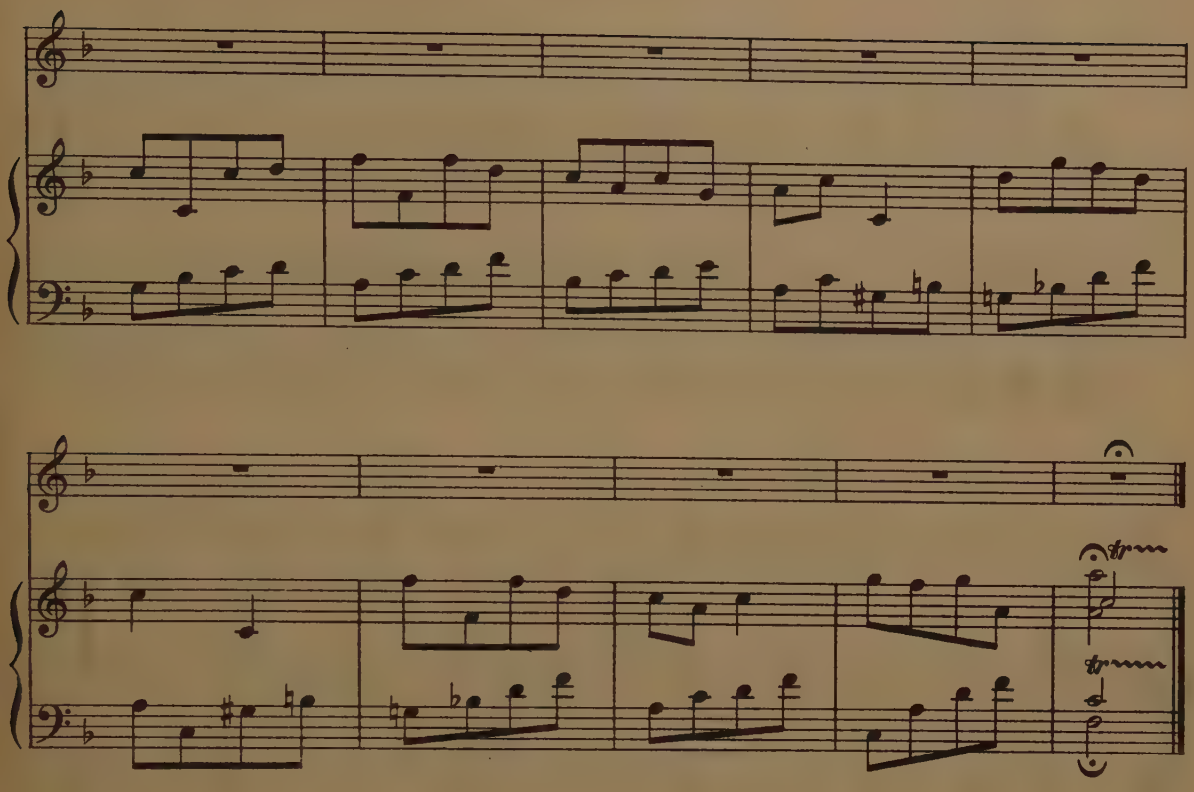
See how sad she leans there on her balcony!
After the rain, still she weeps.
Brave, he now has served
All these thirty times,
Three thousand miles away from home.
Moon and clouds wait for no one's heart.
Lifelong sorrow, sorrowing hearts,
Broken hearts!

English version by
WITTER BYNNER

A LOVE SONG

English version by
Witter Bynner


Allegro moderato
Down the west has gone the sun; Quick I
leap the col - ored wall. Full are the wil - low leaves
round her room. There a lit - tle maid - en sits in the
light And weaves with point-ed fin - gers a pair of hap - py birds.



一更裏跳粉牆
蒲房楊柳高又
長二八佳人燈下
坐十指尖尖繡鴛
鴦十指尖尖蒲鴛
鴦　詞謠一首

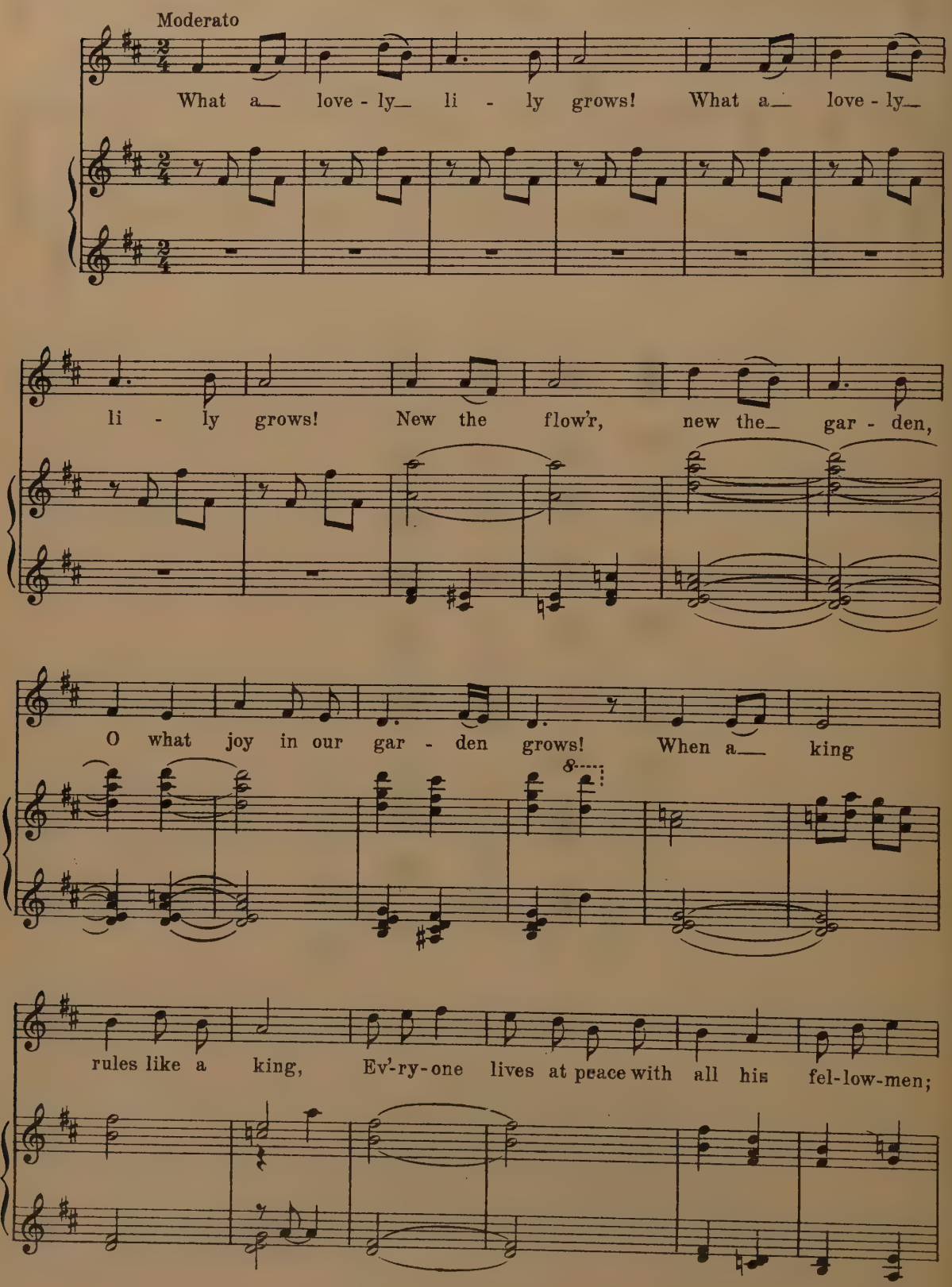
A Love-Song

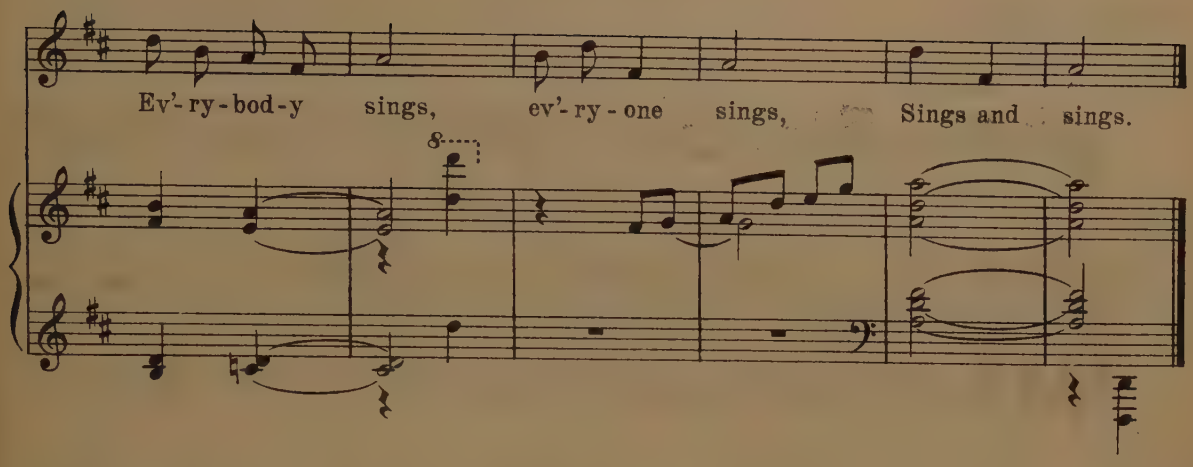
Down the west has gone the sun;
Quick I leap the colored wall.
Full are the willow-leaves round her room.
There a little maiden sits in the light
And weaves with pointed fingers a pair of happy birds.

English version by
WITTER BYNNER

THE LILY

English version by
Witter Bynner


Moderato
What a love - ly li - ly grows! What a love - ly
li - ly grows! New the flow'r, new the gar - den,
O what joy in our gar - den grows! When a king
rules like a king, Ev'-ry-one lives at peace with all his fel-low-men;



好一朵水仙花好一朵水仙
花彩花吧又一朵落在汝
我家君有道民安樂家、
喜唱太平歌 謠一首

The Lily

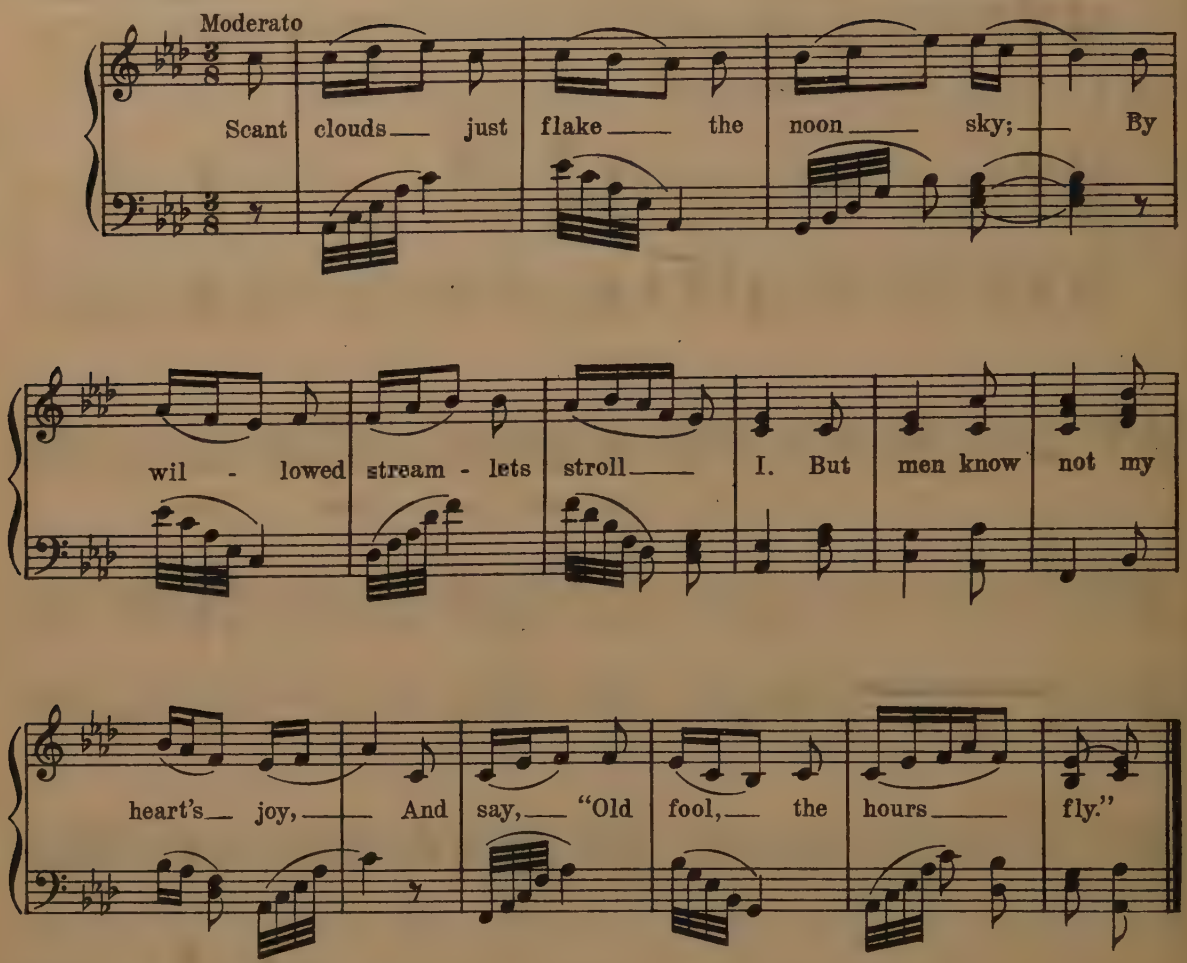
What a lovely lily grows,
What a lovely lily grows!
New the flower, new the garden,
O what joy in our garden grows!
When a king rules like a king,
Everyone lives at peace with all his fellow-men;
Everybody sings, everyone sings,
Sings and sings.

English version by
WITTER BYNNER

SPRING - TIME

Words by
Cheng Hao
Translation by
Louise S. Hammond

Traditional Reading Tune
Rendered by Chin Chang-nien
Arranged by
Louise S. Hammond


Moderato
Scant clouds just flake the noon sky; By
wil - lowed stream - lets stroll I. But men know not my
heart's joy, And say, "Old fool, the hours fly."

春景

雲淡風輕近午天
傍花隨柳過前川
時人不識余心樂
將謂偷閒學少年

程顥

Spring-Time

Scant clouds just flake the noon sky;
By willowed streamlets stroll I.
But men know not my heart's joy,
And say, "Old fool, the hours fly."

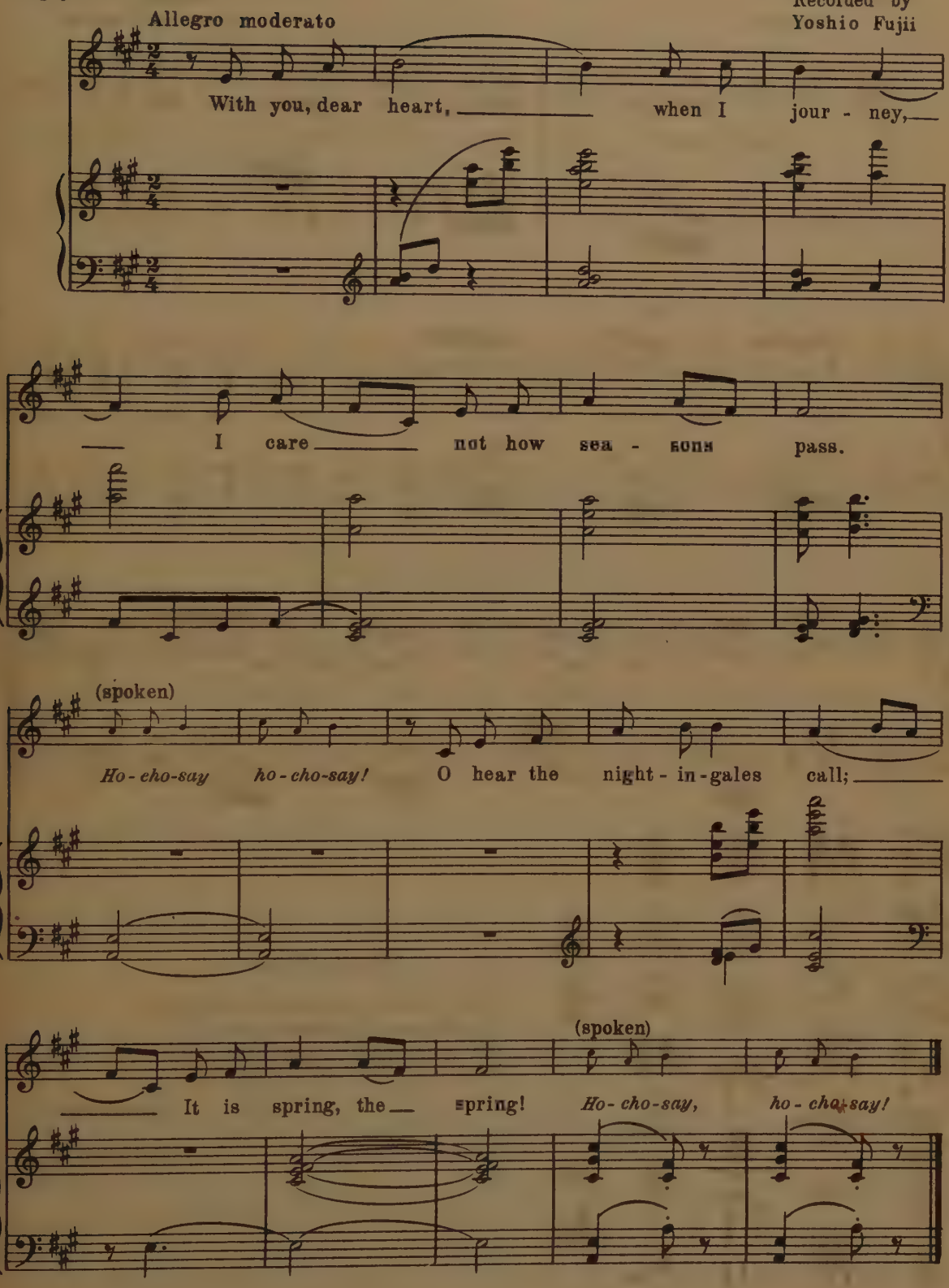
By CHENG HAO

Translation by
LOUISE S. HAMMOND

IT IS SPRING

Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text
Recorded by
Yoshio Fujii


Allegro moderato
With you, dear heart, when I jour - ney,
I care not how sea - sons pass.
(spoken)
Ho-cho-say ho-cho-say! O hear the night-in-gales call;
(spoken)
It is spring, the spring! Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!

様と旅すりや
様とな旅すりや
月日も忘れ
ホッチョセ〈
鶯が鳴く
春ぢやさらな
ホッチョセ〈

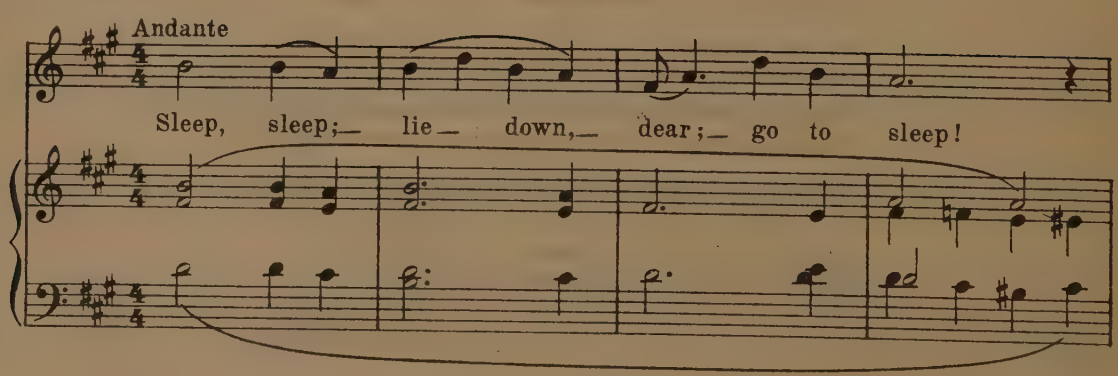
It Is Spring

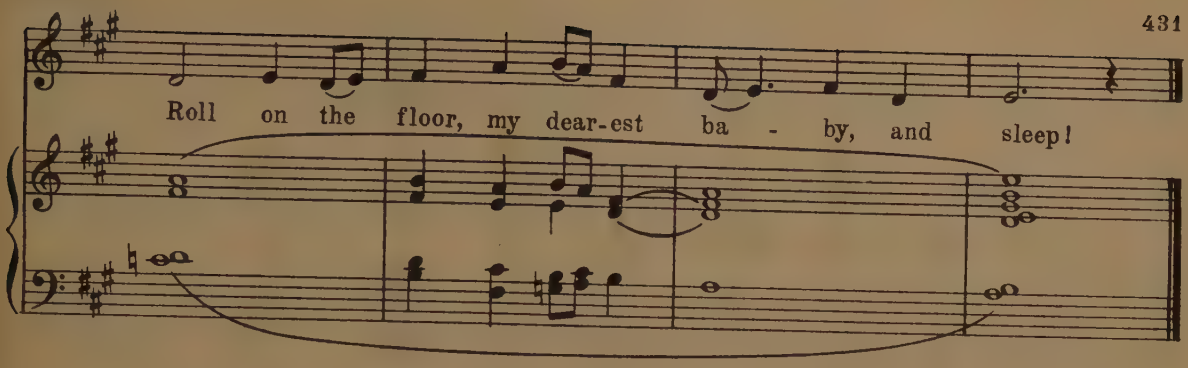
With you, dear heart, when I journey,
I care not how seasons pass.
Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!
O hear the nightingales call;
It is spring, the spring!
Ho-cho-say, ho-cho-say!

Translation by
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

LULLABY

Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata





子守歌

ねんねんよおころりよ
坊やはよい子だねんねおし
坊やのお守りはどこへ行った
あの山越えてお里行った
お里のおみやに何もろうた
てんてん大鼓に笙の笛
おきあがりこぼしに犬張子
坊やはよい子だねんねおし
ねんねんよおころりよ
坊やはよい子だねんねおし

Lullaby

Sleep, sleep; lie down, dear; go to sleep!
Roll on the floor, my dearest baby, and sleep!

Do you remember yesterday your nurse was gone,
Gone to her town across the mountains of the north?

What did she bring for baby home from yonder town?
Flutes and mouth-organs and a thunder-sounding drum;

Doll dogs of paper and doll tumblers fat and round.
Now on the floor my sweetest baby lies to sleep.

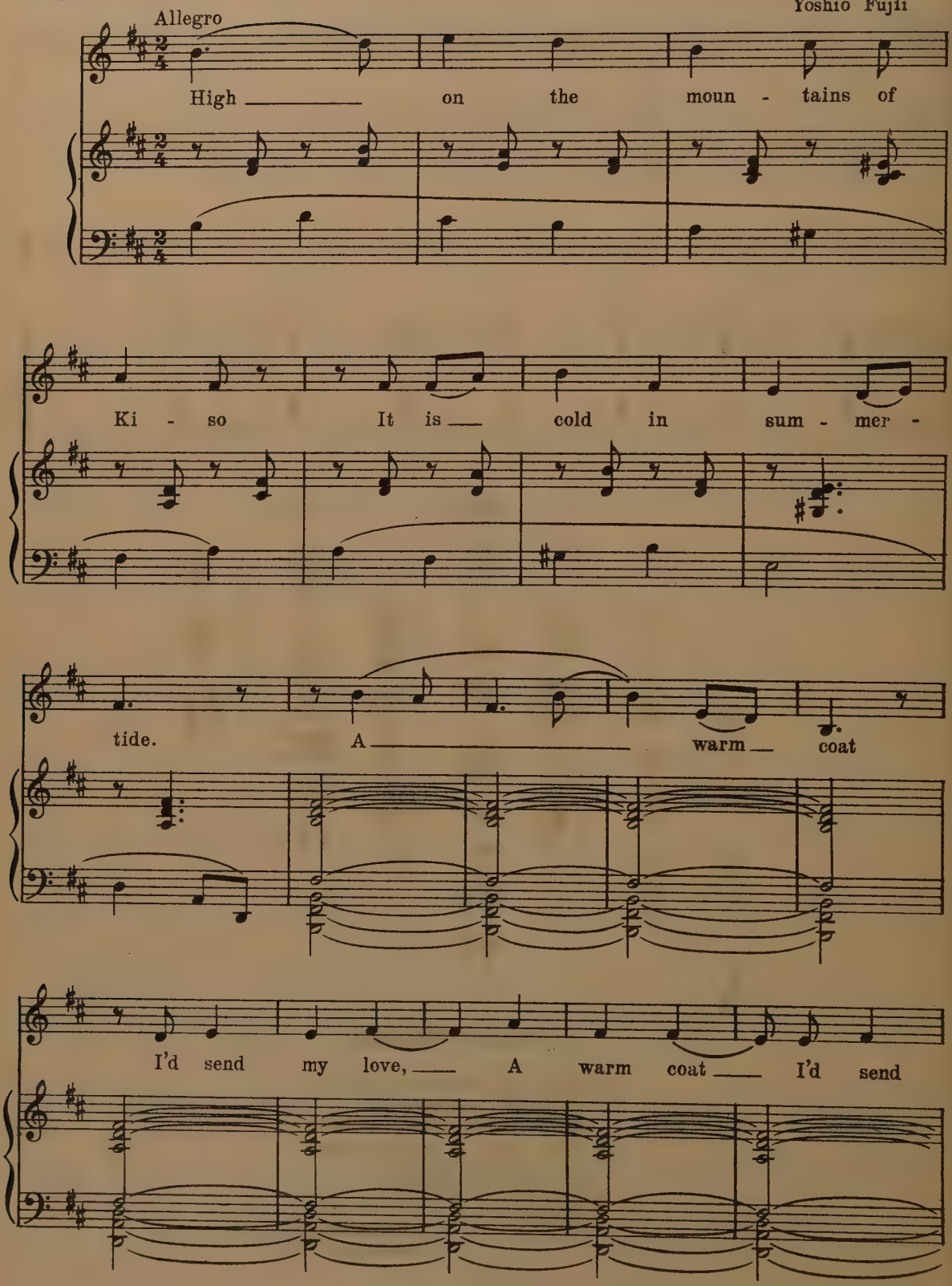
Sleep, sleep; lie down, dear; go to sleep!
Roll on the floor, my dearest baby, and sleep!

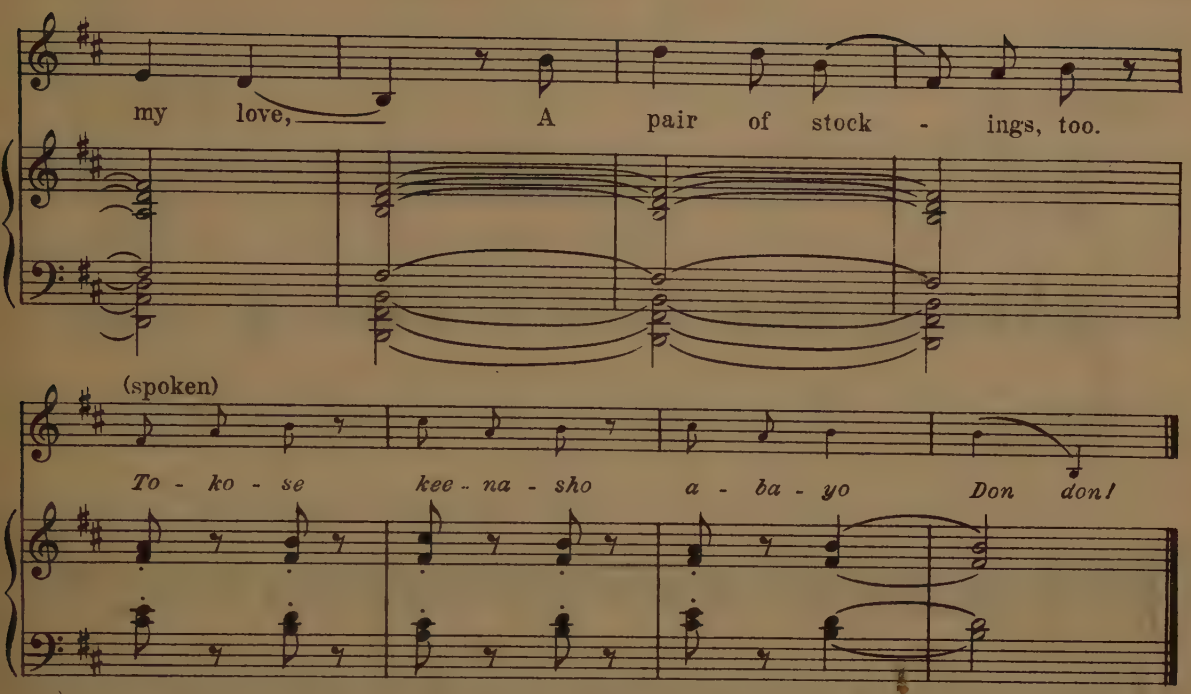
Translation by
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

A SONG FROM KISO

Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text
Recorded by
Yoshio Fujii





木曽節

木曽の御山嶽山は
夏でも寒い
裕やりたや 裕やりたや
足袋を添へて
トコセキナシヨ
アバヨドンく

A Song From Kiso

High on the mountains of Kiso
It is cold in summertide.
A warm coat I'd send my love;
A warm coat I'd send my love,
A pair of stockings, too.
Tokose keenasho abayo
Don don!

Translation by
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

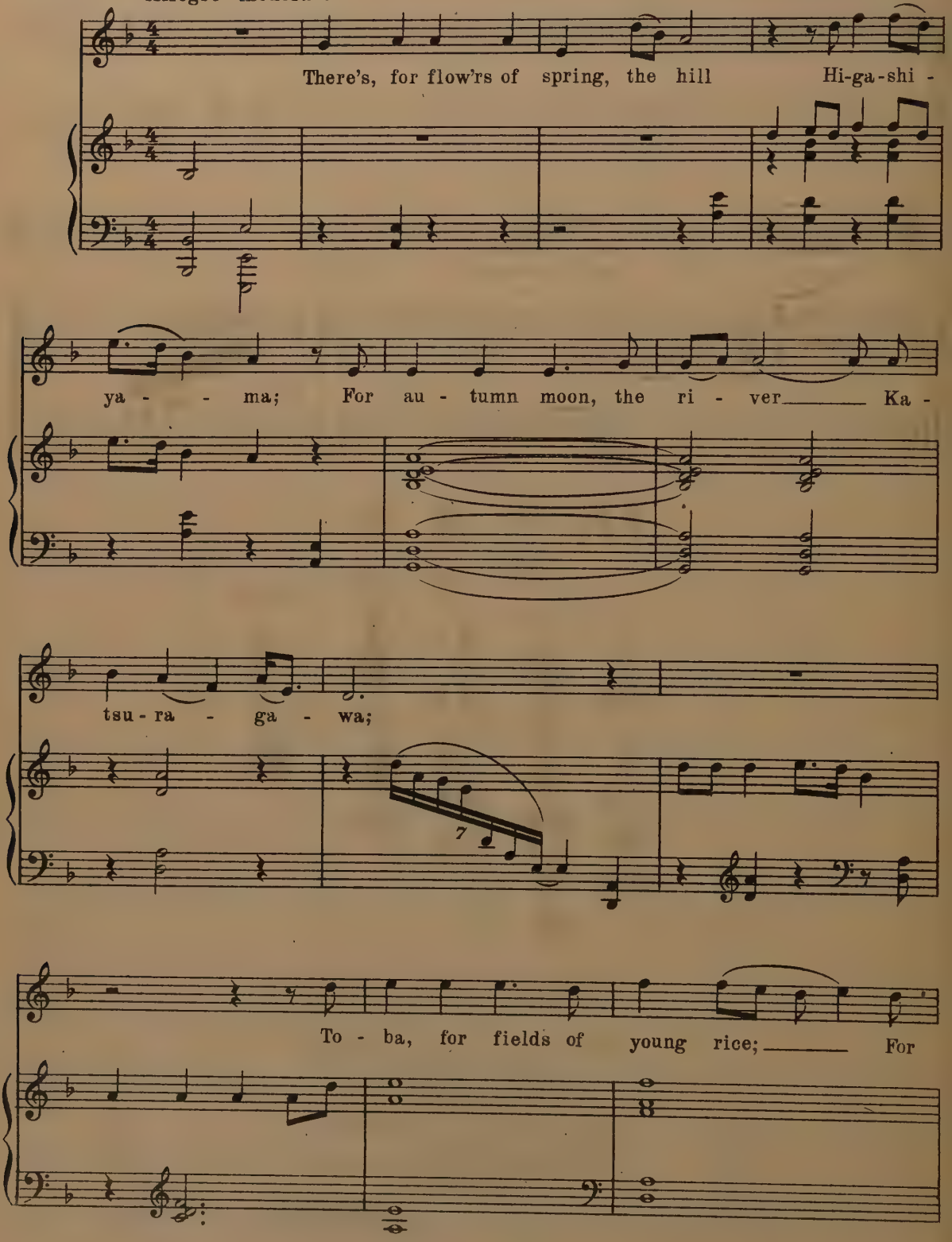
THE FOUR SEASONS IN KIOTO

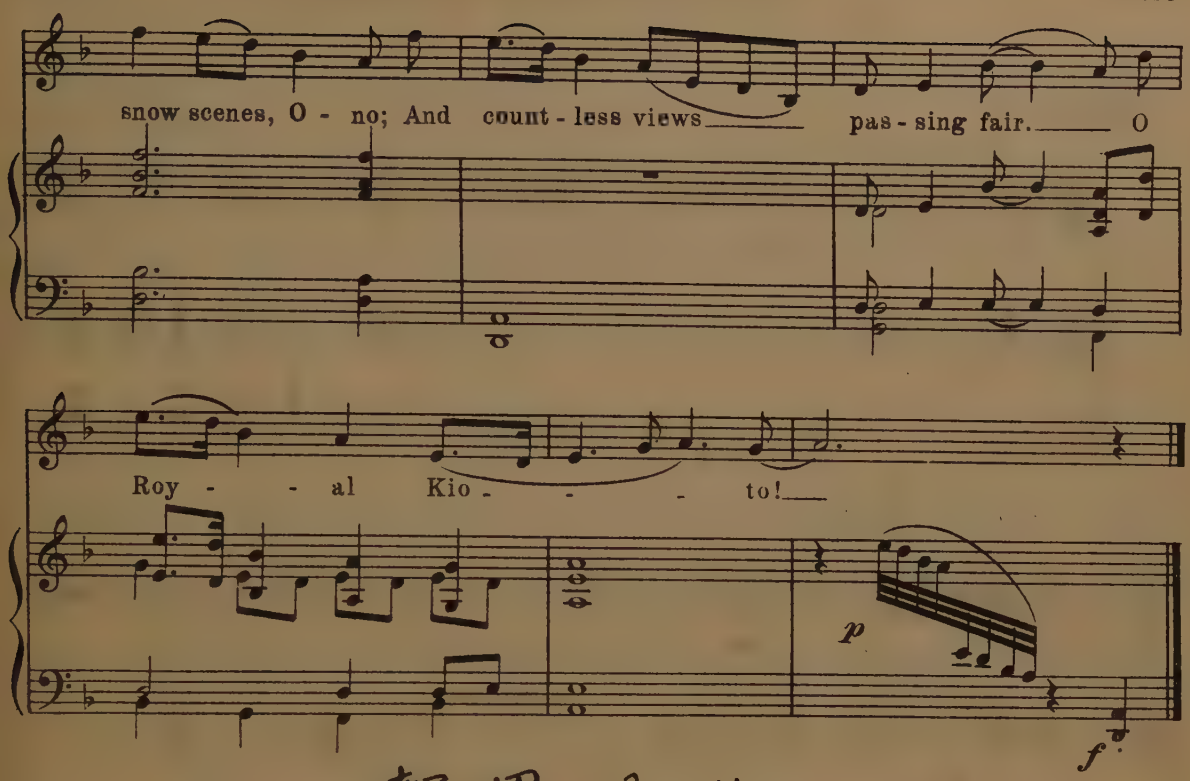
(A Koto song)

Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata

As sung by
Toya Sakamoto
Arranged by
Henry Eichheim

Allegro moderato


There's, for flow'rs of spring, the hill Hi-ga-shi -
ya - - ma; For au - tumn moon, the ri - ver Ka -
tsu - ra - ga - wa;
7
To - ba, for fields of young rice; For



四季の歌

花さく春は東山
月澄む秋は桂川
田畑の早苗小野の雪
都につきぬその眺め

The Four Seasons in Kioto

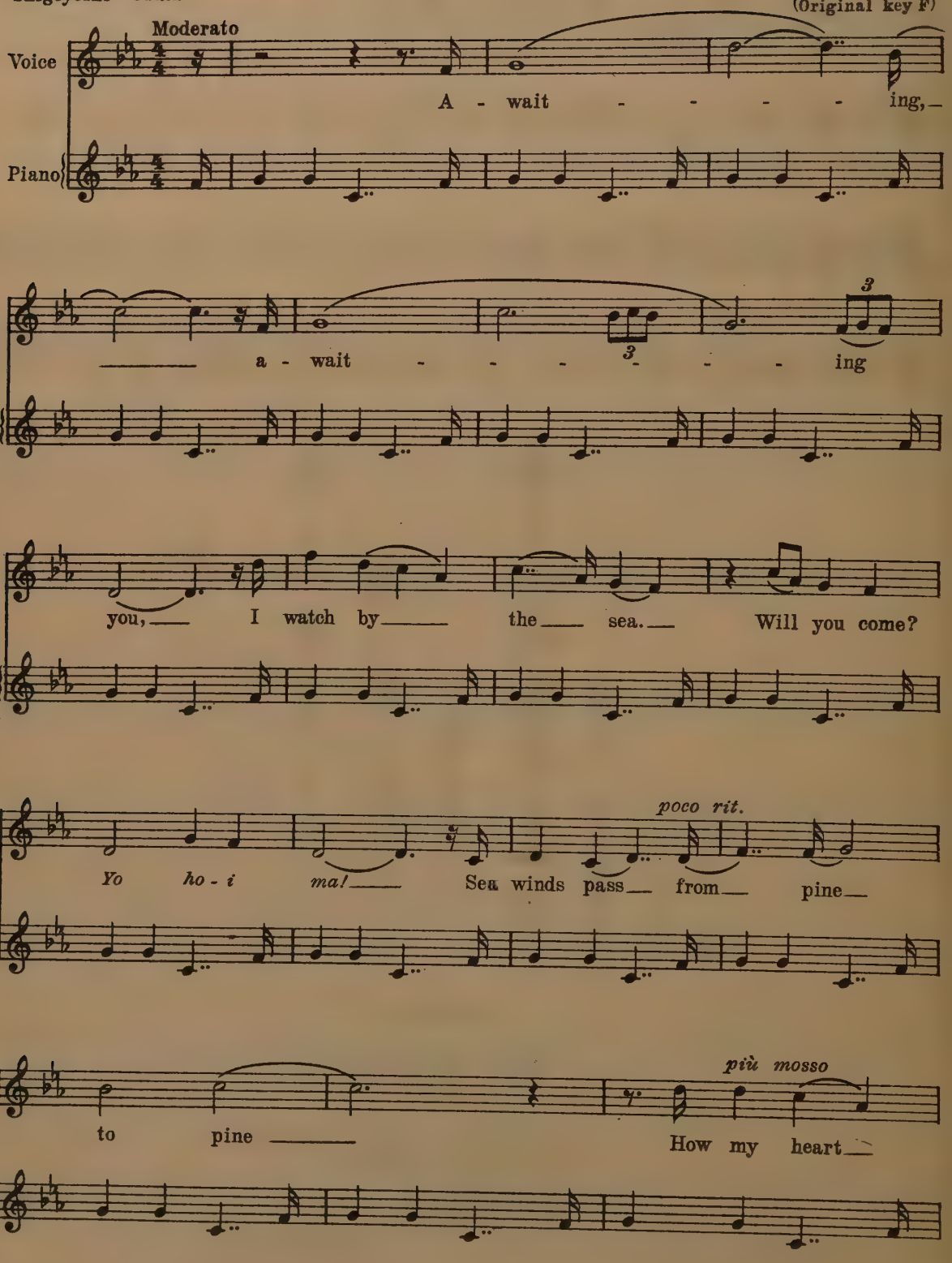
There's, for flowers of spring, the hill
Higashiyama;
For autumn moon, the river
Katsuragawa;
Toba, for fields of young rice;
For snow scenes, Ono;
And countless views passing fair.
O Royal Kioto!

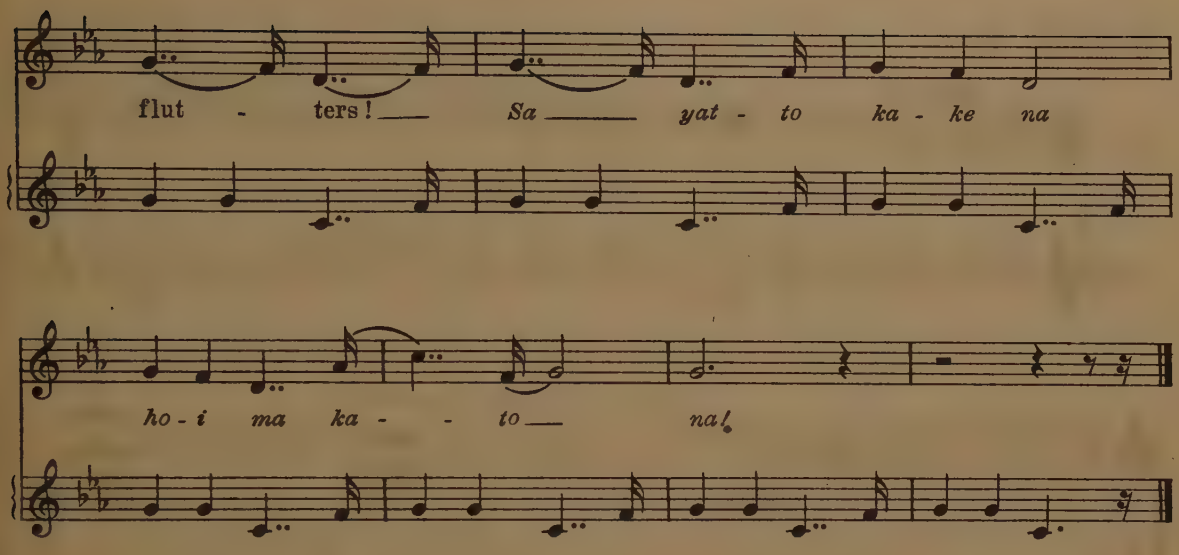
Translation by
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

WAITING

Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata

As sung by
Tamaki Miura
(Original key F)


Moderato
Voice
Piano
A - wait - - - - - ing,
a - wait - - - - - ing
you, I watch by the sea. Will you come?
poco rit.
Yo ho - i ma! Sea winds pass from pine
più mosso
to pine How my heart



船うた

来るか来るかと
濱へ出てみれば
ノホイマ
濱の松風氣はもみぢ。
サーヤートコセ
ノホイマ
トコマ

Waiting

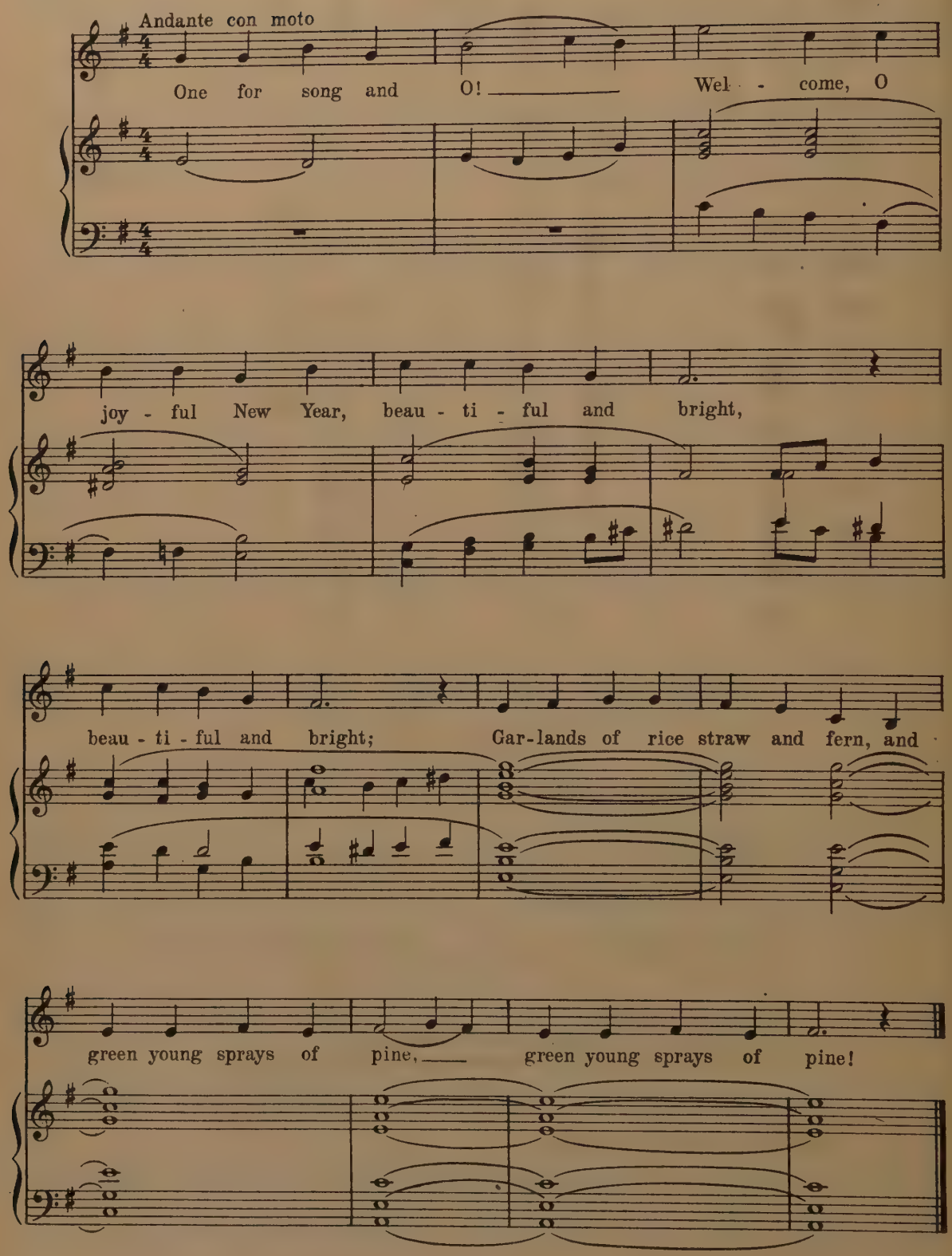
Awaiting, awaiting you,
I watch by the sea.
Will you come?
Yo ho-i ma!
Sea winds pass from pine to pine.
How my heart flutters!
Sa yatto kake na,
Ho-i ma kato na!

Translation by
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

COUNTING SONG

(New Year's Song)

Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata


Andante con moto
One for song and O! Wel - come, O
joy - ful New Year, beau - ti - ful and bright,
beau - ti - ful and bright; Gar-lands of rice straw and fern, and
green young sprays of pine, green young sprays of pine!

數へ歌

一つとや
一夜あく小ば賑やかで、賑やかで
おかざり立てたる松かざり、松かざり

二つとや
二葉の松は色やうて、色やうて
さんがい松は春日山、春日山

三つとや
みなさんこの日は樂遊び、樂遊び
春先小窓で羽根をつく、羽根をつく

Counting Song

(New Year's Song)

One for song and O!
Welcome, O joyful New Year, *beautiful and bright;**
Garlands of rice straw and fern, and *green young sprays of pine!*

Two for song and O!
Fair is the happy pine bough, *green from year to year;*
Blest be the Three-storied Pine on *Kasuga's hillside!*

Three for song and O!
Comrades, today we gambol *merrily and play,*
Frisk in warm sunshine and gamely *swing the battledore!*

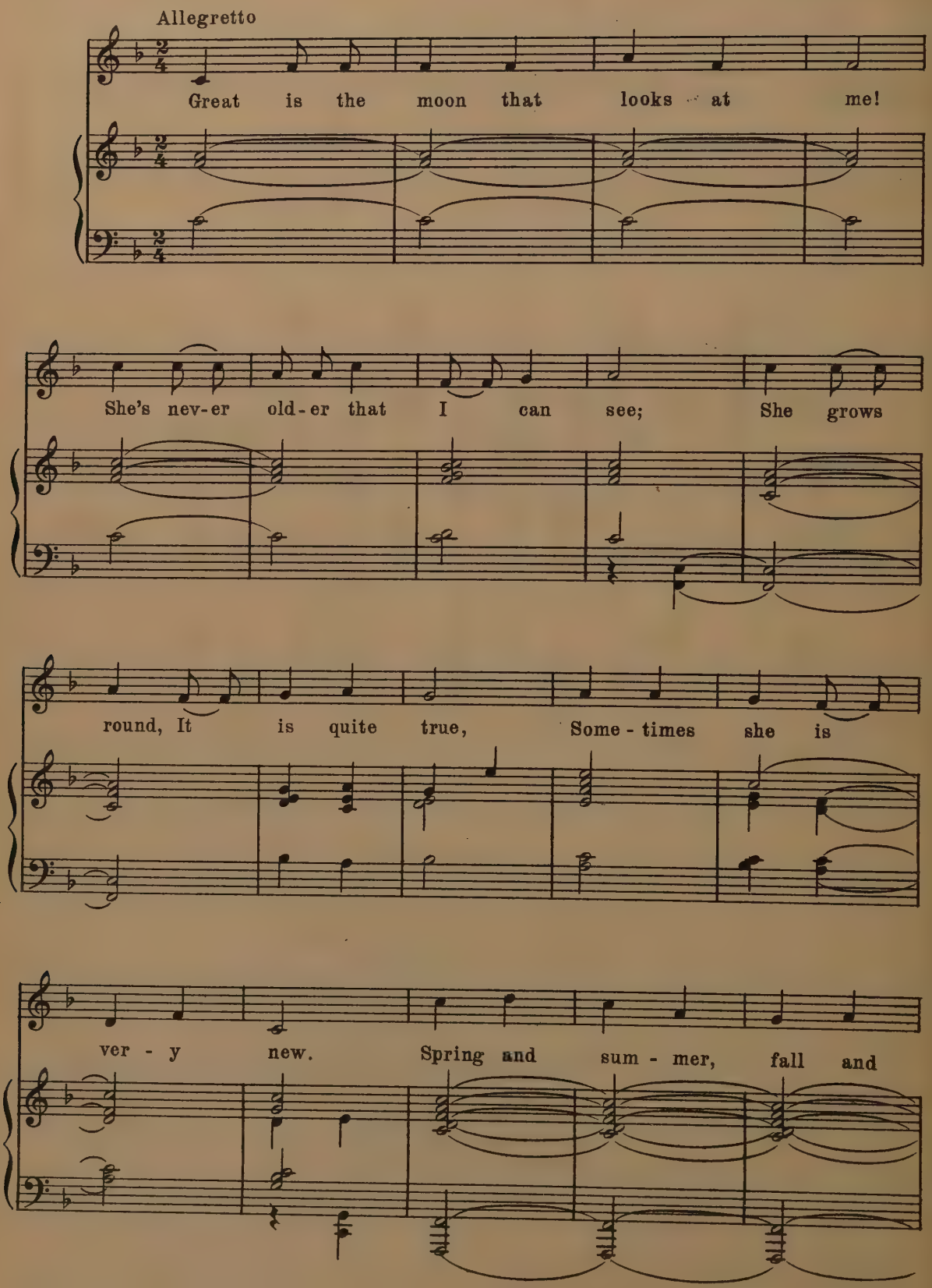
Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata

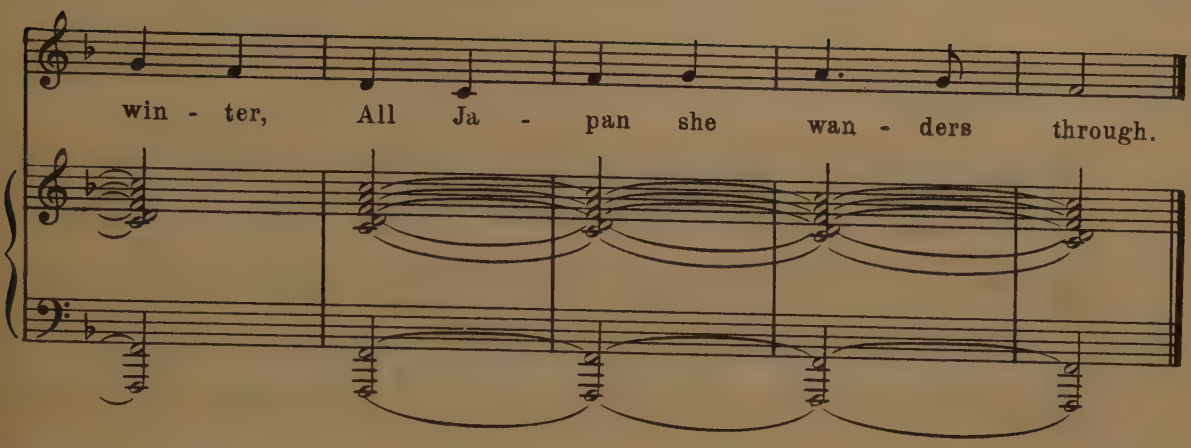
*The words in italics are repeated.

THE MOON

English version by
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song


Allegretto
Great is the moon that looks at me!
She's nev-er old-er that I can see; She grows
round, It is quite true, Some-times she is
ver-y new. Spring and sum-mer, fall and



お月様

お月様えらいな
何時も手をとらないで
まんまるになつたり
三日月になつたり
春夏秋冬
日本中をてらす

お月様えらいな
お日様の兄弟で
鏡のやうになつたり
櫛のやうになつたり
春夏秋冬
世界中を照らす

The Moon

Great is the moon that looks at me!
She's never older that I can see;
She grows round, it is quite true;
Sometimes she is very new.
Spring and summer, fall and winter,
All Japan she wanders through.

Great is the moon that looks at me!
The sun's sister she surely must be
Mirror-round, and sometimes too,
Like a comb of silver curled,
Spring and summer, fall and winter,
She goes shining through the world.

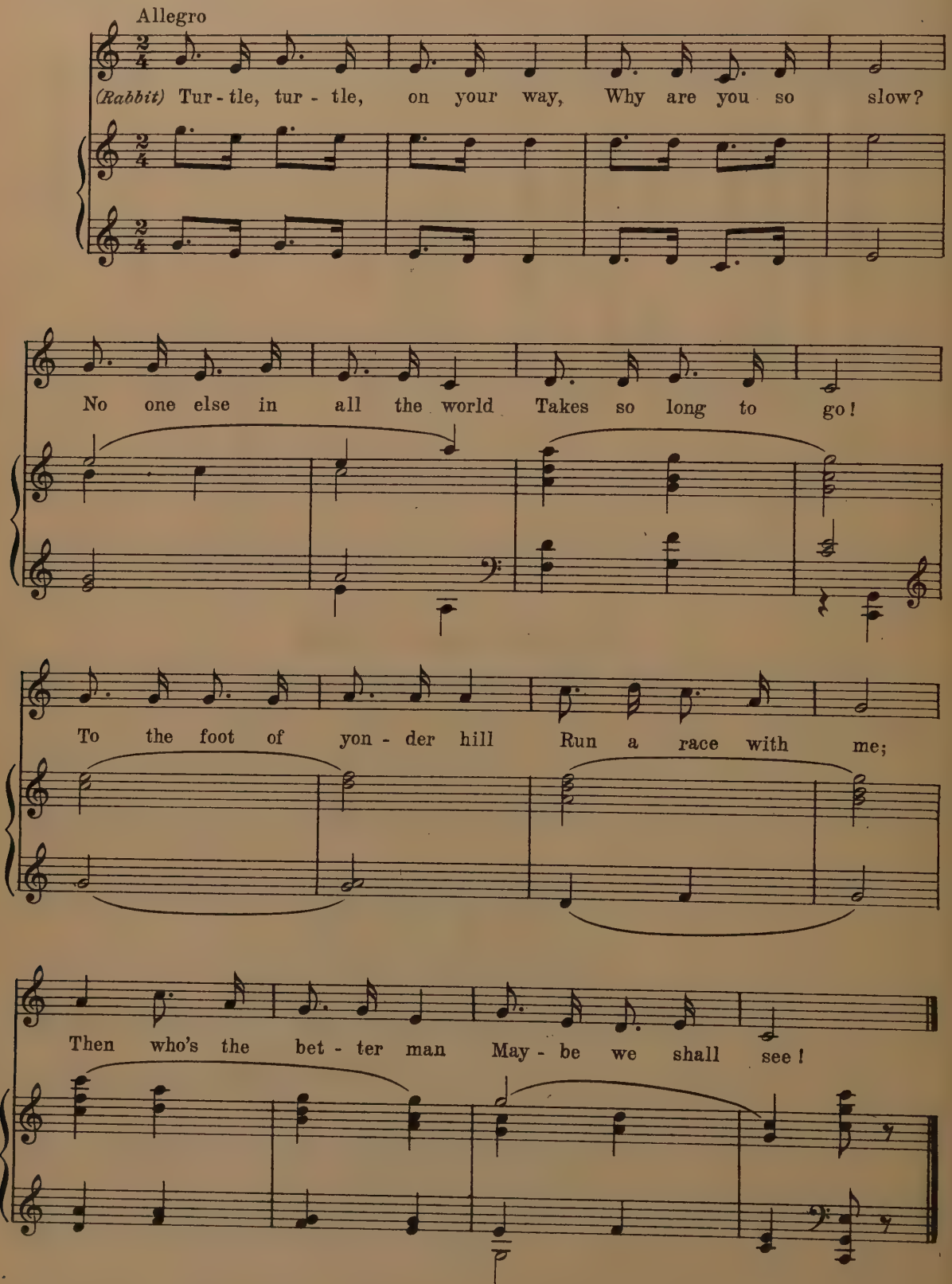
English version by
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE RABBIT AND THE TURTLE

English version by
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

Allegro


(Rabbit) Tur - tle, tur - tle, on your way, Why are you so slow?
No one else in all the world Takes so long to go!
To the foot of yon - der hill Run a race with me;
Then who's the bet - ter man May - be we shall see!

兎と亀

もしもし亀よ亀さんよ
　世界の中にお前ほど
歩みののろい者はない
　どうしてそんなにのろいのか

何とおっしゃる兎さん
　そんならお前と駈けくらべ
向ふの小山の麓まで
　どちらが先にかけつくか

どんなに亀が急いでも
　どうせ晩までかゝるだらう
こゝらでちよいとひと眠り
　グー〳〵〳〵〳〵〳〵〳〵

これは寝すぎたしくじった
　ピョン〳〵〳〵〳〵〳〵〳〵
あんまりをそい兎さん
　さつきの自慢はどうしたの

The Rabbit and the Turtle

(*Rabbit*): Turtle, turtle, on your way,
Why are you so slow?
No one else in all the world
Takes so long to go!
To the foot of yonder hill
Run a race with me;
Then who's the better man
Maybe we shall see!

Let him hurry as he will,
He will need all day!
I'll just take a little snooze.
Gu, gu, gu. (*Snoring.*)
Dear me, I have slept too long!
Pyon, pyon, pyon! (*Running.*)

(*Turtle*): Well, who walks slowly now?
Are you still so proud?

English version by
GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

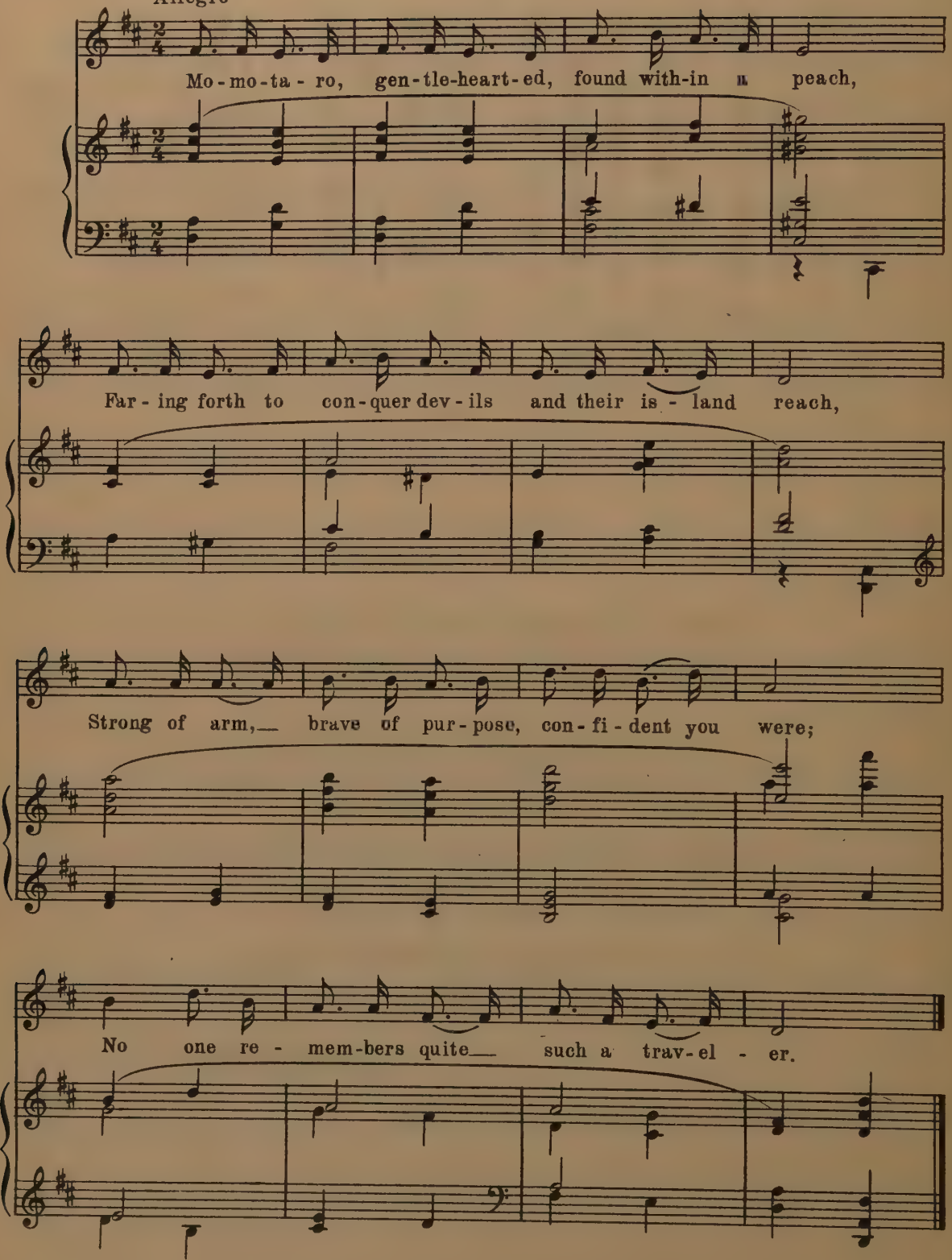
MOMOTARO

(The Peach Boy)

English version by
Grace Hazard Conkling

Children's song

Allegro


Mo-mo-ta-ro, gen-tle-heart-ed, found with-in a peach,
Far-ing forth to con-quer dev-ils and their is-land reach,
Strong of arm, brave of pur-pose, con-fi-dent you were;
No one re-mem-bers quite such a trav-el-er.

桃太郎

桃から生れた桃太郎
気はやさしくて力持ち
鬼が島をば打たんとて
いそいで家を出かけたり

日本一の吉備團子
一情につきくる犬と猿
雉も貰うてお供する
急げやものども遅るなや

激しい戦に大勝利
鬼が島をば攻めふせて
取つた寶はなになにぞ
金銀珊瑚綾錦

車に積んだ寶物
犬が引き出すエンヤラヤ
雉が綱引くエンヤラヤ
猿があと押すエンヤラヤ

Momotaro

(The Peach Boy)

Momotaro, gentle-hearted, found within a peach,
Faring forth to conquer devils and their island reach,
Strong of arm, brave of purpose, confident you were;
No one remembers quite such a traveler.

Never such another dumpling in Japan was known
As you shared with dog and monkey, giving them your own:
When the pheasant came to join you he received his share;
"Haste now, companions bold, time that we were there!"

They have conquered devils' island; fortunes they have made;
What was their reward of victory? Silk and fine brocade.
Coral red, gold and silver, all these have they won;
Never was such a triumph known beneath the sun!

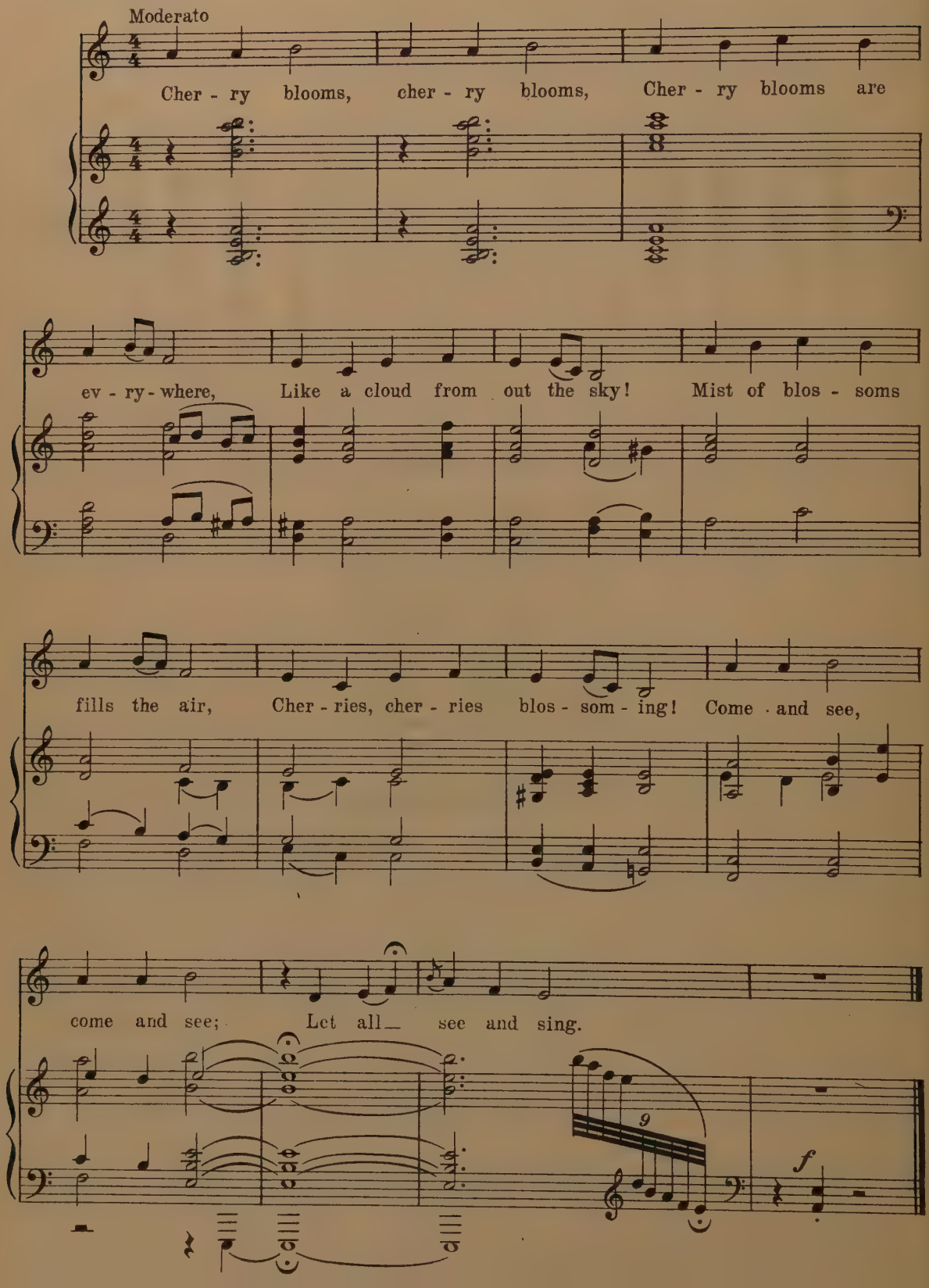
They have heaped upon a wagon wealth to take away.
How the brave dog tugs to move it. . . . *Engya-raya!**
Pheasant, too, pulls to help him. . . . *Engya-raya!*
Behind, the monkey shoves. . . . *Engya-raya!*

English version by
Grace Hazard Conkling

*Engya-raya, an exclamation used while working.

CHERRY BLOOMS

English version by
Edwin Markham


Moderato
Cher - ry blooms, cher - ry blooms, Cher - ry blooms are
ev - ry - where, Like a cloud from out the sky! Mist of blos - soms
fills the air, Cher - ries, cher - ries blos - som - ing! Come and see,
come and see; Let all see and sing.
9
f

櫻

さくら さくら
彌生のさくらは
見渡す限り
かすみか雲か
にほひぞ出づる
いざやいざや
見に行かむ

咲いたさくら
花見てもどろ
吉野はさくら
龍田はもみぢ
唐崎の松
常盤々々
いざ行かむ

Cherry Blooms

Cherry blooms, cherry blooms,
Cherry blooms are everywhere,
Like a cloud from out the sky!
Mist of blossoms fills the air,
Cherries, cherries, blossoming!
Come and see, come and see;
Let all see and sing.

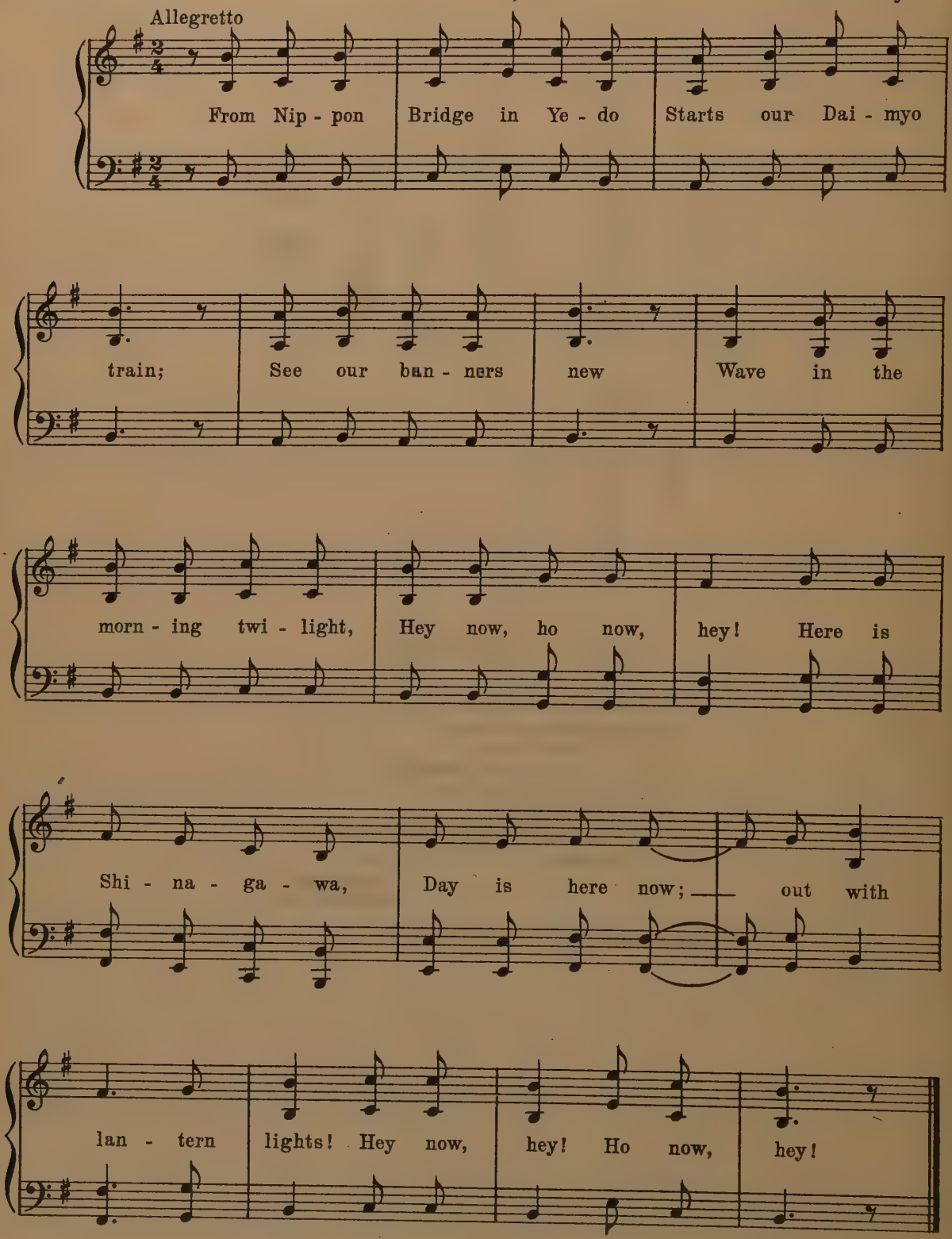
Cherry blooms, cherry blooms,
All the world their beauty sees!
Yoshino is cherry land;
Tatsuta for maple trees;
Karasaki for the pine.
Let us go, let us go
Where pines greenly shine.

English version by
EDWIN MARKHAM

FROM NIPPON BRIDGE

Translation by
Shigeyoshi Obata

Melody and text
Recorded by
Yoshio Fujii


Allegretto
From Nip - pon Bridge in Ye - do Starts our Dai - myo
train; See our ban - ners new Wave in the
morn - ing twi - light, Hey now, ho now, hey! Here is
Shi - na - ga - wa, Day is here now; out with
lan - tern lights! Hey now, hey! Ho now, hey!

日本橋

お江戸日本橋
七つ立
初のぼり行列そろへて
コレワヒサノサ
こちや品川夜明の提灯消す
コチヤエコチヤエ

From the Nippon Bridge

From Nippon Bridge in Yedo
Starts our Daimyo* train;
See our banners new
Wave in the morning twilight.
Hey now, ho now, hey!
Here is Shinagawa,
Day is here now; out with lantern lights!
Hey now, hey! Ho now, hey!

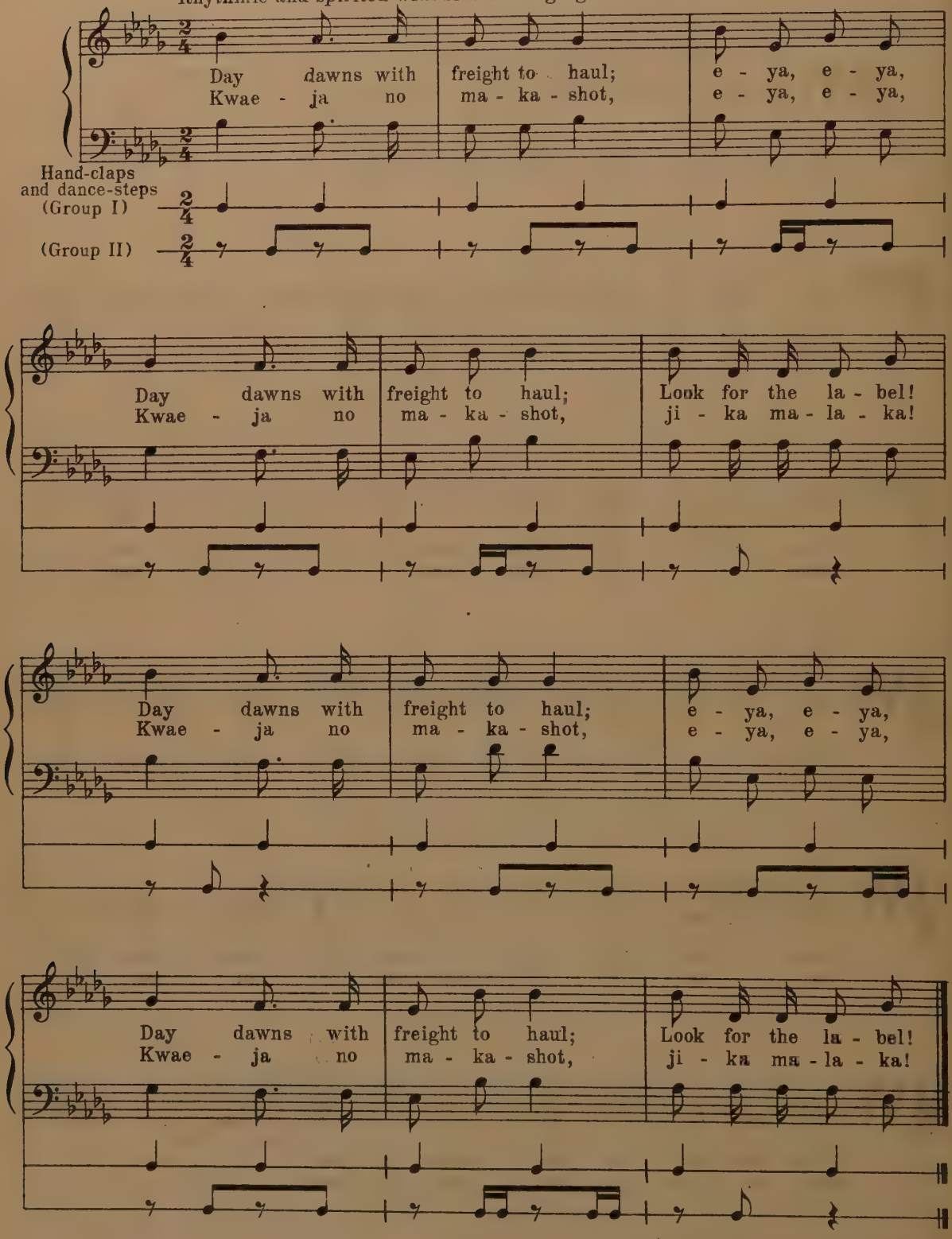
Translation by
SHIGEYOSHI OBATA

*Daimyo—feudal, princely. Pron. *dime-yo.*

DAY DAWNS WITH FREIGHT TO HAUL

Recorded by
Natalie Curtis

Rhythmic and spirited with broad swinging movement


Day dawns with freight to haul; e - ya, e - ya,
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, e - ya, e - ya,
Hand-claps and dance-steps
(Group I)
(Group II)
Day dawns with freight to haul; Look for the la - bel!
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, ji - ka ma - la - ka!
Day dawns with freight to haul; e - ya, e - ya,
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, e - ya, e - ya,
Day dawns with freight to haul; Look for the la - bel!
Kwae - ja no ma - ka - shot, ji - ka ma - la - ka!

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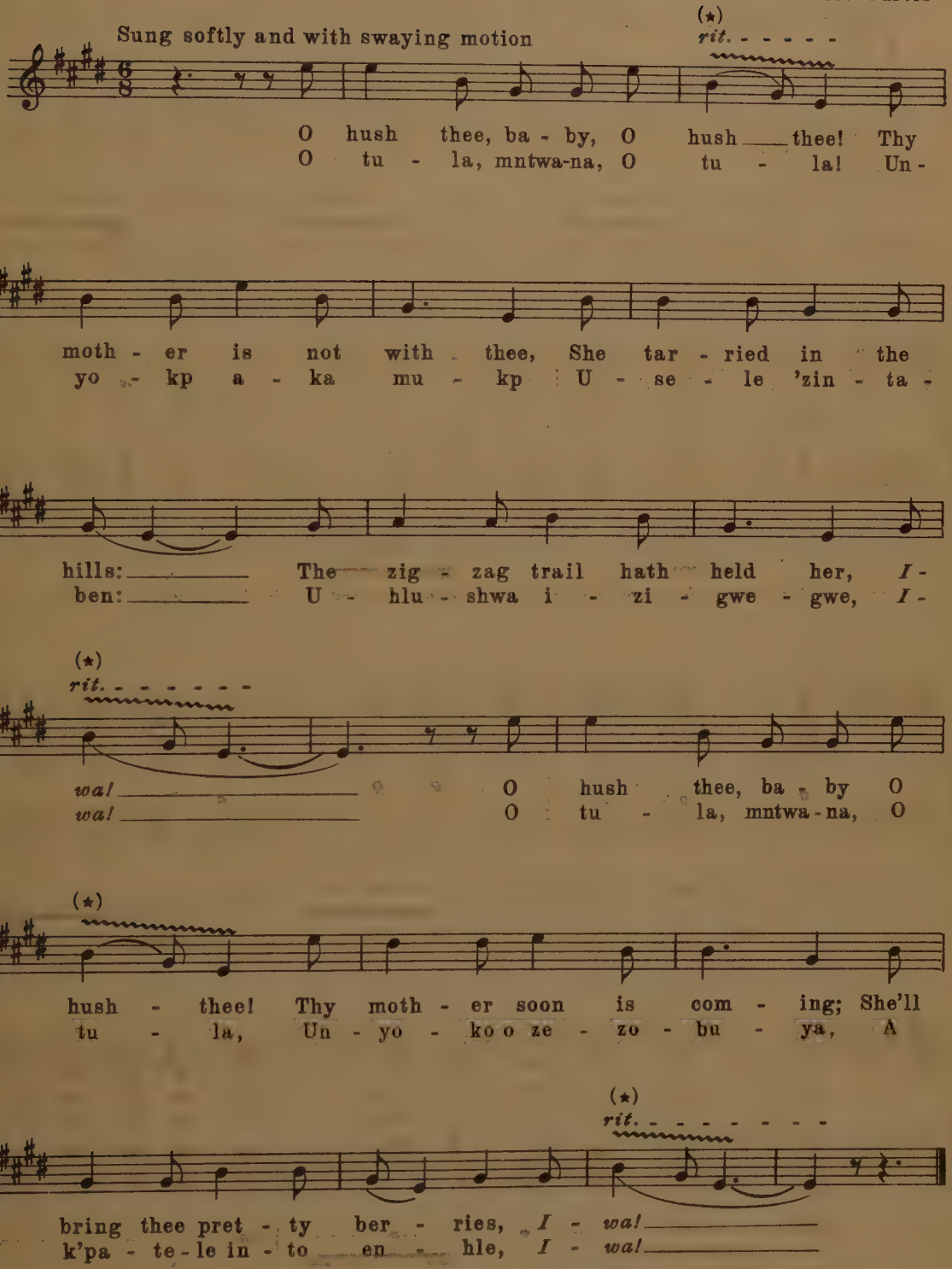
LULLABY

Recorded by
Natalie Curtis


Sung softly and with swaying motion
(★)
rit.
O hush thee, ba - by, O hush thee! Thy
O tu - la, mntwa-na, O tu - la! Un -
moth - er is not with thee, She tar - ried in the
yo - kp a - ka mu - kp U - se - le 'zin - ta -
hills: The zig - zag trail hath held her, I -
ben: U - hlu - shwa i - zi - gwe - gwe, I -
(★)
rit.
wa! O hush thee, ba - by O
wa! O tu - la, mntwa - na, O
(★)
hush - thee! Thy moth - er soon is com - ing; She'll
tu - la, Un - yo - ko o ze - zo - bu - ya, A
(★)
rit.
bring thee pret - ty ber - ries, I - wa!
k'pa - te - le in - to en - hle, I - wa!

(★) Intervals blurred in a long cooing, downward slur.

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